PROSE AND POETRY

ELEVENTH YEAR

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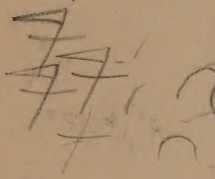

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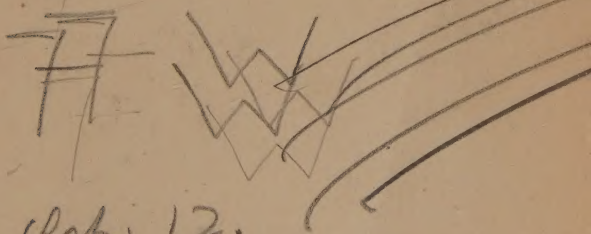

Oct. 12.

JC Anderson

At once Sir Launcelot's charger fiercely neighed
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
(*Idylls of the King*)

PROSE AND POETRY

FOR THE

ELEVENTH YEAR

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH

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PREFACE

GENERAL—This book is the third in a series of English literature books designed to meet the requirements of secondary schools. The widespread popularity of the PROSE AND POETRY series for Grammar and Junior High School grades predicted an equal demand for such a series for the High School. The Ninth and Tenth Year PROSE AND POETRY books met with instant approval and this Eleventh Year book is now added to the series.

THE COURSE—The selections used have been chosen after comparing and examining courses of study of various states and cities, and after compiling results from questionnaires sent to several thousand classroom teachers. It was found that most of the courses followed rather closely the College Entrance Board requirements and therefore that general standard has been followed in this book. The material chosen for this year is comprised of two units of poetry, two units of essays, a Shakespearean tragedy, and a novel. These selections satisfy five units of College Entrance requirements.

IDYLLS OF THE KING—Four Idylls are the requirement for this unit. To carry through the theme-plot of the Idylls, it is necessary to include *The Coming of Arthur, Lancelot and Elaine,* and *The Passing of Arthur. Gareth and Lynette* is also included, for this Idyll pictures Arthur's kingdom at its best before there is any sign of the disintegration which is to follow Lancelot's love for the Queen. The reading of these four Idylls will undoubtedly stimulate interest to read others—particularly *Guinevere, Sir Galahad,* and *The Holy Grail.*

The setting of the Idylls is the fanciful realm of King Arthur into which was projected the ideas and ideals of Tennyson's time, which are also the ideas and ideals of today. The Idylls are valuable as part of a course in English literature because of the story content, the rhythm and beauty of the verse, the early English setting, and for the allegorical meaning which Tennyson wove into the poems—the struggle of the Soul and Ideals over common and base things of the world.

MODERN ESSAYS—In the course of literature outlined by the PROSE AND POETRY series, a study of the essay as a type of literature has been left for this Eleventh Year book. Such a study rightly belongs in the upper years of literature study inasmuch as the essay indi-

cates only certain aspects of a subject, or suggests thoughts concerning it, rather than an exhaustive treatment of it.

Although literature abounds in essays by early writers with which the student might well become familiar, the group given in this book is comprised of essays by modern writers. Literature is now in the making and a collection of modern essays appeals strongly to high school students. The timeliness of the material adds greatly in developing interest and also encourages the reading of current articles of interest and value to be found in the finer literary magazines, in newspaper editorials, and in public speeches of note.

In selecting the twenty-nine essays of which this group is comprised, an attempt was made not only to include as many of the best modern essayists as possible, but also to include as great a variety of subject matter as possible. The list includes essays on human nature, journeys and travels, psychological situations, love of nature, and essays of humor, pathos, realism, criticism, and advice. This is a wide range which will appeal to the varied tastes of different students.

SELECTED POEMS FROM BROWNING—A course of literature for pupils in the advanced years of high school would not be complete without a study of some of Browning's poems. Although Browning writes in a smooth, easy style, his many allusions to events of history, and references to art and literature require considerable educational background for a full enjoyment of his poetry. Also his concentrated style of expression is often rather difficult to follow. When Browning first began to write he was once criticized for being too fluent with words; after that he used a minimum of words so his ideas and thoughts are crowded within the scope of few words, making his poems the more difficult to understand. The many notes which have been added to the poems in this collection make clear the frequent allusions to history, art, and literature, and help to bring out the meaning of the poems. The titles chosen are those listed by the College Entrance Board, and include ballads, lyrics, and dramatic monologues.

EMERSON'S COMPENSATION—Emerson's *Essays,* which were written in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, were momentous in the development of the American essay. One of the best known of these *Essays* is *Compensation* which is filled with treasures of thought which will keep the essay alive for all time. The wealth of thoughts and ideals will be inspirational to all students. The essay is short, but will require much time and study to get the full realization and appreciation of the thoughts expressed. There will be many valuable lines to memorize from the essay.

JULIUS CÆSAR—In the course of literature of the PROSE AND POETRY series, Shakespeare's *As You Like It* is given in the Ninth Year, *The Merchant of Venice* in the Tenth Year, and *Julius Cæsar* in the Eleventh Year. This presents a study of Shakespeare in logical development and gradation of difficulty. With the historical background of early Rome, the customs and politics of that time, a familiarity with the sources of Shakespeare's characters as given by Plutarch, and a knowledge of the requirements of a drama, all necessary for an appreciation of the play, *Julius Cæsar* is too difficult to present before the Eleventh Year of school. But these very things together with character study and the study of mob psychology, make the tragedy most interesting for this year of study. Special care has been taken to give an interesting and complete historical background of the play, and also the sources from which Shakespeare developed his plot. In no other book has such material been presented in such an attractive way as is given here.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES—Hawthorne will always hold a high place among American writers of fiction. His novels are readable and magnetic and show the skill of a literary artist. His stories are psychological, dealing with human nature and the suffering and retribution which come in the span of life. *The House of the Seven Gables,* written in 1851, is one of his best novels, a romance of heredity, psychological in its development, strong in its magnetism upon the reader, with beautiful diction, and very readable.

STUDY FEATURES—With each selection in the book—essay, story, or poem—there is an interesting biography of the writer. Literature study should give an acquaintance and an opportunity of enjoyment not only of masterpieces themselves, but also a knowledge of the great authors, and the reasons for their importance in their own day and ours. To assist in developing habits of intelligent interpretation and application of material, historical backgrounds have been given, and also questions for discussion, theme topics, and new-type tests of various kinds. All of these should be attractive and interesting to both teacher and student.

CONCLUSION—As a course of well-rounded literature selections, arranged in an attractive way for school use, with interesting study features, the present book of THE PROSE AND POETRY series should meet every want and need for a year's work and study. It is commended to you.

THE PUBLISHERS.

IDYLLS OF THE KING

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

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IDYLLS OF THE KING

Alfred Tennyson

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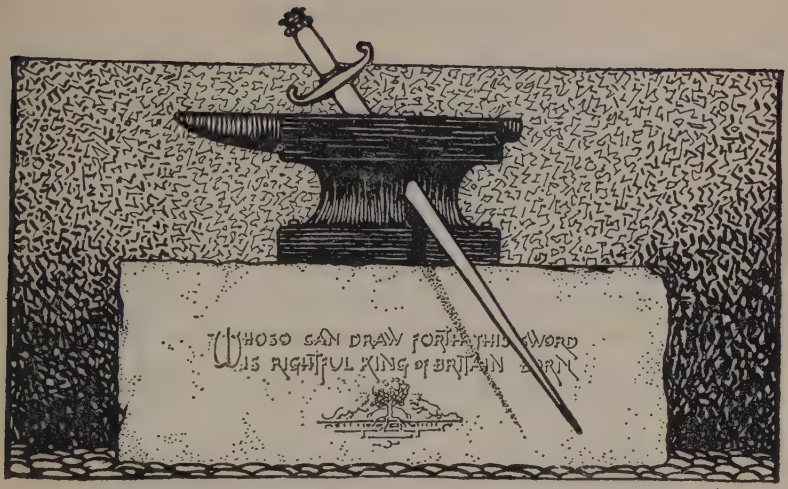

IDYLLS OF THE KING

Alfred Tennyson

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,

Note: Before reading the poem, it would be well to study *The Arthurian Legend* and *The Meaning of the Idylls* which are found at the end of the poem; there are also questions for study, and tests at the end of the poem.

1. Leodogran—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
1. Cameliard—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
8. Heathen host—See *The Arthurian Legend.*

Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings; and the children housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster-mother on four feet,
Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groan'd for the Roman legions here again,
And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother king,

13. Aurelius—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
14. King Uther—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
15. Either—Each of these.
17. Puissance—Power.
26. It was popularly believed in the Middle Ages that wolves sometimes carried children off and reared them as their own. Look up the story of Romulus and Remus.
35. Britain was garrisoned by Roman Legionaries until 410 A.D. After their withdrawal, according to the old chronicler Gildas who wrote about 550 A.D., "the Scots from the northwest, and the Picts from the north" assailed the defenseless Britons who sent to Rome a petition for help. The salutation ran: "To Ætius, now consul for the third time: the groans of the Britons." The petition read in part: "The barbarians drive us into the sea; the sea throws us back on the barbarians; thus two modes of death await us—we are either slain or drowned."

Urien, assail'd him: last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amaz'd,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But—for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"—the King
Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help us thou!
For here between the man and beast we die."

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call, and came: and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so return'd.

36. URIEN—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
36. HEATHEN HORDE—Angles and Saxons.
37. A vivid line, accurately describing the ruthless methods of conquest used by Angles and Saxons.
39. BRAKE—Broke. An archaic term. Such old terms are frequently used in the *Idylls.* Watch for them. What is their effect?
43. HE IS NOT UTHER'S SON—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
58. DRAVE—Drove. What kind of term is this?
59. FELLED—Cut down.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the hearts
Of those great Lords and Barons of his realm
Flash'd forth and into war: for most of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him, crying, "Who is he
That he should rule us? who hath proven him
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;
This is the son of Anton, not the King."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes, and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere;
And thinking as he rode, "Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything

63. A DOUBT—The doubt as to Arthur's parentage.
66. COLLEAGUING—Joining with.
67. MADE HEAD—Made war.
72. GORLOÏS—See *The Arthurian Legend*.
75. TRAVAIL—Anguish.
81–94. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.

Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells the tale—
When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him, that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.
So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.
And now the barons and the kings prevail'd,
And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood threw the kings
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,
Claudias, and Clariance of Northumberland,
The King Brangadoras of Latangor,
With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore,
And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins, and deems himself alone

94. He speaks who tells the tale—Malory, author of *Morte d'Arthur* from which Tennyson drew most of his material.

96–99. The world . . . morning star—See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*

102. Clarions—A trumpet with clear, shrill tones. Find words which describe the effect of the clarion. Is the line vivid?

103. Battle—Line of battle.

106. Powers who walk the world—See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*

111–15. Do not be afraid of these names. Learn to pronounce them and read these lines aloud. The meter of the poem will guide you. How do these names heighten the romantic flavor of the poem? Are the names musical?

115–18. Then . . . asleep—Is the picture vivid? What feeling is it intended to describe? Does it convey the feeling?

And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands
That hack'd among the flyers, "Ho! they yield!"
So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most. "Thou dost not doubt me King,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day."
"Sir and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle-field:
I know thee for my King!" Whereat the two,
For each had warded either in the fight,
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man:
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
Debating—"How should I that am a king,
However much he holp me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son?"—lifted his voice, and call'd
A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom

119. Brands—Swords.
121. What effect is created by this line?
124. Warrior—Lancelot.
130. Warded—Protected, guarded.
132. Man's word is God in man—A man's word is a divine thing.
134. Foughten—An archaic term.
139. Whom—The new-made knights who delivered Arthur's message.
141. Holp—Helped.
144. Hoary—Aged, white-haired.
144. Chamberlain—Chief adviser.

He trusted all things, and of him required
His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said,
"Sir King, there be but two old men that know:
And each is twice as old as I; and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther thro' his magic art; and one
Is Merlin's master (so they call him) Bleys,
Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far, that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth."

To whom the King Leodogran replied,
"O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,
Then beast and man had had their share of me:
But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."
Then, when they came before him, the King said,
"I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase: but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?"

150. MERLIN—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
152. BLEYS—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
153. RAN BEFORE THE MASTER—Outstripped his teacher in magic.
157. ANNAL-BOOK—Book of annals or happenings.
160. HOLPEN—Helped.
160–63. The king implies that this answer doesn't tell him what he wants to know.
166. CUCKOO—The reference is to the habit of the old-world cuckoo, a bird about a foot in length which deposits its eggs in the nests of smaller birds to be hatched by them. Smaller (lesser) birds have good reason, therefore, for chasing the cuckoo from the vicinity of their nests.

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, "Ay."
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake—
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King—
"Sir, there be many rumors on this head:
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man:
And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven: but my belief
In all this matter—so ye care to learn—
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time
The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne:
And daughters had she borne him, one whereof,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur—but a son she had not borne.
And Uther cast upon her eyes of love:
But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,
So loathed the bright dishonor of his love,
That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war:
And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged
Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men,
Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,
And there was none to call to but himself.
So, compass'd by the power of the King,
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
And with a shameful swiftness: afterward,

180. Bestial—Pronounced bĕs'chal.
186. Tintagil—See *The Arthurian Legend*.
194. Repelled by the dishonor rather than struck by the splendor of such a great king's love.

Not many moons, King Uther died himself,
Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
And that same night, the night of the new year,
By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vext his mother, all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come; because the lords
Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each
But sought to rule for his own self and hand,
And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;
And no man knew. And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack: but now,
This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'
A hundred voices cried, 'Away with him!
No king of ours! A son of Gorloïs he,
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin thro' his craft,

208. THAT SAME NIGHT—See *The Arthurian Legend.*

227. HIS—Refers to Arthur.

233. MERLIN THRO' HIS CRAFT—This refers to the device by which Arthur proved himself king, related by Malory as follows: "So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. . . . And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and

And while the people clamor'd for a king,
Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the King debated with himself
If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,
Or born the son of Gorloïs, after death,
Or Uther's son, and born before his time,
Or whether there were truth in anything
Said by these three, there came to Cameliard,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye—think ye this king—
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be—
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;

in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise King born of all England. . . . And when they saw the scripture, some assayed; such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. . . . And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament . . . and so it happened that Sir Ector . . . rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur. . . . So as they rode to the joustsward, Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur . . . and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard . . . he handled the sword by the handle, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone."

236. Brake out in open war—See *The Arthurian Legend.*

243. Gawain—Pronounced gô'wân, the ô as in ôrb.

252. Enow—Enough. Archaic.

For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crown'd on the daïs, and his warriors cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.' Then the King in low deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round
With large, divine and comfortable words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King:
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,

260–70. See *Arthur* in *The Characters of the Idylls*.
261. Strait—Fast.
271–73. Crucified—The Crucifixion in the stained glass of the great window (casement) of the minister.
274. Vert—Green.
275. The queens symbolize Faith, Hope, and Charity. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.
279. Mage Merlin—The sage Merlin who symbolizes intellect.
282. Lady of the Lake—Symbolic of the church.

Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep; calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it—rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright

284. Samite—A heavy rich silk interwoven with gold.

285. His huge cross-hilted sword—Symbolic of the power of religion. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.

285–93. What mood or feeling is created by these lines?

294. Excalibur—"The name of it, said the lady, is Excalibur, that is as much to say as Cut-steel."—Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*. Excalibur "was so bright in his enemies' eyes, that it gave light like thirty torches."

296. Malory's account is: "And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours, and I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo! said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. What damosel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin. . . . Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again. Damosel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur King, said the damosel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well! said the damosel, go ye in yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it. . . . So Sir Arthur and Merlin . . . went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water."

298. Elfin Urim—Used here, in apposition with jewels, to mean mystic jewels. For an explanation of Urim consult an encyclopedia.

That men are blinded by it—on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
'Take me,' but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far-off.' So this great brand the king
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down."

Thereat, Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
"The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister;" and she said,
"Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I";
"And therefore Arthur's sister?" ask'd the King.
She answer'd, "These be secret things," and sign'd
To those two sons to pass and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw:
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half heard; the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.
And then the Queen made answer, "What know I?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I; and dark
Was Gorloïs, yea and dark was Uther too,
Wellnigh to blackness; but this King is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and of men.

301. Oldest tongue—Hebrew.
304. Why is Arthur's face sad?
307. Brand—Sword.
317. Sign'd—Made a sign, motioned.

Moreover, always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
'O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.' "

"Ay," said the King, "and hear ye such a cry?
But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?"

"O King!" she cried, "and I will tell thee true:
He found me when yet a little maid:
Beaten I had been for a little fault
Whereof I was not guilty; and out I ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,
And hated this fair world and all therein,
And wept and wish'd that I were dead; and he—
I know not whether of himself he came,
Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk
Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side,
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me.
And many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me; and sad
At times he seem'd, and sad with him was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
And now of late I see him less and less,
But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be king.

"But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,
To hear him speak before he left his life.

342. Heath—Heather.
360. Cry—Wish, prayer.

Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;
And when I enter'd told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars: 'And this same child,' he said,
'Is he who reigns: nor could I part in peace

362. Fairy changeling—It was believed in the Middle Ages that fairies carried off children, especially unchristened infants, leaving in their stead elves or "changelings," which could be recognized by their shrunken and shriveled faces.

365–67. See *The Arthurian Legend.*

387. Wizard—Merlin.

391. He—The dying Bleys. See lines 299–301.

Till this were told.' And saying this the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

"Rain, sun, and rain! and free blossom blows:
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

"So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter; and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men,
And echo'd by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage work is done,
Speak of the King; and Merlin in our time

401. TRIPLETS—Stanzas of three lines rhyming together. Early Welsh and Breton poetry is generally in triplet form. "Riddling" refers to the fact that the meaning is ambiguous and left to the reader to interpret. Tennyson speaks at another place of the "riddling of the bards." (See *Gareth and Lynette*, line 280.)

402–10. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.

407. The first "or" means either.

414. DARK SAYINGS—Prophecies. See line 420 below.

417. WAGE WORK—Labor for hire.

Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king."

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing "Shall I answer yea or nay?"
Doubted and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, and hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;"
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the king stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

420–21. According to Malory: "Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesus gone into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. . . . But men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: Hic jacet Arthurus Rex, quondam Rexque futurus." (Here lies King Arthur, King once and King to be.)

427–43. See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*

430. Now looming—Seen indistinctly through the haze.

431. Hind fell—The king saw the countryside devastated, the peasants killed, and their cattle driven off.

432. Rick—A stack of hay or straw.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen;—and watch'd him from the gates;
And Lancelot past away among the flowers,
(For then was latter April) and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The Sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,
"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,

452. To whom arrived—To whom when she had arrived.

452. Dubric the high saint, chief of the church in Britain—The Archbishop of Canterbury. Dubric, first mentioned in the *Histories of the Kings of Britain* written by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the Twelfth Century is called Archbishop of the City of Legions which was Caerleon upon Usk in Monmouthshire.

455. Malory says: "The King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guinevere in the church of St. Stephens, with great solemnity."

460. White with May—White with hawthorne blossoms.

469. What does this line tell you?

And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!"

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine
Great Lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they past;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world—'Let the King reign.'

"Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.
"The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

476. Great Lords from Rome—See lines 504–13 below.

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.
There at the banquet those great Lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in, and claim'd their tribute as of yore.
But Arthur spake, "Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay:" so those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

504. SLOWLY-FADING MISTRESS OF THE WORLD—In the days when the Arthurian legends were growing up Rome was fast losing its grip on the world. In 410 A.D. the legions were withdrawn from Britain to defend the frontier on the continent against threatened invasion by the barbarians.

508. A line frequently quoted.

511. The Romans built two great walls across Britain to keep out the Picts and Scots from the north. The northernmost of these was the Wall of Antoninus extending from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde. The southern was the Wall of Hadrian.

513. According to Malory: "When King Arthur had after the long war rested, and held a royal feast and Table Round with his allies of Kings, princes, and noble knights all of the Round Table, there came in his hall . . . twelve ancient men . . . as ambassadors and messengers from the Emperor Lucius . . . commanding (Arthur) to acknowledge him . . . and send him the truage due of his realm unto the Empire." Arthur refused to pay the tribute and overcame Lucius in a great battle fought in the "vale of Sessoine."

517. In Nennius' *Historia Britonum* written about 826, Arthur is said to have fought twelve great battles against the Angles and Saxons. "The twelfth battle was at Mount Badon, when Arthur in one day slew nine hundred and sixty men in one onslaught: no one laid them low save he alone, and in all the battles he was victor." See *The Arthurian Legend*.

Note: There are questions for study at the end of the *Idylls*. Also the tests which apply to this part of the poem can be used at this time, or left until a review of the *Idylls* as a whole is taken up.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted Pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd away.
"How he went down," said Gareth, "as a false knight
Or evil king before my lance if lance
Were mine to use—O senseless cataract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—
And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows
And mine is living blood: thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that know,
Have strength and wit, in my good mother's hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prison'd, and kept and coax'd and whistled to—

Note: Before reading the poem, the meaning of the poem as given at the end should be read. There are also questions for study at the end.

1. BELLICENT—Queen of Orkney, Arthur's half sister. In Malory she is called Dame Morgawse. Why in your opinion did Tennyson prefer Bellicent?

3. SPATE—A spring torrent.

13. VACILLATING—Wavering. Why wavering obedience?

Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A worse were better; yet no worse would I.
Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force
To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly discaged to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur, working out his will,
To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain, when he came
With Modred hither in the summertime,
Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven knight.
Modred for want of worthier was the judge.
Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
'Thou hast half prevail'd against me,' said so—he—
Tho' Modred biting his thin lips was mute,
For he is alway sullen: what care I?"

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair
Ask'd, "Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,
Sweet mother, do ye love the child?" She laugh'd,
"Thou art but a wild-goose to question it."
"Then, mother, an ye love the child," he said,
"Being a goose and rather tame than wild,
Hear the child's story." "Yea, my well-beloved,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs."

18. YIELD—Reward.
19. PRAYER—To what purpose?
21. EVER-HIGHERING—Ever-rising. Is there a verb "to higher"?
25–26. Gawain and Modred were Gareth's brothers.
27. PROVEN KNIGHT—See lines 403–8. Gawain had performed more than one knightly deed.
28. MODRED FOR WANT OF WORTHIER—See line 409. Modred's shield was "blank as death" signifying that he had yet not done "one noble deed."
29. SHOOK HIM IN THE SADDLE—Nearly unseated him in the tilt.
31. What insight into Modred's character does this line give? Find a line in *The Coming of Arthur* which gives a clue to Modred's character.
37. AN—If, an archaic term. It is frequently used throughout the *Idylls*.

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,
"Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;
For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.
And there was ever haunting round the palm
A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw
The splendour sparkling from aloft, and thought
'An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings.'
But ever when he reach'd a hand to climb,
One, that had loved him from his childhood, caught
And stay'd him, 'Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love,' and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,
But brake his very heart in pining for it,
And past away."

To whom the mother said,
"True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd,
And handed down the golden treasure to him."

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,
"Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel,
Whereof they forged the band Excalibur,

45. Palm—The palm tree. The palm is symbolic of victory and honor.
46. Book of Hours—A prayer book, so called because it contained the prayers for the various canonical hours. In the Middle Ages these books were often "illuminated" with exquisite pen and ink drawings.
51. Leash—Here used to mean a great number.
53. One—His mother. Gareth is speaking in a parable.
56. Clomb—What kind of term is this?
59–60. The meaning is that one who truly loved the youth would himself have climbed the tree and handed down the treasure. What is your opinion?
65. This—The egg. See line 42 above. Gareth's egg is a sword.

And lightnings play'd about it in the storm,
And all the little fowl were flurried at it,
And there were cries and clashings in the nest,
That sent him from his senses: let me go."

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and said,
"Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd out!
For ever since when traitor to the King
He fought against him in the Barons' war,
And Arthur gave him back his territory,
His age hath slowly droopt, and now lies there
A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,
No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.
And both thy brethren are in Arthur's hall,
Albeit neither loved with that full love
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love:
Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,
And thee, mine innocent, the jousts, the wars,
Who never knewest finger-ache, nor pang
Of wrench'd or broken limb—an often chance
In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls,
Frights to my heart; but stay: follow the deer
By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns;
So make thy manhood mightier day by day;
Sweet is the chase: and I will seek thee out
Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace

76. HIM—Arthur.

80. NO MORE—Lot is hardly more than a corpse. In Malory's story Lot was killed in the Barons' War.

82. ALBEIT—Notwithstanding. The meaning is that notwithstanding Bellicent loves Gareth more than his brothers, yet she is anxious for them. She feels that she can hardly bear exposing her favorite son to the dangers which Arthur's knights must needs meet.

88. SHOCKS AND TOURNEY-FALLS—Blows and falls sustained in the tournaments.

89. FRIGHTS TO MY HEART—In apposition with "shocks" and "tourney-falls."

90. BURNS—Streams.

Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.
Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet for child,
Hear yet once more the story of the child.
For, mother, there was once a King, like ours.
The prince his heir, when tall and marriageable,
Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon the King
Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm'd—
But to be won by force—and many men
Desired her; one, good lack, no man desired.
An these were the conditions of the King:
That save he won the first by force, he needs
Must wed that other, whom no man desired,
A red-faced bride who knew herself so vile,
That evermore she long'd to hide herself,
Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye—
Yea—some she cleaved to, but they died of her.
And one—they call'd her Fame; and one,—O Mother,
How can ye keep me tether'd to you—Shame.
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?"

To whom the mother said,
"Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not,
Or will not deem him, wholly proven King—
Albeit in mine own heart I knew him King,
When I was frequent with him in my youth,
And heard him kingly speak, and doubted him
No more than he, himself; but felt him mine,

94. PRONE YEAR—Declining years.
98–114. Is Gareth's analogy a strong one? 111. FRONTED—Confronted.
117. These are the oaths of King Arthur's knights.

Of closest kin to me: yet—wilt thou leave
Thine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven King?
Stay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son."

And Gareth answer'd quickly, "Not an hour,
So that ye yield me—I will walk thro' fire,
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to go.
Not proven, who swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crush'd
The Idolaters, and made the people free?
Who should be King save him who makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answer'd craftily, "Will ye walk thro' fire?
Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Ay, go then, an ye must: only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother,—I demand."

And Gareth cried,
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother looking at him,
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,

135. IDOLATERS—The heathen Angles and Saxons.
139. ONE—Set on the one great ambition.
147. QUICK—Quick formerly was in general use to mean the living, as in the expression "the quick and the dead," or to apply to a sensitive part of the body, as the place beneath the finger nails. It has come to have a figurative meaning, as in the expression "to cut to the quick" meaning the heart or feelings. Gareth says in effect, "Try me to the utmost."
151. SCULLIONS AND KITCHEN-KNAVES—Menial servants and boys (knaves) who served about the kitchen.

And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.
Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the King."

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Perplext his outward purpose, till an hour,
When waken'd by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

The three were clad like tillers of the soil.
Southward they set their faces. The birds made

152. BAR—The bar over which food was passed into the dining-hall.
154. A TWELVEMONTH AND A DAY—A year.
157. VILLAIN KITCHEN-VASSALAGE—Menial service in the kitchen.
162. THRALL—Serf, slave. Is this line worth remembering?
166. HENCE—Go forth.
171. TURNING TOWARD HIM—Modifies eye. The meaning is that his mother's wistful glances followed him wherever he went, and "perplext" his preparations—that is, made him half wonder if he should not after all stay with her.
176. STILL—Always, ever.

Melody on branch, and melody in mid air.
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easterday.

So, when their feet were planted on the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal mount,
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below:
Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.

Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
One crying, "Let us go no further, lord.
Here is a city of Enchanters, built
By fairy Kings." The second echo'd him,
"Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home
To Northward, that this King is not the King,
But only changeling out of Fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery
And Merlin's glamour." Then the first again,
"Lord, there is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision."

Gareth answer'd them
With laughter, swearing he had glamour enow
In his own blood, his princedom, youth and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian sea;

185. CAMELOT—See *The Arthurian Legend.*
192. ONLY—Modifies great gate.
193. ANON—And all at once.
203–4. See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*
205. GLAMOUR—Enchantment, power.
207. ARABIAN SEA—In the Middle Ages it was believed that plunging a magician into the Arabian Sea destroyed his power.

So push'd them all unwilling toward the gate.
And there was no gate like it under heaven.
For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood: all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
But like the cross her great and goodly arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and upheld:
And drops of water fell from either hand;
And down from one a sword was hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish;
And in the space to left of her, and right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing, so inveterately, that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three Queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long a space
Stared at the figures, that at last it seem'd
The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings
Began to move, seethe, twine and curl: they call'd
To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt his eyes
So long, that ev'n to him they seemed to move.
Out of the city a blast of music peal'd.
Back from the gate started the three, to whom

212–13. THE LADY OF THE LAKE—Is symbolic of the church. "The forms of the church are forever changing and flowing like water, but her great arms are stretched out immovable like the cross." See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.
218. EITHER—Both.
219. SACRED FISH—The symbol of Christianity in the early centuries of the Christian era.
222. CO-TWISTED—Twisted together.
223. INVETERATELY—Completely. Modifies co-twisted.
229. DRAGON-BOUGHTS—Dragon-coils.
232. THEM—The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings.

From out thereunder came an ancient man,
Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye, my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the soil,
Who leaving share in furrow come to see
The glories of our King; but these, my men,
(Your city moved so weirdly in the mist)
Doubt if the King be King at all, or come
From Fairyland; and whether this be built
By magic, and by fairy Kings and Queens;
Or whether there be any city at all,
Or all a vision: and this music now
Hath scared them both, but tell thou these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer playing on him
And saying, "Son, I have seen the good ship sail
Keel upward, and mast downward, in the heavens,
And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:
And here is truth; but an it please thee not,
Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.
For truly as thou sayest, a Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King; tho' some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real:
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become

236. An ancient man—Merlin. 239. Share—Plow.
248. Playing on him—Making sport of him.
249–251. That is, as seen in a mirage.
252. And here is truth—Merlin's meaning is: The city is real enough, but if it does not please you to think so, you may believe it the city of enchantment which it seems to your men.
254–74. Merlin replies in a whimsical half-jesting manner humoring the fancy of the young Gareth. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.
263. So—If. Similarly in line 268.

A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
Without, among the cattle of the field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever."

Gareth spake
Anger'd, "Old Master, reverence thine own beard
That looks as white as utter truth, and seems
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured tall!
Why mockest thou the stranger that hath been
To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied,
"Know ye not then the Riddling of the Bards?
'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion'?
I mock thee not but as thou mockest me,
And all that see thee, for thou are not who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the King,

275. Anger'd—Merlin's refusal to take him seriously angers Gareth.

277. Statured—In stature.

280. Bards—The poets of the Britons who were believed to have the gift of prophecy; and their utterances, like those of the Oracle at Delphi, being ambiguous and open to more than one interpretation are called "riddling."

281–82. Merlin pretends to be quoting these two lines from the Bards. He says in effect to Gareth, "You ask me for the truth. Well, what is truth anyway? What seems true to one man may to another seem confusion and illusion, a relative truth only, or it may seem to another to be an actual deceit (elusion), or only the truth on occasion, or a mere equivocation. The truth is this to me, and that to thee. Nobody can say what truth is." Is Merlin right?

283–85. Gareth has told Merlin that he is a tiller of the soil. He is dressed like one, but he is not. Merlin makes Gareth himself an illustration of what he has just said. Though Gareth seems outwardly to be a tiller of the soil, the truth is that he is not.

286. How is Gareth going "up to mock the King"?

Who cannot brook the shadow of any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending here
Turn'd to the right, and past along the plain;
Whom Gareth looking after said, "My men,
Our one white lie sits like a little ghost
Here on the threshold of our enterprise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she, nor I:
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer
He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd with his twain
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall: his arms
Clash'd; and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;
And all about a healthful people steps
As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and beheld
Far over heads in that long-vaulted hall
The splendour of the presence of the King

287. Brook—Endure. 291. Our one white lie—What is it?
293. She—Gareth's mother.
298. Did their days in stone—Left memorials of their great deeds in carved stone.
299. Mage—Magician, wise man.
301. Ordinance—Command.
302. Spire—Used as a verb.
306. Bower—A medieval term for the women's apartments in a castle.
306. Casement—Window.

Throned, and delivering doom—and look'd no more—
But felt his young heart hammering in his ears,
And thought, "For this half-shadow of a lie
The truthful King will doom me when I speak."
Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor one
Nor other, but in all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights, that ranged about the throne,
Clear honour shining like the dewy star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gain'd, and evermore to gain.

Then came a widow crying to the King,
"A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft
From my dead lord a field with violence:
For howsoever at first he proffer'd gold,
Yet, for the field was pleasant in our eyes,
We yielded not; and then he reft us of it
Perforce, and left us neither gold nor field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye? gold or field?"
To whom the woman weeping, "Nay, my lord,
The field was pleasant in my husband's eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant field again,
And thrice the gold for Uther's use thereof,
According to the years. No boon is here,
But justice, so thy say be proven true.
Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did
Would shape himself a right!"

314. Delivering doom—Hearing cases and giving judgment.
317. Doom—Used here more in the sense of punish.
327. Boon—Favor.
332. Perforce—By force.
333. Whether—Which of the two.
338. According to the years—Three times the rent for all the years Uther held the field.
338–39. Arthur means that his judgment in this case is not a favor but a matter of justice.
339. So thy say be proven true—Provided what you say is true.

And while she past,
Came yet another widow crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King, am I.
With thine own hand thou slewest my dear lord,
A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,
When Lot and many another rose and fought
Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.
I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved him dead;
And standeth seized of that inheritance
Which thou that slewest the sire has left the son.
So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son."

Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I.
Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,
"A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou grant her none,
This railer, that hath mock'd thee in full hall—
None; or the wholesome boon of gyve and gag."
But Arthur, "We sit King, to help the wrong'd

350. THRALL'D—Held as a thrall, imprisoned.
351. SEIZED—Possessed.
355. WREAK—Avenge.
358. GIVE ME—Give me the quest.
359. SENESCHAL—Steward. According to Malory's story, after Arthur had shown Sir Ector, his foster father, how he drew the sword from the stone, "Sir Ector knelt down to the earth. . . . Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur . . . and if ever it be God's will that I be King as you say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you. . . . Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live."
362. GYVE(S)—Fetters, shackles. In former days common scolds were punished by being gagged with a "scold's bridle" and chained to the pillory in the market place. See the article entitled *Brank* in the International Encyclopedia for an illustration.

Thro' all our realm. The woman loves her lord.
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!
The kings of old had doom'd thee to the flames,
Aurelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,
And Uther slit thy tongue: but get thee hence—
Lest that rough humour of the kings of old
Return upon me! Thou that art her kin,
Go likewise; lay him low and slay him not,
But bring him here, that I may judge the right,
According to the justice of the King:
Then, be he guilty, by that deathless King
Who lived and died for men, the man shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,
A name of evil savour in the land,
The Cornish king. In either hand he bore
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold,
Which down he laid before the throne, and knelt,
Delivering, that his lord, the vassal king,
Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot;
For having heard that Arthur of his grace
Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight,

367. Aurelius Emrys—See *The Arthurian Legend.*

377. Evil savour—Bad repute. "Then said Berluse," in Malory's book, "I know you better than you ween, for ye are King Mark . . . ye are the most villainous knight or king that is now known or live, for ye are a destroyer of good knights, and all that ye do is but treason."

380. Charlock—Wild mustard.

383. Delivering—That is, delivering at the same time the message that Mark (his lord) the vassal of King Arthur was on his way to Camelot. According to Malory, King Mark "the most coward and full of treason" yielded himself without a fight to Sir Launcelot who brought him before King Arthur to whom he swore "service, homage, and fealty." But Mark continued his evil ways, "for he was a fair speaker, and false thereunder."

386. His—Mark's. Tristram was the son of Mark's sister. The term "cousin" was formerly loosely used to indicate any blood relationship more distant than that of brother or sister.

386. Tristram—A knight of great renown in Malory's story. When Sir Lancelot brought Tristram to the court, "Welcome, said Arthur, for one of the best knights, and gentlest of the world, and the man of most worship.

And, for himself was of the greater state,
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord
Would yield him this large honour all the more;
So pray'd him well to accept this cloth of gold,
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend
In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.
An oak-tree smoulder'd there. "The goodly knight!
What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?"
For, midway down the side of that long hall
A stately pile,—whereof along the front,
Some blazon'd, some but carven, and some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony shields,—
Rose, and high-arching overbrow'd the hearth.
And under every shield a knight was named:
For this was Arthur's custom in his hall;
When some good knight had done one noble deed,
His arms were carven only; but if twain,
His arms were blazon'd also; but if none,
The shield was blank and bare without a sign
Saving the name beneath; and Gareth saw
The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and bright,
And Modred's blank as death; and Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.
"More like are we to reave him of his crown

. . . And then Arthur made Sir Tristram Knight of the Table Round. . . . Then King Mark had great despite [envy] of the renown of Sir Tristram." Mark's going to Arthur's Court to ask knighthood for himself is not in Malory.

387. GREATER STATE—Of greater state than Tristram, who was but a knight.

397. A STATELY PILE—The predicate of "pile" is "rose" in line 400. The "treble range" of shields was arched, or "piled" as it were, above the great hearth.

397. FRONT—In the front or face of the shield.

398. BLAZON'D—Bearing heraldic or armorial devices in colors. See lines 404–5 below.

399. TREBLE RANGE—Triple row.

399. STONY—A replica of the shield cut in stone. The shield itself was, of course, in service.

411. We are more likely to deprive him of his crown.

Than make him knight because men call him king.
The kings we found, ye know we stay'd their hands
From war among themselves, but left them kings;
Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enroll'd
Among us, and they sit within our hall.
But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of churl:
And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,
Silenced for ever—craven—a man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings—
No fault of thine: let Kay the seneschal
Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied—
Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen!"

And many another suppliant crying came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth leaning both hands heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men,
Approach'd between them toward the King, and ask'd,
"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all ashamed),
For see ye not how weak and hungerworn

413–14. Arthur means that he left the petty warring kings on their thrones (see line 516 in *The Coming of Arthur*), insisting only upon peace. Quite typical of British colonial administration!

419. CHURL—Peasant. The implication is that Mark, being by nature a scoundrel, would disgrace whatever rank he bore.

422. LAP HIM UP IN CLOTH OF LEAD—The reference is to a medieval mortuary custom. King Arthur sent the Emperor Lucius and the Senators killed in the "vale of Sessione" back to Rome "in chests of lead."

426. THY, THEE—These refer to the messenger.

429. NOISE—Report.

431. Up to this point the story of Gareth is Tennyson's invention. From here on, most of the incidents come with slight modification from Malory. In the *Morte d'Arthur* the coming of Gareth before Arthur is described as

I seem—leaning on these? grant me to serve
For meat and drink among thy kitchen-knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name.
Hereafter I will fight."

To him the King,
"A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!
But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kay,
The master of the meats and drinks, be thine."

He rose and past; then Kay, a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!
This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where,
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
However that might chance! but an he work,
Like any pigeon while I cram his crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog."

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds;

follows: "Right so came into the hall two men well biseen [appareled] and richly, and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was large and long and broad in the shoulders, and the fairest and the largest handed that ever man saw, but he fared as though he might not go nor bear himself but if [unless] he leaned upon their shoulders."

442. Be thine—Thy master also.

443–45. Kay's wan-sallow appearance is made to symbolize a somewhat sullen and cynical disposition. This cynical streak in his make-up has sapped his wholesome enthusiasm for life, as Tennyson supposed that the parasitic fungus—the white lichen—sapped the life of a plant and caused it to lose color.

446–50. Kay's disposition and his outlook upon life will not let him see any reason why Gareth should ask to serve in the kitchen other than the very obvious one of wishing to fill his stomach.

446. Abbey—A religious house or monastery. In Malory's story Kay says, "Upon pain of my life he was fostered up in some abbey, and, howsomever it was, they failed meat and drink, and so hither he is come for his sustenance."

447. God wot—God knows. 447. Brewis—Broth.

452. Sleuth-hound—A hound that tracks by scent, a bloodhound.

451–58. Launcelot says in effect: "You understand dogs and horses, but

A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost not know:
Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands
Large, fair and fine!—Some young lad's mystery—
But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy
Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou of mystery?
Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?
Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mystery!
Tut, an' the lad were noble, he had ask'd
For horse and armour: fair and fine, forsooth!
Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see thou to it
That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day
Undo thee not—and leave my man to me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,

you are a poor judge of men. This lad has all the marks of a noble nature. His request but cloaks some ambition or secret—"some young lad's mystery."

458–59. Sir Kay's misjudgment of Gareth is not the first mistake of the kind he has made. Lancelot refers here to another story in the *Morte d'Arthur* of a youth who came to Arthur's court and "desired to be made knight of the King, but his over-garment sat over-thwartly" being too big for him; and of him Sir Kay had said: "In mockage he shall be called La Cote Male Taile, that is as much to say, the evil-shapen coat." This youth whose coat fitted so badly, became a famous Knight of the Table Round, and shamed Kay's judging of him.

460. Mystery—The word arouses the suspicion of Sir Kay. He thinks of mystery only in the sense of a plot against the king. "But," he says, "there is no mystery about this fellow. If he intended harm against the king, he would give evidence of more brains. He is nothing but a simpleton." In Malory's story, Sir Kay says, "I dare undertake he is a villain [serf] born, and never will make man, for as he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armour."

465. Sir Fair-hands—In the *Morte d'Arthur* Gareth is called *Beaumains* which means "fair-hands."

470. By the door—"And so Sir Kay bad him get a place, and sit down to meat; So Beaumains went to the hall door, and set him down among boys and lads, and there he ate sadly."

But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labour him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
And when the thralls had talk among themselves,
And one would praise the love that linkt the King
And Lancelot—how the King had saved his life
In battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's—
For Lancelot was the first in Tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battle-field—
Gareth was glad. Or if some other told,
How once the wandering forester at dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King,
A naked babe, of whom the Prophet spake,
"He passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is heal'd and cannot die"—
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mock'd, but, after, reverenced him.
Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale
Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way

474. HARRY—Harrow, vex.
474–75. LABOUR HIM . . . HEARTH—That is, make him work harder than the boy who served with him.
476. BROACH—The spit on which the meat was placed and turned about so that it would roast evenly.
489. TARN—Mountain lake or pool.
487–91. The allusion is to another version of the coming of Arthur.
490. CAER-ERYRI (kä'âr âr'i-rē)—The highest mountain in Wales, now known as Snowdon.
491. PROPHET—Merlin.
492. ISLE AVILION (*a*-vĭl'yŏn)—The Paradise of the Britons.
493. HEAL'D—That is, of his wounds.
496. ROUNDELAY—Song.

Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, held
All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.
Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone
Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,
Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,
When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laugh'd; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once

503. CHARM'D—That is, by Gareth's story.
504–5. Is this a vivid picture?
507. TRIAL OF MASTERY—Contest. "But ever when that he [there] was any jousting of knights, that would he see an he might . . . and where there were any masteries done, thereat would he be, and there might none cast bar or stone to him by two yards."
519. That is, when the moon was full.
524. OVAL—To represent the lists.

I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city:" whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it: joust can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! let my name
Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,
"Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees,
"My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing."

528. Peter's knee—See Matthew xvi.19, where Christ says to Peter, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Gareth means that in passing from Kay's service to Arthur's, he has leapt from hell to heaven.

530. Descend—I will descend.

535. Quest—Adventure.

540. Yield thee thine—Grant Gareth's boon, or request.

541–44. King Arthur implies that knighthood must not be sought simply for adventure or personal glory; it should be looked upon rather as a means for working out one's duty to the world. See lines 557–60 below.

549. Mellow—Soft, easy.

And the King—
"Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King—
"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth ask'd,
"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half-unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,
"I have given him the first quest: he is not proven.
Look therefore when he calls for this in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away.
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there past into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,

560. Noised of—Talked about.
560. Merrily—With a twinkle in his eye, for in the next line he humorously refers to his service as a kitchen-knave.
566. Lusty—Eager.
571. Lions—Lancelot's coat-of-arms displayed "azure lions, crown'd with gold" rampant.
574–77. What details suggest character?
575. May-blossom—White as the hawthorne blossom

Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;
She into hall past with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, everyone that owns a tower
The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?
Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-cloth
From that best blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine
Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the center of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said—
"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
She lives in Castle Perilous: a river
Runs in three loops about her living-place;
And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth
And of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd

580–81. BRIDGE, FORD, BESET BY BANDITS—In the Middle Ages bandits and robber barons used frequently to set upon travelers at fords and bridges.
582. LEAGUE—Three miles. The word is used here only in the general sense of distance. The meaning is that every petty baron who owned a tower lorded it over the neighborhood.
584. LONEST HOLD—The loneliest piece of land.
586. BEST BLOOD—The sacramental wine.
588. SO—Provided. 592. NOBLE—Of noble lineage.
595. Is there any vanity in Lynette?
599. BRETHREN—The three knights are brothers.
600. STAY'D—Shut up.

In her own castle, and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed with him:
And but delays his purport till thou send
To do the battle with him, thy chief man
Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to overthrow,
Then wed, with glory: but she will not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lancelot."

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth ask'd,
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush
All wrongers of the Realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion; O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment, such
As have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star,
Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise
The fourth, who always rideth arm'd in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,
To show that who may slay or scape the three,
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night.

603. PURPORT—Purpose.
606. WITH GLORY—With glory, because of his hoped-for victory over Sir Lancelot.
607. A HOLY LIFE—Wed a holy life; to become a nun.
616. FROM THE MOMENT—According to the impulse of the moment. See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.
617. NOR . . . NOR—Neither . . . nor.
618. FANTASY—Their foolish fancy.
619. The three constitute "the Day."
624. MOUNTED—Surmounted.

And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose,
A head with kindling eyes above the throng,
"A boon, Sir King—this quest!" then—for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull—
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King," and Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow. "Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight—
Go therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath
Slew the May-white: she lifted either arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the King,
Took horse, descended the slope street, and past
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring "kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries open'd from the hall,
At one end one, that gave upon a range
Of level pavement where the King would pace
At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;

633. Why does Sir Kay groan?
638. BROUGHT DOWN A MOMENTARY BROW—The King had raised his brows suddenly and for the moment in astonishment at Gareth's request. Why?
638–39. Why does Arthur call Gareth rough and sudden? And why pardonable?
646. LANE OF ACCESS—That is, the lane between rows of knights between which one approached the King.
647. SLOPE—Sloping.
648. WEIRD WHITE GATE—The same by which Gareth had entered Camelot.
649. FIELD OF TOURNEY—"The lists by Camelot, in the meadow."
651. GAVE UPON—Opened upon.

And down from this a lordly stairway sloped
Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;
And out by this main doorway past the King.
But one was counter to the hearth, and rose
High that the highest-crested helm could ride
Therethro' nor graze: and by this entry fled
The damsel in her wrath, and on to this
Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door
King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a town,
A warhorse of the best, and near it stood
The two that out of north had follow'd him:
This bare a maiden shield: a casque; that held
The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Gareth loosed
A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to heel,
A cloth of roughest web, and cast it down,
And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire,
That lookt half-dead, brake bright, and flash'd as those
Dull-coated things, that making slide apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns
A jewell'd harness, ere they pass and fly.
So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in arms.
Then as he donn'd the helm, and took the shield

655. Blowing—Blossoming.
656. Past—Passed.
657. One was counter—One of the two great entries was opposite the hearth. See line 400.
658–59. That is, so high that a man wearing the highest-crested helmet could ride through it on his horse.
659. Graze—Touch the top of the doorway.
660. This—This entry.
662. The worth of half a town—That is, equal in worth to half a town.
664. The two—See line 175.
665. This . . . that—The one . . . the other.
665. A maiden shield—One bearing no device—blank.
665. Casque—A helmet.
666. Loosed a cloak—That is, let fall a cloak which covered him from collar-bone to heel and concealed his armor.
671. Dull-coated things—Fireflies.
673. Harness—An archaic term for armor. Here used to designate the head covering on the body of the firefly, which is a species of beetle. A jewell'd harness means one that flashes like a jewel.

And mounted horse and graspt a spear, of grain
Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site, and tipt
With trenchant steel, around him slowly prest
The people, while from out of kitchen came
The thralls in throng, and seeing who had work'd
Lustier than any, and whom they could but love,
Mounted in arms, threw up their caps and cried,
"God bless the King, and all his fellowship!"
And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth rode
Down the slope street, and past without the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but as the cur
Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere his cause
Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being named,
His owner, but remembers all, and growls
Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door
Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he used
To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest
With horse and arms—the King hath past his time—
My scullion knave! Thralls to your work again,
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?
Begone!—my knave!—belike and like enow
Some old head-blow not heeded in his youth
So shook his wits they wander in his prime—

676. Of grain storm-strengthen'd—The shaft of Gareth's spear had come from an ash which had grown in a place exposed to the wind; and the tree's straining in the wind had toughened its fiber or grain.
678. Trenchant—Sharp.
680. Seeing who—Seeing him who.
683. Fellowship—His order of knights, his companions.
688–89. Follows, being named, his owner—Being called, follows his owner.
693. The King hath past his time—Sir Kay means: "The King must be in his dotage to send this knave out as he has done."
696. Kay wonders: "What next? Will the sun rise in the west and set in the east?"
697. Begone!—This is addressed to the crowd of kitchen scullions who have come out to see Gareth.
698. His—Arthur's.

Crazed! How the villain lifted up his voice,
Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave.
Tut: he was tame and meek enow with me,
Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's noticing.
Well—I will after my loud knave, and learn
Whether he know me for his master yet.
Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance
Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the mire—
Thence, if the King awaken from his craze,
Into the smoke again."

But Lancelot said,
"Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against the King,
For that did never he whereon ye rail,
But ever meekly served the King in thee?
Abide: take counsel; for this lad is great
And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."
"Tut, tell not me," said Kay, "ye are overfine
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies:"
Then mounted, on thro' silent faces rode
Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet
Mutter'd the damsel, "Wherefore did the King
Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least
He might have yielded to me one of those
Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than—O sweet heaven! O fie upon him—
His kitchen-knave."

700. CRAZED—Kay thinks Arthur mad.
700. THE VILLAIN—Gareth. See lines 632–36.
703. PEACOCK'D UP WITH LANCELOT'S NOTICING—Made proud by Lancelot's attention. See line 472.
711. HE—Gareth.
711. WHEREON—Against whom.
715–16. Kay's meaning is: You take altogether too many pains to ruin good servants by treating them with courtesies above their station in life.
720. DAMSEL—Lynette.

To whom Sir Gareth drew
(And there were none but few goodlier than he)
Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.
And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.
"Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,
"Master no more! too well I know thee, ay—
The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."
"Have at thee then," said Kay: they shock'd, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,

726. To whom Sir Gareth drew—That is, and now Gareth, shining in arms, drew near to the damsel (Lynette).

727. Malory says: "So when he was armed there was none but few so goodly a man as he was."

729. Foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt—Ill-smelling fungus in the wood

730. Deems, etc.—Thinks it the putrifying carcass of some woodland thing such as a shrew (mole) or weasel. 732. Shrilling—Crying shrilly.

733. Avoid—Avoid me, away from me. Malory says, "When he had overtaken the damosel, anon she said, What dost thou here? thou stinkest all of the kitchen, thy clothes be bawdy [foul] of the grease and tallow. . . What art thou but a luske [lubber] and a turner of broches and ladle washer?"

738. Ungentle—Ungentlemanly. The term "gentle" as it is used in the *Idylls* in such an expression as "gentle knight" means what we understand by "gentlemanly." It doesn't mean that the knight is a milksop.

739. In the *Morte d'Arthur,* when Gareth set out on the quest, "he had neither shield nor spear. Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall, I will ride after my boy in the kitchen, to wit [know] whether he will know me for his better. . . . And right as Beaumains overtook the damosel, right so came Sir Kay and said, Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me? . . Yea, said Beaumains, I know you for an ungentle knight of the court, and therefore beware of me. Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in rest, and ran straight upon him; and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword in his hand, and so he put away his [Kay's] spear with his sword, and with a foyne [push] thrust him through the side, that Sir Kay fell down as he had been dead: and he [Beaumains] alit down and took Sir Kay's shield and his spear."

740. Shoulder-slipt—His shoulder went out of joint.

"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.
But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,
Perforce she stay'd, and overtaken spoke.

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?
Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more
Or love thee better, that by some device
Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy master—thou!—
Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon!—to me
Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answer'd gently, "say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefore."

"Ay, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with, knave,
And then by such a one that thou for all
The kitchen brewis that was ever supt
Shalt not once dare to look him in the face."

"I shall assay," said Gareth with a smile
That madden'd her, and away she flash'd again
Down the long avenues of a boundless wood,
And Gareth following was again beknaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd the only way

742. SHINGLE—Gravel.
745. PERFORCE SHE STAY'D—Of necessity she stopped.
746. FELLOWSHIP—Company. 749. UNHAPPINESS—Ill luck on Kay's part.
758. That is, from listening to knights the rogue has learned how to talk like one. 763. ASSAY—Try.
766. AGAIN BEKNAVED—Again called kitchen-knave by Lynette. See the line following.

Where Arthur's men are set along the wood;
The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves:
If both be slain, I am rid of thee: but yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?
Fight, an thou canst: I have miss'd the only way."

So till the dusk that follow'd evensong
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled;
Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward—in the deeps whereof a mere,
Round as the red eye of an Eagle-owl,
Under the half-dead sunset glared; and shouts
Ascended, and there brake a servingman

Flying from out of the black wood, and crying,
"They have bound my lord to cast him in the mere."
Then Gareth, "Bound am I to right the wrong'd,
But straitlier bound am I to bide with thee."
And when the damsel spake contemptuously,
"Lead, and I follow," Gareth cried again,
"Follow, I lead!" so down among the pines
He plunged; and there, blackshadow'd nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and reed,
Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,
A stone about his neck to drown him in it.
Three with good blows he quieted, but three
Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth loosed the stone

768. WHERE . . . WOOD—That is, the King's Highway, so called because it was protected by his men-at-arms stationed at intervals along it.
770. BOTH—Both of us.
771. SPIT—Thus Lynette contemptuously refers to Gareth's lance. A spit or broach was a long spike on which the roast was impaled.
773. EVENSONG—The hour for vespers. 778. MERE—Pool.
779. EAGLE-OWL—A species of large owl. 785. STRAITLIER—More strongly.
786. CONTEMPTUOUSLY—What was Lynette's comment on Gareth's explanation why he is bound to stay with her?
787. FOLLOW, I LEAD!—What happened?
791. HALING—Hustling or dragging.

From off his neck, then in the mere beside
Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the mere.
Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet
Set him, a stalwart Baron, Arthur's friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues
Had wreak'd themselves on me; good cause is theirs
To hate me, for my wont hath ever been
To catch my thief, and then like vermin here
Drown him, and with a stone about his neck;
And under this wan water many of them
Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone,
And rise, and flickering in a grimly light
Dance on the mere. Good now, ye have saved a life
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood.
And fain would I reward thee worshipfully.
What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,
"None! for the deed's sake have I done the deed,
In uttermost obedience to the King.
But wilt thou yield this damsel harbourage?"
Whereat the Baron saying, "I well believe
You be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh
Broke from Lynette, "Ay, truly of a truth,
And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-knave!—
But deem not I accept thee aught the more,
Scullion, for running sharply with thy spit
Down on a rout of craven foresters.
A thresher with his flail had scatter'd them.
Nay—for thou smellest of the kitchen still.

799. CAITIFF—Vile, cowardly.
800. WREAK'D—Avenged.
806–7. The allusion is to the phenomenon of the will-o'-the-wisp.
806. GRIMLY—Ghastly.
810. GUERDON—Reward.
813. YIELD THIS DAMSEL HARBOURAGE—Give this damsel lodging.
817. IN A SORT—In a sort of way, in a certain sense.
821. HAD—Would have.

But an this lord will yield us harbourage,
Well."

So she spake. A league beyond the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers where that day a feast had been
Held in high hall, and many a viand left,
And many a costly cate, received the three.
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before the damsel, and the Baron set
Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

"Meseems, that here is much discourtesy,
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side.
Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's hall,
And pray'd the King would grant me Lancelot
To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night—
The last a monster unsubduable
Of any save of him for whom I call'd—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-knave,
'The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I.'
Then Arthur all at once gone mad replies,
'Go therefore,' and so gives the quest to him—
Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine
Than ride abroad redressing women's wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, the lord
Now look'd at one and now at other, left

825. MANOR—Estate, grounds.
826. HIS TOWERS—Stood his towers, or castle.
828. CATE—Dish or article of food.
829. PEACOCK IN HIS PRIDE—"Throughout the Middle Ages a peacock was often presented at the tables of the great on state occasions, the skin with the plumage being placed around the bird after it was cooked." In Stanley's *History of Birds* it is said that when the peacock was placed on the table "all the guests, male and female, took a solemn vow; the knights vowing bravery, and the ladies engaging to be loving and faithful."
838. OF HIM—By Lanceiot.
839. FRONTLESS—Shameless.

The damsel by the peacock in his pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him, ate and then began.

"Friend, whether thou be kitchen-knave, or not,
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,
And whether she be mad, or else the King,
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not: but thou strikest a strong stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,
And saver of my life; and therefore now,
For here be mighty men to joust with, weigh
Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,
The saver of my life."

And Gareth said,
"Full pardon, but I follow up the quest
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way
And left them with God-speed, Sir Gareth spake,
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she replied,
"I fly no more: I allow thee for an hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee: then will I to court again,

853. Fantasy—Caprice, whimsey.
859. Mighty men—Morning Star, Day Star, Evening Star and Night.
862. Avail—Benefit, welfare.
870. Allow thee—Tolerate your fellowship, or company.
871. Isled—Sought safety on the same island in a flood
871. Stoat—Weasel. 873. Ruth—Pity.

And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously,
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall?
For whom we let thee pass." "Nay, nay," she said,
"Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave: and look thou to thyself:
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarm'd: he is not knight but knave."
Then at his call, "O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-Star, approach,
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-folds
Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem

876. YIELDING—Giving.
881–82. HER(S) WHO LAY—Cinderella.
887. TOOK—Crossed.
889. LENT-LILY—Daffodil.

Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.
These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath him, shone
Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watch'd him, "Wherefore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is time:
Flee down the valley before he get to horse.
Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether knave or knight,
Far liefer had I fight a score of times
Than hear thee so missay me and revile.
Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know
That I shall overthrow him."
And he that bore
The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge,
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
For this were shame to do him further wrong
Than set him on his feet, and take his horse
And arms, and so return him to the King.

908. AVANTURINE (ä vĕn'tŭ rĭn)—A kind of quartz interspersed with small particles of mica, "fool's gold."

909. BLUE ARMS—Of the color of the heavens while the morning star can yet be seen at early dawn. Note that the colors in the picture—the hues of the pavilion and of the shield and armor—and the details in the appearance of the three fair girls all are taken from the dawn. 917. HIM—Gareth.

920. WHO WILL CRY SHAME?—The implication is that no one will since Gareth is not a knight but a knave in whom cowardice is to be expected, and hence not to be blamed.

923. MISSAY—Abuse.

Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.
Avoid: for it beseemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

"Dog, thou liest.
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my life: I yield."
And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me
Good—I accord it easily as a grace."
She reddening, "Insolent scullion: I of thee?
I bound to thee for any favour ask'd!"
"Then shall he die." And Gareth then unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd,
"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself." "Damsel, thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command. Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave

934. LIGHTLY—Quickly.
935. AVOID—Begone!
942. CRUPPER—Hind quarters.
943. DREW—Drew their swords.
947. CLOVEN—Split in two.
949. I YIELD—Admit defeat, yield oneself vanquished.
951. GRACE—Favor.
956. HARDY—Bold.
957. CHARGE—Command.
958. ABOUNDING—Very great.

His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself, when I return, will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled.
Then when he came upon her, spake, "Methought,
Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge
The savour of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier: but the wind hath changed:
I scent it twenty-fold." And then she sang,
"O morning star" (not that tall felon there
Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness
Or some device, hast foully overthrown),
O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me.

"But thou begone, take counsel, and away,
For hard by here is one that guards a ford—
The second brother in their fool's parable—
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.
Care not for shame: thou art not knight but knave."
To whom Sir Gareth answer'd, laughingly,
"Parables? Hear a parable of the knave.
When I was kitchen-knave among the rest
Fierce was the hearth, and one of my co-mates
Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast his coat,

964. THY SHIELD IS MINE—According to the customs of chivalry, shield, weapons, armor, and horse went to the victor.
971. FELON—Evil doer.
971–77. What change in Lynette's feeling does this song reveal?
972. SORCERY—Magic.
977. COUNSEL—Advice. This line is addressed to Gareth.
979. FOOL'S PARABLE—The allusion is to the "foolish fancy" explained at lines 618–19 above. A parable is a story with a moral such as Gareth relates at lines 984–89 below.
985. FIERCE WAS THE HEARTH—That is, the heat was fierce, necessitating the removal of the coat.

'Guard it,' and there was none to meddle with it.
And such a coat art thou, and thee the King
Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,
To worry, and not to flee—and—knight or knave—
The knave that doth thee service as full knight
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Ay, Sir Knave!
Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more."

"Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,
That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies."
"Ay, ay," she said, "but thou shalt meet thy match."

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail
Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun
Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower,
That blows a globe of after arrowlets,
Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turn'd from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,
"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?"
And she athwart the shallow shrill'd again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and vizoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,

997. THROW—Overthrow.
1001. BURNISH'D—Note that as the description of the Morning Star suggested the dawn, here the description suggests the bright sun of noon.
1002. FLOWER—Dandelion. 1005. FLYING BLOTS—Why?
1008. BROTHER—Gareth, bearing the captured shield of Morning Star, is mistaken for that knight.
1008. MARCHES—Territory. 1009. SHRILL'D—Who answered the challenge?
1012. VIZORING UP—Putting up his vizor over. 1013. CIPHER—Blank.

Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met midstream: no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill: four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
So drew him home; but he that fought no more,
As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
"Myself when I return will plead for thee."
"Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled—ay, for I saw it.

"*O Sun* (not this strong fool whom you, Sir
Knave,
Hast overthrown thro' mere unhappiness),
O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.
"What knowest thou of lovesong or of love?
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance,—

1016. TOURNEY-SKILL—Maneuvering for advantage, as in a tournament.
1017. NEW KNIGHT—Gareth.
1022. ATHWART—Across.
1023. SO DREW HIM HOME—With the aid of his lance drew himself back to solid ground.
1037–39. These lines are addressed to Gareth. Is there any contradiction between them and the song?
1038. So—If only.
1039. PRESENCE—Appearance and manner.
1039. PERCHANCE—What does Lynette leave unsaid?

"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

"What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,
To garnish meats with? hath not our good King
Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,
A foolish love for flowers? what stick ye round
The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?
Flowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.

"O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth
May-music growing with the growing light,
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare,
(So runs thy fancy) these be for the spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly:
There stands the third fool of their allegory."

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and all
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight,
That named himself the Star of Evening, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,
"Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins

1043–48. Addressed to Gareth.
1044. GARNISH—Decorate, lay on the edge of the dish about the meat.
1048. ROSEMARIES AND BAY—Not flowers but aromatic leaves.
1052. MAVIS, MERLE—Thrush, blackbird.
1057. LARDING AND BASTING—To lard means to stuff with pork or bacon. To baste means to pour melted butter or fat over the roast while it is cooking.
1060. TREBLE BOW—Three arches.

That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
His armour off him, these will turn the blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up: but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?" and the damsel cried,

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star;
Art thou not old?"

"Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys."
Said Gareth, "Old, and over-bold in brag!
But that same strength which threw the Morning-Star
Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
"Approach and arm me!" With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem, shone.
But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-bow
They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,

1068. So—If.
1071. Brother-star—The Star of Evening also mistakes Gareth.
1072. Thy ward is higher up—Your station is higher in the heavens.
1073–77. How does this reply differ from Lynette's replies to the first two knights?
1091. That is, when he had mounted.

But up like fire he started: and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labour'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war again ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamouring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight, well stricken, O good knight-knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all the knights,
Shame me not, shame me not. I have prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will never change again."
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,
And hew'd great pieces of his armour off him,
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd skin,
And could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
For ever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.

1099. Foredooming—Misgiving, fearing lest.
1100. He—Gareth.
1100–5. See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*
1117. Loud Southwesterns—In his essay, *A Day with Lord Tennyson,* Sir Edwin Arnold writes: "Lord Tennyson lives, so to speak, in two houses. He divides the year between his seaside abode at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, . . . and 'Aldworth.' His house at Freshwater, which he occupies in winter is placed near the sea. . . . If you mount the down, a magnificent seascape opens, extending up and down the English Channel; while close by, the pointed and picturesque chalk-crags known as 'The Needles' project into the green sea in a row of white pinnacles." At Freshwater Tennyson had often seen and heard the "loud Southwesterns" rolling in from the Atlantic to crash with thundering reverberation on "The Needles."

"I have thee now;" but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms
Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ev'n his uttermost
Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.
"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me.

"Sir—and, good faith, I fain had added—Knight,
But that I heard thee call thyself a knave,—
Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King
Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,
For thou hast ever answer'd courteously,
And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "you be not all to blame,
Saving that you mistrusted our good King
Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
Not fit to cope your quest. You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold
He scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets

1122. UNKNIGHTLIKE—Because according to the customs of chivalry he should have yielded himself vanquished.
1125. CAST—Threw him.
1130. TREFOIL—The three-leaved clover.
1141. MAZED MY WIT—Amazed me.
1143. MISTRUSTED—Did not trust our good King and believed that he would deal in scorn, etc. 1146. GOOD SOOTH!—Good faith! In truth!

His heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.
Shamed? care not! thy foul sayings fought for me:
And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me."

Nigh upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,
Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling at him,
And told him of a cavern hard at hand,
Where bread and baken meats and good red wine
Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors
Had sent her coming champion, waited him.

Anon they past a narrow comb wherein
Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on horse
Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning hues.
"Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,
Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the rock
The war of Time against the soul of man.
And yon four fools have suck'd their allegory
From these damp walls, and taken but the form.
Know ye not these?" and Gareth lookt and read—
In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—
"Phosphorus," then "Merities"—"Hesperus"—
"Nox"—"Mors," beneath five figures, armed men,

1150. In the *Morte d'Arthur,* "Damosel, said Beaumains, a knight may little do that may not suffer a damosel. . . ." 1161. Southland—France.
1163. Comb—A ravine or hollow in a hillside with precipitous sides.
1165. Slowly-waning—Slowly-fading.
1166. Hermit—A religious recluse or anchorite.
1168. See *The Meaning of the Idylls.* 1169. Suck'd—Taken.
1172. Vexillary—Standard bearer in a Roman legion. Tennyson had in mind an inscription near the River Gelt, cut by a vexillary in 207 A.D.
1174–75. The Latin for Morning (Star), Midday, Evening Star, Night, Death.

Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
And running down the Soul, a Shape that fled
With broken wings, torn raiment and loose hair,
For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.
"Follow the faces, and we find it. Look,
Who comes behind?"

For one—delay'd at first
Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay
To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced,
The damsel's headlong error thro' the wood—
Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-loops—
His blue shield-lions cover'd—softly drew
Behind the twain, and when he saw the star
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him, cried,
"Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend."
And Gareth crying prick'd against the cry;
But when they closed—in a moment—at one touch
Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the world—
Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within his hands
He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon Lynette:
Harshly she ask'd him, "Shamed and overthrown,
And tumbled back into the kitchen-knave,
Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast in vain?"
"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom
I know not, all thro' mere unhappiness—
Device and sorcery and unhappiness—
Out, sword; we are thrown!" And Lancelot answer'd,
"Prince,

1183. By what thereafter chanced—Because of what afterwards happened, viz., the damsel's error.
1190. Prick'd—Rode.
1203–4. Where have such words been used before? Does Gareth mean them seriously?

O Gareth—thro' the mere unhappiness
Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole,
As on the day when Arthur knighted him."

Then Gareth, "Thou—Lancelot!—thine the hand
That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make—which could not chance—
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad—O Lancelot—thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant, "Lancelot,
Why came ye not, when call'd? and wherefore now
Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my knave,
Who being still rebuked, would answer still
Courteous as any knight—but now, if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fool'd and trick'd,
And only wondering wherefore play'd upon:
And doubtful whether I and mine be scorn'd.
Where should be truth if not in Arthur's hall,
In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave, prince and fool,
I hate thee and for ever."

And Lancelot said,
"Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight are thou
To the King's best wish. O damsel, be you wise
To call him shamed, who is but overthrown?
Thrown have I been, nor once, but many a time.
Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown.
With sword we have not striven; and thy good horse
And thou are weary; yet not less I felt

1211–12. THE BOAST THE BRETHREN OF THEE MAKE—The boast that Lancelot had never been unhorsed.

1215. PETULANT—Has this word been used before to describe Lynette? What is its meaning?

1219–20. That is, if he is a knight there is no marvel in his courtesy.

1221. PLAY'D UPON—Mocked, made a jest.

1230. ISSUES—Comes. That is, by the knowledge of our weaknesses gained in defeat we are enabled to avoid them.

Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance of thine.
Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed,
And thou hast wreak'd his justice on his foes,
And when reviled, hast answer'd graciously,
And makest merry when overthrown. Prince, Knight,
Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette he told
The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,
"Ay well—ay well—for worse than being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self. A cave,
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats and drinks
And forage for the horse, and flint for fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle.
Seek, till we find." And when they sought and found
Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his life
Past into sleep; on whom the maiden gazed.
"Sound sleep be thine! sound cause to sleep hast thou.
Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to him
As any mother? Ay, but such a one
As all day long hath rated at her child,
And vext his day, but blesses him asleep—
Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!
O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapt her hands—
"Full merry am I to find my goodly knave
Is knight and noble. See now, sworn have I,
Else yon black felon had not let me pass,
To bring thee back to do the battle with him.
Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee first;

1236. His—Arthur's.
1251. Lusty—Vigorous, refreshed.
1253. Rated—Scolded.
1254. Vext his day—Vexed or crossed him during the day.
1255–57. According to Lady Tennyson's diary these lines "were made on the lawn about the honeysuckle that climbs up the house at Aldworth."
1261. Felon—A dangerous, bad fellow.

Who doubts thee victor? so will my knight-knave
Miss the full flower of this accomplishment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he, you name,
May know my shield. Let Gareth, an he will,
Change his for mine, and take my charger, fresh,
Not to be spurr'd, loving the battle as well
As he that rides him." "Lancelot-like," she said,
"Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely clutch'd the shield;
"Ramp ye lance-splintering lions, on whom all spears
Are rotton sticks! ye seem agape to roar!
Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your lord!—
Care not, good beasts, so well I care for you.
O noble Lancelot, from my hold on these
Streams virtue—fire—thro' one that will not shame
Even the shadow of Lancelot under shield.
Hence: let us go."

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's harp tho' summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, allured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege.
A star shot: "Lo," said Gareth, "the foe falls!"
An owl whoopt: "Hark the victor pealing there!"
Suddenly she that rode upon his left
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent him crying,
"Yield, yield him this again: 'tis he must fight:

1268. CHARGER—War horse.
1269. NOT TO BE SPURR'D—Who does not need to be spurred.
1273. RAMP—The lions on Lancelot's shield were rampant, that is, reared on their hind legs with one foreleg raised above the other.
1278. ONE—Gareth himself.
1281. ARTHUR'S HARP—The constellation or group of stars known as Lyra—"the Lyre."
1281. SUMMER-WAN—Because stars seem as a general thing less bright in summer than in winter.
1282. IN COUNTER MOTION TO THE CLOUDS—Moving in a direction opposite to that of the clouds.
1283. LIEGE—Lord, King Arthur.
1288–94. Why does Lynette urge Gareth not to fight the fourth knight?

I curse the tongue that all thro' yesterday
Reviled thee, and hath wrought on Lancelot now
To lend thee horse and shield: wonders ye have done;
Miracles ye cannot: here is glory enow
In having flung the three: I see thee maim'd,
Mangled: I swear thou canst not fling the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? tell me all ye know.
You cannot scare me; nor rough face, or voice,
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery
Appal me from the quest."

"Nay, Prince," she cried,
"God wot, I never look'd upon the face,
Seeing he never rides abroad by day;
But watch'd him have I like a phantom pass
Chilling the night: nor have I heard the voice.
Always he made his mouthpiece of a page
Who came and went, and still reported him
As closing in himself the strength of ten,
And when his anger tare him, massacring
Man, woman, lad and girl—yea, the soft babe!
Some hold that he hath swallow'd infant flesh,
Monster! O Prince, I went for Lancelot first,
The quest is Lancelot's: give him back the shield."
Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight for this,
Belike he wins it as the better man:
Thus—and not else!"
But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry

1290. WROUGHT—Prevailed.
1298. APPAL—Terrify.
1309. MONSTER—In apposition with "he" in the line above.
1311. HE—The fourth knight.
1311. THIS—Lancelot's shield.
1312. BELIKE—Perhaps, possibly.
1311–13. GARETH LAUGHING—Gareth, in suggesting the possibility of his being defeated, is now teasing Lynette, whose fears for him are now genuine.
1314. URGED—Told him of and urged him to heed all the stratagems and practices of knighthood. That is, Lancelot advised Gareth how to handle his horse, etc. See lines 1314–16.

When one might meet a mightier than himself;
How best to manage horse, lance, sword and shield,
And so fill up the gap where force might fail
With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth, "Here be rules. I know but one—
To dash against mine enemy and to win.
Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the joust,
And seen thy way." "Heaven help thee," sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd, "There."
And all the three were silent seeing, pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the gloomy crimson on the marge,
Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth graspt,
And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.
Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled; anon
Came lights and lights, and once again he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down
And muffled voices heard, and shadows past;

1315–16. That is, how, when force alone would not defeat the enemy, to overcome him by skill and finesse.

1318. INSTANT—Emphatic, urgent.

1319. HERE BE RULES—Gareth means: You give me rules for winning a technical decision. I want to conquer. Gareth is somewhat impatient of Lancelot's advice. Is his impatience consistent with his character? See what Arthur said of him at lines 638–39. Is Gareth's attitude characteristic of youth?

1324. PALLING—Covering, hiding.

1325. IN CONVERSE—In conversation.

1326. SOFTLY WHISPER'D—Why did Lynette not speak "shrilling" as she has done before? What were her feelings? What are her feelings now?

1330. The pavilion stood out sharply against the dull crimson of the sky above the horizon (marge) as if cutting (sunder) it in two. Is the picture vivid?

Till high above him, circled with her maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to him
White hands, and courtesy; but when the Prince
Three times had blown—after long hush—at last—
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Thro' those black foldings, that which housed therein.
High on a nightblack horse, in nightblack arms,
With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laughter—some ten steps—
In the half-light—thro' the dim dawn—advanced
The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly,
"Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers
As if for pity?" But he spake no word;
Which set the horror higher: a maiden swoon'd;
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
As doom'd to be the bride of Night and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm;
And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm blood felt
Ice strike, and all that mark'd him were aghast.

1345. Housed—Dwelt.
1347. See lines 623–27.
1355–56. In ghastly imageries of that which Life hath done with—That is the skull on his helmet and the skeleton "figured on his arms."
1356. The clod . . . pity—That is, "which earth, more sympathetic [less dull] than thou, hides in burial and covers with a mantle of flowers, as if in pity."
1359. Which set the horror higher—That is, his silence but enhanced the horror.
1359. A maiden—Lynette.
1361. Doomed, etc.—See lines 606–7 above.
1362. Prickled—His hair stood on end. 1364. Him—The knight.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neigh'd,
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him
Then those that did not blink with terror, saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left and lay.
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As thoroughly as the skull; and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, "Knight,
Slay me not: my three brethren bad me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
They never dream'd the passes would be past."
Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, "My fair child,
What madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair Sir, they bad me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend,
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream,
They never dream'd the passes could be past."

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he, that told it later, says Lynette.

1369. Skull—The skull surmounting the helmet. See lines 623–27.
1373. Boy—See *The Meaning of the Idylls*.
1386. That is, the sun rose.
1392. He—Malory.
1394. He—Tennyson.
1394. Which ending do you prefer?

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazon'd on the shield

2. Astolat—Malory says that Astolat is the same as Guildford in Surrey about 30 miles southwest of London on the River Wey, a tributary of the Thames. "Sir Launcelot . . . departed . . . and rode so much until he came to Astolat, that is Gilford; and there it happed him in the eventide he came to an old baron's place that hight Sir Bernard of Astolat. . . . This old baron had a daughter that was called that time the fair maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Launcelot wonderfully; and . . . she cast such a love unto Sir Launcelot that she could never withdraw her love . . . and her name was Elaine le Blank."

7. Soilure—Tarnish.

8. Braided—Embroidered.

In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot:
And ah God's mercy, what a stroke was there!
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down,
And saved him: so she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

10. In their own tinct—In colors the same as those on the shield.
10. Of her wit—Of her own designing.
11. A border fantasy—An ornamental border.
16. Read the naked shield—Read a meaning of her own into the devices and marks on the shield itself.
21. This cut is fresh, etc.—These are the things which Elaine "read" on the shield.
22. Caerlyle (kär-līl')—An old city in the north of England. It was once the seat of the ancient kings of Cumbria, and bore the British name of Caer Luel—"City of the Irish."
23. Caerleon (kär-lē'ŏn)—The "City of the Legion," an ancient town on the Usk in Monmouthshire. The city where the coronation of Arthur took place, and his capital.
23. Camelot—See *The Arthurian Legend*.
27. Fantasy—Imagination, fancy.

For Arthur, long before they crown'd him King,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse,
Had found a glen, gray bowlder and black tarn.
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain-side:
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together; but their names were lost;
And each had slain his brother at a blow;
And down they fell and made the glen abhorr'd:
And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,
And lichen'd into color with the crags:
And he, that once was king, had on a crown
Of diamonds, one in front and four aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass,
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn:
And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise shalt be King."

Thereafter, when a King, he had the gems
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights,
Saying, "These jewels, whereupon I chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the King's—
For public use: henceforward let there be,
Once every year, a joust for one of these:
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow

35. LYONNESSE—A fabulous country extending from Land's End in Cornwall to the Scilly Islands. It now lies beneath the sea.
36. TARN—Pool.
37. CLAVE—Clung, an archaic term.
44. LICHEN'D—Turned to ashy white like the crags.
53. SHINGLY SCAUR—Stone-strewn rocky slope.

In use of arms and manhood, till we drive
The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus he spoke:
And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,
With purpose to present them to the Queen,
When all were won; but meaning all at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court
Hard on the river nigh the place which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust
At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move
To these fair jousts?" "Yea, lord," she said, "ye know it."
"Then will ye miss," he answer'd, "the great deed
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,
A sight ye love to look on." And the Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King.
He thinking that he read her meaning there,
"Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more
Than many diamonds," yielded; and a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen
(However much he yearn'd to make complete
The tale of diamonds for his destined boon)
Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole

65. THE HEATHEN—The Angles and Saxons.
65-66. Did this prophecy come true?
67. STILL—Ever, always. 71. BOON—Favor, gift.
72. HAD NEVER SPOKEN WORD—Had never let his intent be known.
76. THIS WORLD'S HUGEST—London, the greatest city of the world in Tennyson's day. 87. MY LOVE—See *The Arthurian Legend*.
92. URGED—Made, forced.

And lets me from the saddle;" and the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly she began:

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair jousts? the knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd
Will murmur, 'Lo the shameless ones, who take
Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!' "
Then Lancelot vext at having lied in vain:
"Are ye so wise? ye were not once so wise,
My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.
Then of the crowd ye took no more account
Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,
When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,
Them surely can I silence with all ease.
But now my loyal worship is allow'd
Of all men: many a bard, without offence,
Has link'd our names together in his lay,
Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,
The pearl of beauty: and our knights at feast
Have pledged us in this union, while the King

94. Lets—Hinders, keeps me from the saddle. 95. Glanced—Why?
98–101. In Malory, it is Lancelot who says, "Wit ye well there be many men speak of our love in this court, and have you and me greatly in a wait [i. e., watch us carefully], as Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred . . . and daily and nightly they ever watched upon Sir Launcelot."
103. Wise—Prudent. The meaning is: "How is it that you have become so prudent?"
106. Myriad cricket—Myriad (thousands) of crickets. An effective figure whereby one "myriad cricket" is made to stand for the innumerable crickets of the mead (field).
107–8. That is, when on each blade of grass the crickets chirp as one, and each "voice" alone amounts to nothing.
110. But now—But now that.
110. Loyal worship—Lancelot has reference here to that chivalrous homage which he might as a knight pay to Guinevere without being disloyal to the King. 110. Allow'd—A matter of common knowledge.
111. Bard—Poet, singer.
111. Without offence—That is, to Arthur or to propriety.

Would listen smiling. How then? is there more?
Has Arthur spoken aught? or would yourself,
Now weary of my service and devoir,
Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh:
"Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven?
He never spake word of reproach to me,
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,
He cares not for me: only here to-day
There gleam'd a vague suspicion in his eyes:
Some meddling rogue has tamper'd with him—else
Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossible,
To make them like himself: but, friend, to me
He is all fault who has no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color: I am yours,
Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond.
And therefore hear my words: go to the jousts:

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting."

116. Is there more?—That is, Is there something more which you have not told me?

118. Devoir—The chivalrous duty of a knight toward a lady.

119-135. What feeling does the speech of Guinevere convey? What is her attitude toward Arthur's work? Has she ever loved him? *See The Coming of Arthur,* line 468). Is her conception of marriage the same as Arthur's? (See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 89–93.) Is Arthur at fault? Is Guinevere merely a parasite? Do you like Guinevere?

122. Passionate—Mad, quixotic.

126. He cares not for me—Is this true?

128. Some meddling rogue—Which one of the knights?

134. The low sun—The setting or the rising sun.

135. Bond—The marriage bond.

137. The tiny-trumpeting gnat—The whisperings of scandal.

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:
"And with what face, after my pretext made,
Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I
Before a King who honors his own word,
As if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen,
"A moral child without the craft to rule,
Else had he not lost me: but listen to me,
If I must find you wit: we hear it said
That men go down before your spear at a touch,
But knowing you are Lancelot; your great name,
This conquers: hide it therefore; go unknown:
Win! by this kiss you will: and our true King
Will then allow your pretext, O my knight,
As all for glory; for to speak him true,
Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes.
He loves it in his knights more than himself:
They prove to him his work: win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known,
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
And there among the solitary downs,
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.

141. FACE—Excuse.
145. A MORAL CHILD—Possessing the innocent simplicity of a child.
145. CRAFT—Skill; possibly, understanding of human nature.
147. WIT—Think up a way out. 159. WROTH—Angry. Why?
161. THAT SHOW'D THE RARER FOOT—A little frequented path.
162. DOWNS—Tennyson had in mind the treeless chalk uplands of southern England. 163. LOST IN FANCY—What were Lancelot's thoughts?
165. DALES—Vales, hollows.
167. FIRED FROM THE WEST—Red in the sunset.

Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.
And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
Moving to meet him in the castle court;
And close behind them stept the lily maid
Elaine, his daughter: mother of the house
There was not: some light jest among them rose
With laughter dying down as the great knight
Approach'd them: then the Lord of Astolat:
"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? for by thy state
And presence I might guess the chief of those,
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.
But since I go to joust as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not,
Hereafter ye shall know me—and the shield—
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's:
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre;
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.

192–205. "Fair Sir, said Sir Launcelot to his host, I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known. Sir,

168. GATEWAY HORN—A horn hung without the gateway to be blown by those wishing to summon the warder of the castle.

170. DISARM'D—Helped him to remove his armor.

181. LIVEST BETWEEN THE LIPS—Are you called.

185. KNOWN AS THEY ARE—Although they are renowned.

192–205. "Fair Sir, said Sir Launcelot to his host, I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known. Sir,

His ye can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,
"Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have it."
Here laugh'd the father saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,
Is that an answer for a noble knight?
Allow him! but Lavaine, my younger here,
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride,
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour,
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,
To make her thrice as wilful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,
"For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre:
He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go:
A jest, no more! for, knight, the maiden dreamt
That some one put this diamond in her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,
And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,
The castle-well, belike; and then I said
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.
But, father, give me leave, an if he will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight:

said his host, ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world, and therefore I shall shew you friendship. Sir, wit you well I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the eldest hight Sir Torre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have. . . . And my youngest son hight Lavaine, and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that jousts . . . and he is of his age strong and wight."

197. PLAIN—Blunt. 199. CHURL—An ignoble, sullen, discourteous fellow.
201. ALLOW HIM—Pardon him. 202. LUSTIHOOD—Vigor, energy.
203. IT—The diamond.
206–7. In lines 201–5 above, the father is not speaking seriously; rather, he is chaffing Lavaine. From Lavaine's remark at line 208—"Surely I but play'd on Torre"—we infer that Lavaine had himself been bantering Sir Torre, saying probably that he (Lavaine) intended to go to the jousts and win the diamond for Elaine. This was the "light jest" mentioned at lines 177–78 above.
218. AN IF—Provided that, on condition that.
218. HE WILL—He (Lancelot) is willing I should go with him.

Win shall I not, but do my best to win:
Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

"So ye will grace me," answer'd Lancelot,
Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend:
And you shall win this diamond,—as I hear,
It is a fair large diamond,—if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will."
"A fair large diamond," added plain Sir Torre,
"Such be for queens, and not for simple maids."
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus return'd:
"If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,

222. So—By so doing.

236–40. The meaning is: "If what is fair . . . counted so, then my judgment must be rash, for I think this maid might wear as fair a jewel as there is on earth without violating the rule that like should only be joined with like."

246. Ere his time—The inward struggle reflected in his face made Lancelot look older than he was.

247–49. The meaning is: One of less noble nature than Lancelot would not have been troubled by such a love, but would have gloated over it and looked the sleeker for it.

The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind:
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best
And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.
And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,
And ever well and readily answer'd he:
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.
"He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design

252. WHO WAS YET A LIVING SOUL—Modifies "him"

262. STEPT WITH ALL GRACE . . . UNDER GRACE—The meaning is that Lancelot displayed the same courtesy in the baron's rude hall that characterized him at Arthur's court; he did not pretend an appreciation of his host's hospitality which he did not feel. He was neither condescending nor patronizing.

263. IN A SMALLER TIME—In a less heroic age, when men are measured by outward courtesy, and form is everything.

264. KINDLY—Has the older meaning of natural, or human. The line might be applied to such a man as Lincoln.

269. GLANCED AT—Spoke of, referred to.

270. Lancelot turned the conversation, as we say.

270. THE WORDLESS MAN—See line 169 above.

Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd;
But I, my sons, and little daughter fled
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods
By the great river in a boatman's hut.
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill."

"O there, great lord, doubtless," Lavaine said, rapt
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth
Toward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.
O tell us—for we live apart—you know
Of Arthur's glorious wars." And Lancelot spoke
And answer'd him at full, as having been
With Arthur in the fight which all day long
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
And in the four loud battles by the shore
Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the war

276. Bonds—Slavery.

279. Badon hill—Thought to be Badbury hill in Dorset. J. R. Green, in *A Short History of the English People,* says "It is certain that a victory of the Britons at Mount Badon in the year 520 not only checked the progress of the West Saxons, but was followed by a general pause in the English [Anglo-Saxon] advance." See *The Arthurian Legend.*

287. White—White with foam.

287–302. Lancelot recounts Arthur's exploits in the twelve great battles against the heathen. The battles are enumerated in Nennius' ancient *Historia Brittonum* written about 826. Nennius' account is as follows: "Then Arthur fought against them [the Saxons] in those days together with the kings of the Britons, but was himself the leader of the battles. The first battle was at the mouth of the river which is called Glein [the Glem, line 287]; the second, and third, and fourth and fifth, upon that river, which is called Dubglas [Duglas, line 289]. The sixth battle was upon the river which is called Bassas [the Bassa, line 289]. The seventh battle was in the Forest of Celidon [line 291]. The eighth battle was at the fortress Guinnion [the castle, Gurnion, line 292] in which Arthur bore the image of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary on his shoulders, and on that day the pagans were put to flight, and the slaughter among them was great by virtue of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Virgin Mary his Mother. The ninth battle was fought at the City of the Legion [Caerleon, line 296]. The tenth battle was fought on the bank of the river, which is called Tribuit [Trath Treroit, line 300]. The eleventh battle was fought on a hill, which is called Agned [Agned-Cathregonion, line 299]. The twelfth battle was at Mount Badon when Arthur in one day slew nine hundred and sixty men in one onslaught; no one laid them low save he alone, and in all the battles he was victor." These places insofar as they have been identified are for the most part in southern Scotland and northern England.

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts
Of Celidon the forest; and again
By castle Gurnion, where the glorious King
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,
Carved of one emerald center'd in a sun
Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;
And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering;
And up in Agned-Cathregonion too,
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,
Where many a heathen fell; "and on the mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,
'They are broken, they are broken!' for the King,
However mild he seems at home, nor cares
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs
Saying, his knights are better men than he—
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him: I never saw his like: there lives
No greater leader."

While he utter'd this,
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
"Save your great self, fair lord:" and when he fell

293. Cuirass—Breast plate.
297. White horse—The emblem of the Saxons.
298. That is, struck terror into every castle.
304. Crying Christ and him—The battle cry was: "For Christ and King Arthur!"
314. See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 127–28, and *Gareth and Lynette,* lines 485–86.

From talk of war to traits of pleasantry—
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind—
She still took note that when the living smile
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature: and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.
First as in fear, step after step, she stole
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating:
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,
"This shield, my friend, where is it?" and Lavaine
Past inward, as she came from out the tower.
There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw

319. To traits of pleasantry—Touches of pleasantry.
325. To make him cheer—To entertain him.
328. That is, she thought that perhaps Lancelot had fallen in love with her.
331. Divinely—By something akin to divine insight.
338. Rathe—Early.
338. Half-cheated . . . Lavaine—That is, half cheating herself, in believing that it was Lavaine to whom she wished to bid farewell.
347. Flattering—Stroking.

The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dream'd she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a god's.
Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire,
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
"Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,
"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those who know me know."
"Yea, so," she answer'd; "then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you." And he turn'd
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answer'd: "True, my child.
Well, I will wear it: fetch it out to me:
What is it?" and she told him "A red sleeve
Broider'd with pearls," and brought it: then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile,
Saying, "I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living," and the blood

354. RAPT—Her gaze centered on his face.

358–81. "She besought Sir Launcelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, an I grant you that, ye may say I do more for your love than ever I did for lady or damosel. Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And by cause he had never fore that time borne no manner of token of no damosel, then he bethought him that he would bear one of her, that none of his blood might know him, and then he said: Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet, and therefore what it is, shew it me. Sir, she said, it is a red sleeve of mine of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls. . . . And then Sir Launcelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep that until that he came again."—From the *Morte d'Arthur*.

363. MY WONT—My custom.

Sprang to her face and fill'd her with delight;
But left her all the paler, when Lavaine
Returning brought the yet-unblazon'd shield,
His brother's; which he gave to Lancelot,
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine:
"Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield
In keeping till I come." "A grace to me,"
She answer'd, "twice to-day. I am your squire!"
Whereat Lavaine said, laughing, "Lily maid,
For fear our people call you lily maid
In earnest, let me bring your color back;
Once, twice, and thrice: now get you hence to bed."
So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,
And thus they moved away: she stay'd a minute,
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—
Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield
In silence, while she watch'd their arms far-off
Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.
Then to her tower she climb'd, and took the shield,
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.
Meanwhile the new companions past away
Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,
To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years
A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd and pray'd,
And ever laboring had scoop'd himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shorecliff cave,

377. YET UNBLAZON'D—Why?

382. SQUIRE—One of the duties of the squire was to carry and care for his knight's shield. 384. The color has left Elaine's face. Why?

396. LIVED IN FANTASY—See lines 1–27. Tennyson began his story in the middle.

404. SHORECLIFF CAVE—A cave cut out by the sea beneath a cliff. See the picture of Fingal's Cave in the *International Encyclopedia*. It is possible that Tennyson had this cave in mind.

And cells and chambers: all were fair and dry;
The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs;
And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.
And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,
And shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave,
They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away:
Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,"
Abash'd Lavaine, whose instant reverence,
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,
But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed?"
And after muttering "The great Lancelot,"
At last he got his breath and answer'd, "One,
One have I seen—that other, our liege lord,
The dread Pendragon, Britain's King of kings,
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,
He will be there—then were I stricken blind
That minute, I might say that I had seen."

407. Lived along—Was reflected by.

407. Milky—White. The cave had been cut into the soft chalk limestone deposits, which are found in various parts of the British Isles.

409. Noise—Sound.

410. Bode—Lodged.

422. Pendragon—According to the story told by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Histories of the Kings of Britain,* when Duke Uther, father of Arthur and brother to Aurelius then King of the Britons, was leading an army into Cambria "there appeared a star of marvellous bigness and brightness, stretching forth one ray whereon was a ball of fire spreading forth in the likeness of a dragon." Merlin interpreted this to Uther as meaning among other things that he should become King over the whole of Britain. After Uther had been crowned, "remembering in what wise Merlin had interpreted the meaning of the star . . . [he] bade two dragons be wrought in gold in the likeness of the dragon he had seen upon the ray of the star. . . . He made offering of the one unto the chief church of the See of Winton, but the other he did keep himself to carry about him in the wars. From that day forth was he called Uther Pendragon, for thus do we call a dragon's head in the British tongue. And the reason wherefore this name was given unto him was that Merlin had prophesied he should be king by means of the dragon."

423. Mysteriously—See lines 414–23 in *The Coming of Arthur.*

So spake Lavaine, and when they reach'd the lists
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
Run thro' the peopled gallery which half round
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,
Until they found the clear-faced King, who sat
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,
And from the carven-work behind him crept
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them
Thro' knots and loops and folds innumerable
Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they found
The new design wherein they lost themselves,
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work:
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine and said,
"Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance: but there is many a youth
Now crescent, who will come to all I am
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great:
There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him
As on a thing miraculous, and anon
The trumpets blew; and then did either side,
They that assail'd, and they that held the lists,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,

429. LIKE A RAINBOW—Why? 432. GOLDEN DRAGON—See note to line 422.
440. TENDER—Delicate. 444. FIRMER SEAT—That is, on a horse.
446. NOW CRESCENT—Now growing to greatness in arms.
447. OVERCOME—Surpass. 450. THERE IS THE MAN—Arthur.
450. HIM—Arthur. 451. ANON—Soon, suddenly.
453. THEY THAT HELD THE LISTS—The Knights of the Round Table, who challenged all comers.
454. IN REST—A hook-like projection on the armor in which the lance was rested in a charge.

Meet in the midst, and there so furiously
Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,
If any man that day were left afield,
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
Which were the weaker; then he hurl'd into it
Against the stronger: little need to speak
Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,
Count, baron—whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,
Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight
Should do and almost overdo the deeds
Of Lancelot; and one said to the other, "Lo!
What is he? I do not mean the force alone—
The grace and versatility of the man!
Is it not Lancelot?" "When has Lancelot worn
Favor of any lady in the lists?
Not such his wont, as we that know him know."
"How then? who then?" a fury seized them all,
A fiery family passion for the name
Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.
They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made

457. The line is parenthetical. The meaning is: provided that on such a day there could be found a man "far-off," the implication being that every man who could be there was present.

464–98. In the *Morte d'Arthur* the details of the conflict are given, and all the knights enumerated. "When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to earth; and by great force he took his horse, and brought him to Sir Launcelot, and maugre [in spite of them all] he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Sir Launcelot gat a spear in his hand . . . and . . . he hurled into the thickest press of them all, and did there the marvelloust deeds of arms that ever man saw, or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Launcelot with his sword smote down and pulled down . . . more than thirty knights."

470. GRACE AND VERSATILITY—Referring to Lancelot's mastery of the "devisings of their chivalry." See lines 1314–18 in *Gareth and Lynette*.

478. Is this line vivid?

In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully;
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,
But thought to do while he might yet endure,
And being lustily holpen by the rest,
His party,—tho' it seem'd half-miracle
To those he fought with,—drave his kith and kin,
And all the Table Round that held the lists,
Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew
Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve
Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the knights,
His party, cried "Advance and take thy prize
The diamond;" but he answer'd, "Diamond me
No diamonds! for God's love, a little air!
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death!
Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not."

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly from the field

482. SMOKE—Seem to smoke, being surmounted by clouds of spray.
484. HIM THAT HELMS IT—The helmsman, the man at the wheel.
489–90. WORSHIPFULLY—Honorably. Malory says, "And Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten Knights of the Table Round."
492. HE—Lancelot.
492. UP THE SIDE—Up the side of the horse.
494. LUSTILY HOLPEN—Vigorously helped.
495. HIS PARTY—In apposition with "rest" in line 494.

With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.
There from his charger down he slid, and sat,
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head:"
"Ah, my sweet lord Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,
"I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."
But he, "I die already with it: draw—
Draw,"—and Lavaine drew, and Sir Lancelot gave
A marvelous great shriek and ghastly groan,
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank
For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd away.
Then came the hermit out and bare him in,
There stanch'd his wound; and there, in daily doubt
Whether to live or die, for many a week
Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,
His party, knights of utmost North and West,
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,
"Lo, Sire, our knight, thro' whom we won the day,
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize
Untaken, crying that his prize is death."
"Heaven hinder," said the King, "that such an one,
So great a knight as we have seen to-day—
He seem'd to me another Lancelot—
Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—
He must not pass uncared for. Wherefore, rise,
O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.
Wounded and wearied, needs must he be near.
I charge you that you get at once to horse.
And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you
Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given:
His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him

511. I DREAD ME—I am afraid.
525. MARCHES—Border territories.
534. PASS—Die.

No customary honor: since the knight
Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,
Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take
This diamond, and deliver it, and return,
And bring us where he is, and how he fares,
And cease not from your quest until ye find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,
To which it made a restless heart, he took,
And gave, the diamond: then from where he sat
At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,
With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince
In the mid might and flourish of his May,
Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong,
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint
And Gareth, a good knight, but therewithal
Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot,
Nor often loyal to his word, and now
Wroth that the King's command to sally forth
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,
Past, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who hath come
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain
Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,
And ridd'n away to die?" So fear'd the King,
And, after two days' tarriance there, return'd.
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing ask'd,
"Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay, lord," she said.
"And where is Lancelot?" Then the Queen amazed,
"Was he not with you? won he not your prize?"

545. Bring us—Bring us word.
548. Restless—Ever changing, because flashing.
560. Concourse—Gathering.
563. Past—Passed to the banquet.
567. There—At the banquet and ceremonies.

"Nay, but one like him." "Why that like was he."
And when the King demanded how she knew,
Said, "Lord, no sooner had ye parted from us,
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk
That men went down before his spear at a touch,
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name
Conquer'd; and therefore would he hide his name
From all men, ev'n the King, and to this end
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,
That he might joust unknown of all, and learn
If his old prowess were in aught decay'd;
And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he learns,
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
Of purer glory.'"

Then replied the King:
"Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he hath trusted thee.
Surely his King and most familiar friend
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
So fine a fear in our large Lancelot
Much needs have moved my laughter: now remains
But little cause for laughter: his own kin—
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, this!—
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him;
So that he went sore wounded from the field:
Yet good news too: for goodly hopes are mine
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm

583. Whose words were these? See lines 151–53 above.
591. ALBEIT . . . FANTASTICAL—Although I am aware that my knights have their whims.
592. FINE—Over-sensitive.
592. LARGE—Large-natured.
595. This line is parenthetical. Do you think the King uses the word "love" in the sense in which Guinevere interprets it?

A sleeve of scarlet, broider'd with great pearls,
Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,
"Thy hopes are mine," and saying that, she choked,
And sharply turn'd about to hide her face,
Past to her chamber, and there flung herself
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,
And clench'd her fingers till they bit the palm,
And shriek'd out "Traitor!" to the unhearing wall,
Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose again,
And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region round
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,
Touch'd at all points, except the poplar grove,
And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat:
Whom glittering in enamell'd arms the maid
Glanced at, and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord?
What of the knight with the red sleeve?" "He won."
"I knew it," she said. "But parted from the jousts
Hurt in the side," whereat she caught her breath;
Thro' her own side she felt the sharp lance go;
Thereon she smote her hand; wellnigh she swoon'd;
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came
The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince
Reported who he was, and on what quest
Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find
The victor, but had ridd'n a random round
To seek him, and had wearied of the search.
To whom the Lord of Astolat, "Bide with us,
And ride no more at random, noble Prince!
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield;

610. Malory says, "But when Queen Guenever wist that Sir Launcelot bare the red sleeve of the fair maiden of Astolat she was nigh out of her mind for wrath."

627. Sir Gawain is deficient in sense of duty. He fails to carry out the orders of his King.

This will he send or come for: furthermore
Our son is with him; we shall hear anon,
Needs must we hear." To this the courteous Prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,
And stay'd; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine:
Where could be found face daintier? then her shape,
From forehead down to foot, perfect—again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turn'd:
"Well—if I bide, lo! this wild flower for me!"
And oft they met among the garden yews,
And there he set himself to play upon her
With sallying wit, free flashes from a height
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence
And amorous adulation, till the maid
Rebell'd against it, saying to him, "Prince,
O loyal nephew of our noble King,

Why ask you not to see the shield he left,
Whence you might learn his name? Why slight your King
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove
No surer than our falcon yesterday,
Who lost the hern we slipt her at, and went
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,
"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
But an ye will it let me see the shield."
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold,
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mock'd:
"Right was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!"
"And right was I," she answer'd merrily, "I,
Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all."

635. Compare Sir Gawain's manner with Sir Lancelot's. See lines 235, and 261–64.

646. ADULATION—Flattery.

"And if *I* dream'd," said Gawain, "that you love
This greatest knight, your pardon! lo, ye know it!
Speak therefore: shall I waste myself in vain?"
Full simple was her answer, "What know I?
My brethren have been all my fellowship;
And I, when often they have talk'd of love,
Wish'd it had been my mother, for they talk'd,
Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so myself—
I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love."
"Yea, by God's death," said he, "ye love him well,
But would not, knew ye what all others know,
And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,
And lifted her fair face and moved away:
But he pursued her, calling, "Stay a little!
One golden minute's grace! he wore your sleeve:
Would he break faith with one I may not name?
Must our true man change like a leaf at last?
Nay—like enow: why then, far be it from me
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave
My quest with you; the diamond also: here!
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it
From your own hand; and whether he love or not
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well
A thousand times!—a thousand times farewell!
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two
May meet at court hereafter: there, I think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the court,
We two shall know each other."

Then he gave,
And slightly kiss'd the hand to which he gave,
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest

Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past; there told the King
What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is the knight."
And added, "Sire, my liege, so much I learnt;
But fail'd to find him, tho' I rode all round
The region: but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him; and to her,
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
I gave the diamond: she will render it;
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place."

The seldom-frowning King frown'd, and replied,
"Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."
He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.
All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed:
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat."
Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of it before,

700. Tennyson delineates Sir Gawain as a trifler. In doing this he has departed from the picture of Sir Gawain in Malory and in the romances of the Middle Ages generally. In these Sir Gawain is portrayed as the model of knightly virtues.

715. Strokes of blood—Pulses, heartbeats.

716. That other—Sir Gawain.

722. Read—Scrutinized to find out if possible what he thought.

724. Predoom'd—Prejudged.

726. She—The Queen.

726. Noise—Report.

But sorrowing Lancelot should have stoop'd so low,
Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tranquillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the court,
Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared:
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid
Smile at each other, while the Queen, who sat
With lips severely placid, felt the knot
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen
Crush'd the wild passion out against the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.
But far away the maid in Astolat,
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,
Crept to her father, while he mused alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said,
"Father, you call me wilful, and the fault
Is yours who let me have my will, and now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?"
"Nay," said he, "surely." "Wherefore, let me hence,"
She answer'd, "and find our dear Lavaine."
"Ye will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine:
Bide," answer'd he: "we needs must hear anon
Of him, and of that other." "Ay," she said,
"And of that other, for I needs must hence
And find that other, whereso'er he be,
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest

728. MARR'D HER FRIEND'S AIM WITH PALE TRANQUILLITY—The meaning is that the Queen listened to the story from her friend with so little show of interest that she quite destroyed the relish with which the friend repeated the gossip.

730. The story is compared to a fire in dry stubble—it ran so rapidly.
739. WORMWOOD—A bitter herb.
741. HER—Refers to the Queen.

As yon proud Prince who left the quest to me.
Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid.
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
My father, to be sweet and serviceable
To noble knights in sickness, as ye know,
When these have worn their tokens: let me hence
I pray you." Then her father nodding said,
"Ay, ay, the diamond: wit ye well, my child,
Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,
Being our greatest: yea, and you must give it—
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high
For any mouth to gape for save a queen's—
Nay, I mean nothing: so then, get you gone,
Being so very wilful you must go."
Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt away,
And while she made her ready for her ride,
Her father's latest word humm'd in her ear,
"Being so very wilful you must go,"
And changed itself and echo'd in her heart,
"Being so very wilful you must die."
But she was happy enough and shook it off,
As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us;
And in her heart she answer'd it and said,
"What matter, so I help him back to life?"
Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs
To Camelot, and before the city-gates
Came on her brother with a happy face
Making a roan horse caper and curvet
For pleasure all about a field of flowers:
Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she cried, "Lavaine,

764. THESE—Refers to knights. 764. THEIR—Refers to maidens.
769. THIS FRUIT—Diamond or Lancelot?
773. HER SUIT ALLOW'D—Her request granted. 787. CURVET—Leap.

How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?" He amazed,
"Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot?
How know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?"
But when the maid had told him all her tale,
Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his moods
Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,
Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,
Past up the still rich city to his kin,
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot;
And her Lavaine across the poplar grove
Led to the caves: there first she saw the casque
Of Lancelot on the wall: her scarlet sleeve,
Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls away,
Stream'd from it still; and in her heart she laugh'd,
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.
And when they gain'd the cell wherein he slept,
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.
The sound not wonted in a place so still
Woke the sick knight, and while he roll'd his eyes
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,
"Your prize the diamond sent you by the King:"
His eyes glisten'd: she fancied "Is it for me?"
And when the maid had told him all the tale

794. Being in his moods—The sight of Lavaine making his horse caper and curvet has put Sir Torre "in his moods?" Why? What is your feeling for Sir Torre?

798. Far blood—Distant kin.

805. Tourney—Wear it in a tournament.

807. Battle-writhen—Battle-twisted. The expression is used figuratively, to picture forth the sinewy, muscular contour of Lancelot's arms.

808. Wolfskin—Skins were commonly used as coverings in the Middle Ages

813. Not wonted—Unusual.

Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she knelt
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
And laid the diamond in his open hand.
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.
At once she slipt like water to the floor.
"Alas," he said, "your ride hath wearied you.
Rest must you have." "No rest for me," she said;
"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest."
What might she mean by that? his large black eyes,
Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face;
And Lancelot look'd and was perplext in mind,
And being weak in body said no more;
But did not love the color; woman's love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so turn'd
Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the fields,
And past beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night; but woke with dawn, and past
Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave: so day by day she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding, and every day she tended him,
And likewise many a night: and Lancelot
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little hurt
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem
Uncourteous, even he: but the meek maid
Sweetly forebore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,

844. EITHER TWILIGHT—At early morning and at evening.

Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd in all
The simples and the science of that time,
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.
And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except the love
Of man and woman when they love their best,
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And peradventure had he seen her first
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not live:
For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
Full often the bright image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace

856. UPBORE—Sustained.
857. SCIENCE—Knowledge of medicine.
857. SIMPLES—Medicinal herbs.
858. FINE—Excellent.
862. HELD—Beheld, regarded.
865–66. AND HAD . . . SAKE—That is, and he would, had occasion required, have defended her with his life.
871–72. These lines are often quoted. The meaning is that Lancelot's keeping faith with the Queen kept him unfaithful to the King so that honor in love grew out of dishonor as a knight.
880. GHOSTLY GRACE—Spiritual virtue, that is, the penitent mood which came over him in mid-sickness.
880–84. The meaning is that Elaine understood why Lancelot in mid-

Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight,
And drave her ere her time across the fields
Far into the rich city, where alone
She murmur'd, "Vain, in vain: it cannot be.
He will not love me: how then? must I die?"
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"
And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest;
And "Him or death," she mutter'd, "death or him,"
Again and like a burthen, "Him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
To Astolat returning rode the three.
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self
In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought
"If I be loved, these are my festal robes,
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."
And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid
That she should ask some goodly gift of him
For her own self or hers; "and do not shun

sickness might answer her short or coldly, but she could not see why when the blood ran lustier in him again that he should then speak coldly to her. She did not know, of course, that he loved the Queen.

885. ERE HER TIME—Before evening, when she was accustomed to return to Camelot.

900. THE THREE—Elaine, Sir Lavaine, and Sir Lancelot.

904. FESTAL—Festive.

905. VICTIMS . . . FALL—An allusion to the ancient practice of bedecking a victim for the sacrifice.

To speak the wish most near to your true heart;
Such service have ye done me, that I make
My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I
In mine own land, and what I will I can."
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,
But like a ghost without the power to speak.
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
And bode among them yet a little space
Till he should learn it; and one morn it chanced
He found her in among the garden yews,
And said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish,
Seeing I go to-day:" then out she brake:
"Going? and we shall never see you more.
And must I die for want of one bold word."
"Speak: that I live to hear," he said, "is yours."
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
"I have gone mad. I love you: let me die."
"Ah, sister," answer'd Lancelot, "what is this?"
And innocently extending her white arms,
"Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."
And Lancelot answer'd, "Had I chosen to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:
But now there never will be wife of mine."
"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."
And Lancelot answer'd, "Nay, the world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation—nay,
Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,
And your good father's kindness." And she said,

910. Make my will of yours—That your desire shall be my desire.
912. What I will I can—What I wish to do I can; that is, with my property.
923. The meaning is: That I am alive to hear you is due to you.
939. Quit—Requite, pay back.

"Not to be with you, not to see your face—
Alas for me then, my good days are done."
"Nay, noble maid," he answer'd, "ten times nay!
This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,
Most common: yea, I know it of mine own self:
And you yourself will smile at your own self
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:
And then will I, for true you are and sweet,
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,
More specially should your good knight be poor,
Endow you with broad land and territory
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,
So that would make you happy: furthermore,
Ev'n to the death, as tho' ye were my blood,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke
She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly-pale
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied:
"Of all this will I nothing;" and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew
Their talk had pierced, her father: "Ay, a flash,
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.
Too courteous are ye, fair Lord Lancelot.
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

953. BEYOND THE SEAS—In Brittany, sometimes called Lesser Britain to distinguish it from Great Britain. The Arthurian Legends were the common property of the Britons in France and in England.
963–64. The father had overheard.

Lancelot said,
"That were against me: what I can I will;"
And there that day remain'd, and toward even
Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,
Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,
Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd
Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;
And she by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.
This was the one discourtesy that he used.
So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture form'd
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
"Have comfort," whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren saying, "Peace to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answer'd with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

969. That is: "It goes against me to do that, but I will do what I can."
977. TACT—Intuition.
983. HIS VERY SHIELD WAS GONE—What impression do these words convey?
994. HAD POWER UPON HER—Deepened her despondency.
995. SALLOW-RIFTED GLOOMS—The deepening twilight tinged with the yellow light which lingers after sunset. Have you ever seen it? How does it affect your feelings?

And in those days she made a little song,
And call'd her song "The Song of Love and Death,"
And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought
With shuddering, "Hark the Phantom of the house
That ever shrieks before a death," and call'd
The father, and all three in hurry and fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, "Let me die!"

As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating, till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why,
So dwelt the father on her face, and thought
"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden fell,
Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.

1012. SCALED—Rose.

1013. Is this a vivid line?

1015. THE PHANTOM OF THE HOUSE—An imaginary being in Celtic mythology, called the *banshee* who gives warning of a death in the family by wailings and shrieks.

At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yesternight
I seem'd a curious little maid again,
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's boat.
Only ye would not pass beyond the cape
That had the poplar on it: there ye fixt
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.
And yet I cried because ye would not pass
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King.
And yet ye would not; but this night I dream'd
That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, 'Now shall I have my will:'
And there I woke, but still the wish remain'd.
So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,
Until I find the palace of the King.
There will I enter in among them all,
And no man there will dare to mock at me;
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;
Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,
Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one:
And there the King will know me and my love,
And there the Queen herself will pity me,
And all the gentle court will welcome me,
And after my long voyage I shall rest!"

"Peace," said her father, "O my child, ye seem
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go
So far, being sick, and wherefore would ye look
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all?"

1028. CURIOUS—Wondering.
1047. FINE—Fastidious, elegant.
1051–53. Would these things happen?
1056. WHAT FORCE—What strength.

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and say,
"I never loved him: an I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down,
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
For this discomfort he hath done the house."

To whom the gentle sister made reply,
"Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,
Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
Not to love me, than it is mine to love
Him of all men who seems to me the highest."

"Highest?" the father answer'd, echoing "highest"
(He meant to break the passion in her), "nay,
Daughter, I know not what you call the highest;
But this I know, for all the people know it,
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame:
And she returns his love in open shame.
If this be high, what is it to be low?"

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger: these are slanders: never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return:
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say

1080–81. A thought worth remembering. The meaning is: There has never yet been a noble man about whom some people did not circulate scandal.

I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone
She, with a face bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he ask'd,
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"ye never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

1092. GHOSTLY MAN—Spiritual man, the priest.
1095. That is, as bright as is the face of one whose sins have been forgiven.

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her
"Sister, farewell forever," and again
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold

1125. Fantasy—Imagination.
1129. Dole—Grief, mourning.
1135. Pall'd—Draped, covered.
1138. Why?
1146–54. This picture has frequently been painted.
1147. Oar'd—Guided.
1147. Flood—The stream.
1147. Upward—Up to Camelot as in the expression "up to London," although downstream.

Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,
With deaths of others, and almost his own,
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds: for he saw
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed
With such and so unmoved a majesty
She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,
Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet
For royal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of some piece of pointed lace,
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,
They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, "Queen,
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,
Take, what I had not won except for you,
These jewels, and make me happy, making them
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's

1161. ONE OF HER HOUSE—One of the Queen's household; a courtier, perhaps.

1167–68. Betraying the Queen's great agitation which she endeavored to conceal.

1169. LAUGHING IN HIS COURTLY HEART—Courtly is here used in the sense of insincere, servile. Why did he laugh?

1170. ORIEL—A window similar in shape to a bay window, projecting from the wall. Oriel windows with beautiful leaded glass were characteristic of architecture in the Middle Ages.

1170. SUMMER SIDE—South side.

Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these are words:
Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin
In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words,
Perchance, we both can pardon: but, my Queen,
I hear of rumors flying thro' your court.
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,
Should have in it an absoluter trust
To make up that defect: let rumors be:
When did not rumors fly? these, as I trust
That you trust me in your own nobleness,
I may not well believe that you believe."
While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand
Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied:

"It may be, I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts

1178. Tawnier—Here used to mean less white. Tawny is a yellowish-brown.
1178. Cygnet—A young swan. Its plumage is a rusty brown.
1183. Rumors—The rumors of Elaine and Lancelot.
1190–93. What do these lines tell you of the Queen's state of mind?
1202. Despite—Injury.
1206. Your own—Your own gift; the gift of my love.

Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only this
Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.
I doubt not that however changed, you keep
So much of what is graceful: and myself
Would shun to break those bounds of curtesy
In which as Arthur's Queen I move and rule:
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;
Deck her with these; tell her, she shines me down:
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
O as much fairer—as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds—hers not mine—
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will—
She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized,
And thro' the casement standing wide for heat,
Flung them, and down they flash'd, and smote the stream,
Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it were,
Diamonds to meet them, and they past away.
Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disdain
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across

1209–10. ONLY THIS . . . APART—That is, "Grant me the one request, that you and Elaine keep where I shall not have to see you."

1212–15. The meaning in these lines is: However much you have changed toward me, I doubt not that you will remain the courteous knight you have always been, and that therefore you will respect my request. As for myself, being Arthur's Queen and as such expected to exemplify courtesy, I should therefore be restrained from speaking my mind; that is, from being discourteous to Elaine if she should accompany you to court.

1215. AN END TO THIS!—Let us make an end to this.

1224. OR—Whether.

1226. STANDING WIDE FOR HEAT—Open because of hot weather.

Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge,
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd
"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to Fairyland?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into Fairyland."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights: then turn'd the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself, and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

1244. Such as the Great Stone Face.
1250. See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 420–21.
1253. GIRT—Surrounded. 1254. That is, turned to face King Arthur.
1256–57. SIR PERCIVALE, SIR GALAHAD—See *The Arthurian Legend.*

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read;
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death
Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,
But loved me with a love beyond all love
In women, whomsoever I have known.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again;
Not at my years, however it hold in youth.
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave
No cause, not willingly, for such a love:
To this I call my friends in testimony,
Her brethren, and her father, who himself
Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,
To break her passion, some discourtesy
Against my nature: what I could, I did.
I left her and I bade her no farewell;
Tho', had I dreamt the damsel would have died,

I might have put my wits to some rough use,
And help'd her from herself."

Then said the Queen
(Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm)
"Ye might at least have done her so much grace,
Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death."
He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,
He adding:

"Queen, she would not be content
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.
Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd;
It could not be. I told her that her love
Was but the flash of youth, would darken down
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame
Toward one more worthy of her—then would I,
More specially were he she wedded poor,
Estate them with large land and territory
In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,
To keep them in all joyance: more than this
I could not; this she would not, and she died."

He pausing, Arthur answer'd, "O my knight,
It will be to thy worship, as my knight,
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,
To see that she be buried worshipfully."

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went
The marshall'd Order of their Table Round,
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see
The maiden buried, not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,

1299. Her wrath was like that of the sea, still churning after a storm.
1311. ESTATE THEM—Give them an estate.
1316. WORSHIP—Honor.
1319. SHRINE—Westminster, according to Malory.
1321. MARSHALL'D—Assembled in procession.
1324. MEANLY—Poorly.

And mass, and rolling music, like a queen.
And when the knights had laid her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
Then Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb
Be costly, and her image thereupon,
And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.
And let the story of her dolorous voyage
For all true hearts be blazon'd on her tomb
In letters gold and azure!" which was wrought
Thereafter; but when now the lords and dames
And people, from the high door streaming, brake
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,
Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,
Drew near, and sigh'd in passing, "Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."
He answer'd with his eyes upon the ground,
"That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven."
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy brows,
Approach'd him, and with full affection said,

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have
Most joy and most affiance, for I know
What thou hast been in battle by my side,
And many a time have watch'd thee at the tilt
Strike down the lusty and long-practised knight,
And let the younger and unskill'd go by
To win his honor and to make his name,
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man
Made to be loved; but now I would to God,
Seeing the homeless trouble in thine eyes,
Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,
By God for thee alone, and from her face,
If one may judge the living by the dead,
Delicately pure and marvellously fair.

1346. AFFIANCE—Confidence.

Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answer'd Lancelot, "Fair she was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound."
"Free love, so bound, were freëst," said the King.
"Let love be free; free love is for the best:
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet thee
She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,
And at the inrunning of a little brook
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said
Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and sweet,
Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?

1368. Malory makes Lancelot say to the Queen, "For madam, said Sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise from the heart, and not by no constraint. That is true, said the King, and many Knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself."

1386. Lancelot wonders if the cause of the Queen's anger is not injured pride rather than wounded love.

Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
May not your crescent fear for name and fame,
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?
Why did the King dwell on my name to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
Caught from his mother's arms—the wondrous one
Who passes thro' the vision of the night—
She chanted snatches of mysterious hymns
Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn.
She kiss'd me saying, 'Thou art fair, my child,
As a king's son,' and often in her arms
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.
Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be!
For what am I? what profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me: not without
She wills it: would I, if she will'd it? nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

1389–90. It seems to Lancelot that the Queen's increasing (crescent) concern for her name and fame indicates that her love for him is decreasing. See lines 103–8 above.

1406. Other men will cite Lancelot to justify their own sins.

1418. Malory says, "Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood."

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

1. Bold Sir Bedivere—See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 175-76.

2. First made—See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 173–74.

3. Told—According to Malory the story of Arthur was told by Bedivere, who was the last survivor of the Table Round, to a hermit. "Sir Bedivere told the hermit all ye have heard tofore. . . . Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books than be authorised: . . . for this tale Sir Bedivere, Knight of the Table Round, made it to be written."

3–4. When . . . age—Of what is this a good description?

5. New faces, other minds—Another generation, whose outlook upon life was different from Sir Bedivere's.

6. March to westward—According to Malory, King Arthur, urged on by Gawain made war upon Lancelot who had retired to his lands in France. Before departing, "King Arthur made Sir Modred chief ruler of all England, and also he put Queen Guenever under his governance. . . . As Sir

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!

Modred was ruler of all England, he did so make letters as though they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Modred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and then he made them to choose him king; . . . and afterward . . . he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her." Then, according to the account of another chronicler: "Arthur . . . seething over with wondrous wrath, returning into England, conquered Modred in battle, and after pursuing him as far as Cornwall [in the extreme west of England]," killed him.

9–28. Like many another, Arthur cannot understand why it is that, after striving only to work His will, he should be overcome by evil.

26. REELS BACK INTO THE BEAST—See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 19–23.

29–32. Gawain's ghost "blown along a wandering wind" symbolizes his dream.

29. LAST WEIRD BATTLE—The battle with Modred.

30. GAWAIN KILL'D IN LANCELOT'S WAR—Gawain died of a wound given him by Lancelot.

Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
Forever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown

35. An isle of rest—That is, the Isle Avillion. See *The Arthurian Legend.*
37. Gawain's ghost, crying down the wind that life lived for delight only is hollow, comes as a kind of answer to Arthur's questioning above.
41–43. What effect is created by these lines?
46. Light upon the wind—Modifies voice. 52. Glamour—Enchantment.
54. Tennyson had in mind no doubt such "high places" as Arthur's Stone on a hill in Wales, and Arthur's Seat, a hill near Edinburgh.
60–62. Malory says: "And many there were that King Arthur had made

Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move, than where we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world."
Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.

up of naught; and given them lands, might not then say him a good word . . . and the most part of all England held with Sir Modred, the people were so *new fangle* [!]"

70. HIM—The heathen. See note (lines 287–302) in *Lancelot and Elaine*.

77. ONE LYING IN THE DUST—Guinevere, who had entered a religious house at Almesbury. The idyll *Guinevere*, one of the best of the idylls, should be available for supplementary reading.

78. HATH FOLDED IN THE PASSES OF THE WORLD—Hath enveloped all the valleys of the world. Compare these lines with lines 96–99 in *The Coming of Arthur* describing his clarity of vision after first he had seen Guinevere.

81. LYONNESSE—The fabulous sunken land west of Land's End in Cornwall.

87. PHANTOM CIRCLE—The faint horizon where sea and land meet.

There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A death-white mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

90–91. THAT DAY . . . ROLLING YEAR—Mid-winter.

95–117. Is the term "weird" rightly applied to this battle?

102. Some fought with the same faith that right would win which had fired them in the days of youth when Arthur's power was at its height; others fought with despair in their hearts, saying to themselves, "Other men have had this dream of Arthur's for making a better world, and we know of old that it cannot succeed."

106. CRAFT—Skill in arms.

108–17. Read these lines aloud. What sounds are echoed in the lines?

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle: but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this voice that shakes the world
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.
Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

129. Wave—The incoming tide.
129–35. What impression is created by these lines?
135. The voice . . . to be—The voice of the sea; figuratively, the voice of eternity.
140. Wastes the narrow realm—Eats into this narrow strip of land. (See a map of Land's End.) The voice of eternity also "wastes this narrow realm" of life. Arthur means that he feels that death is upon him.

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom,
But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather those who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this the King
Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

147–53. Is the speech characteristic of Bedivere?
154. My house—Guinevere and his kindred. Modred was Arthur's nephew.
155. But call . . . house—Do not call this traitor one of my house.
160. Purport of my throne—Purpose of my rule.
161. Quick—Alive.
170–80. Read aloud. A splendid example of Tennyson's music in words.

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not, take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

177. Broken—Ruined.
177. Chancel—That part of a church behind the altar rail.
182. Of to-day—An appositive. The meaning is: To-day is the sequel which.
203. This—The story of Excalibur.
205. Mere—Lake. The "middle mere" means the middle of the lake.
206. Lightly—Quickly.

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man:
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur.
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

211. Hest—Behest. 214. Athwart—Across.
223. Is this a vivid line? 225. Jacinth (jā'sĭnth)—A reddish-orange gem.
228. Now making up his mind to throw it, and then as suddenly deciding not to.
229. According to Malory, Sir Bedivere "said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree."

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

238–39. Do these lines echo the sense? Read them aloud.
241. How did Sir Bedivere betray his nature and his name?
248. Lief—Loved.
254. Chased—Engraved.
262. See line 713 in *Lancelot and Elaine*.

And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:

268. Rumors of a doubt—Doubtful rumors.

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

307. Northern morn—The Aurora Borealis.
308. Moving isles of winter—Icebergs.
311. He—It, an archaic use of "he." 311. Rose—There arose.

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

335. PAVEMENT—The stone floor of the chancel.
350. CLOTHED—Enveloped.
352. CRY—Whose?
353. What was the thought?
354. HARNESS—Armor

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,

362. Scarf—Drapery. 363. Ware—Aware.
365. Black-stoled—Stole, used here probably in the sense of a long, loose outer garment.
383. Greaves—Armor covering the legs between the knees and ankles.
383. Cuisses—Armor covering the thighs. 384. Onset—Onslaught, battle.

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

401. Holy Elders—The Three Wise Men.
403. Image—"Also Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right." The world in Malory's day was supposed to be a flat circular disk.
409. Fulfils himself—Works out his plan.
410. The plan which seems good to-day may under the changed conditions of to-morrow do more harm than good. For example, in Arthur's day war was necessary; to-day we wonder if it has not passed its usefulness.

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,

427. AVILION—See *The Arthurian Legend.* 431. BOWERY—Shaded.
431. CROWN'D—Modifies "it" in line 429. It means encircled by, surrounded.
432. In the *Morte d'Arthur,* Arthur says, "For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."
435. WILD CAROL ERE HER DEATH—An allusion to the "swan song" which it was formerly believed the swan sang just before its death.
445. See *The Meaning of the Idylls.*

"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint,
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,

Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

453–57. See *The Coming of Arthur*, lines 275–78.

Note: Following the back matter are questions for the study of this part of the *Idylls;* and are also tests. Also there is the meaning of *The Passing of Arthur.*

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

1809–1892

THE life of Tennyson almost coincided with the nineteenth century of which he is the representative English man of letters. He was born in 1809 and died in 1892. His birthplace was a small town, Somersby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector. He was the fourth of twelve children, ten of whom lived to be over seventy.

The old home at Somersby was a delightful place. Tennyson "always spoke of it with an affectionate remembrance; of the woodbine that climbed into the bay window of his nursery; of the Gothic vaulted dining room with stained glass windows, making . . . 'butterfly souls' on the walls; of the beautiful little drawing-room lined with bookshelves, and furnished with yellow curtains, sofas and chairs, and looking out on the lawn. This lawn was overshadowed on one side by wych-elms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees. . . . Beyond the path, bounding the green sward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beyond that was 'A garden bower'd close' . . . sloping in gradual descent to . . . the swift, steep-banked brook." Such is the description given by Tennyson's son, and here amid surroundings of rare natural charm, which were to supply the *Idylls of the King* with many a picture, Tennyson grew up.

"When he was seven years old he was asked, 'Will you go to sea or to school?' He said, 'To school,' thinking that school was a kind of paradise; so he was taken to the house of his grandmother at Louth. . . . He was sent to Grammar School there, then under the Reverend J. Waite, a tempestuous, flogging master of the old stamp. He remembered to his dying day sitting on the stone steps of the school on a cold winter's morning, and crying bitterly after a big lad had brutally cuffed him on the head because he was a new boy." Years afterwards he said, "How I did hate that school."

In 1820, he left Louth and came home to work under his father, a man of scholarly attainments, who prepared him for Cambridge.

As to his earliest attempts at poetry, he wrote the following note for his son in 1890: "According to the best of my recollections, when I was about eight years old, I covered two sides of a slate in . . . blank verse for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was. Before I

ould read, I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms o the wind, and crying out, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the vind,' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me. About ten or eleven, Pope's *Homer's Iliad* became a favorite of mine, nd I wrote hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian meter.

"At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines a la Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing too with sea and mountain scenery. . . . Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drama in blank verse. . . . It seems to me, I wrote them all in perfect meter."

Tennyson's son writes, "In the summertime Dr. and Mrs. Tennyson took their holiday by the seaside, mostly at Mablethorpe. From his boyhood my father had a passion for the sea, and especially the North Sea in wild weather.

"The cottage to which the family resorted was close under the sea bank. . . . 'I used to stand on this sand-built ridge,' my father said, 'and think that it was the spine of the world.' From the top of this, the immense sweep of marsh inland and the whole weird strangeness of the place greatly moved him." Here Tennyson first formed an acquaintance with those magnificent seascapes which are to be found in the *Idylls*, especially in *The Passing of Arthur*.

In March, 1827, in a thin volume entitled, *Poems by Two Brothers*, Charles and Alfred Tennyson published their first poems, written when the latter was between fifteen and seventeen. They were promised the liberal sum of £20, having to take more than half the sum in books from the publisher. On the afternoon of the publication, the brothers "hired a carriage with some of the money earned; and driving away fourteen miles, over the wolds and the marsh, to Mablethorpe, their favorite waste shore, 'shared their triumph with the winds and waves.'"

In 1828, Tennyson and his brother Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Although they knew but few men when beginning their University career, and were shy and reserved, they soon joined themselves to a set of friends who were to become prominent in after life. Tennyson's poetic nature and warmth of heart soon made his way. Fanny Kemble, the great English actress, who used to visit her brother John at Cambridge, said of Tennyson, "Alfred Tennyson was our hero, the great hero of our day." At this time he is described as, "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's but of great size and strength. What struck one most about him was the union of strength and refinement."

As a young man he was remarked for his common sense and rare power of expression. He was very genial, full of enjoyment, full of sensitiveness and full of humor, though with the passionate heart of a poet, and sometimes feeling the melancholy of life. He passed through "moods of misery unutterable," but he eventually shook them off. A tendency to periods of melancholy seems to have run in the Tennyson family. Despite such passages of gloom he worked on his poems, wrote Latin and Greek odes, read his classics and history and natural science. His interest in science was that of the poet. "I kept a tame snake in my rooms," he wrote. "I liked to watch his wonderful sinuosities on the carpet." He also took a lively interest in politics, sympathizing with the liberal reforms which so frightened the aging Wordsworth. (See Browning's poem *The Lost Leader* in this book.) At Cambridge there was among the students an informal society called the "Apostles" of which Tennyson was a member. There were regular meetings of the society as distinguished from the almost daily gatherings in one or another man's room, at all of which much coffee was drunk, much tobacco smoked. The Apostle who proposed the subject for discussion, generally stood before the mantelpiece, and said his say. In 1829, Tennyson won the prize medal at Cambridge for a poem in blank verse on *Timbuctoo,* but he was too shy to read the piece at Commencement.

Tennyson's first volume, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,* was published in 1830. In the summer of that year he and his friend, Arthur Hallam, went on a trip across the Pyrenees to carry financial aid to the liberals of Spain who were in revolt. From this time forward the lonely Pyrenean peaks and mountain streams were a continual source of inspiration.

In 1831, Tennyson left Cambridge without a degree. He was possibly not unwilling to leave, for instruction at Cambridge was in those days behind the times. But the immediate reason was the feebleness of his father, who wished that he should return and help his mother. Tennyson had been home but a short time, when his father died. He now remained at Somersby, where the family continued to live until 1837, acting as head of the family, caring for his mother, and supervising the education of his younger brothers. He passed three years in reading and study and in tramping about the countryside. "Not only was my father fond of walking, but of 'putting the stone' and other athletic feats," writes his son, and one of his friends notes: "Alfred could hurl the crowbar farther than any of the neighboring" rustics. These are the very feats in which he makes the young Gareth proficient

in *Gareth and Lynette.* In the evenings he lived much in his attic den, but now and then came down and listened to the singing and playing of his sisters.

In 1832, Tennyson published a second volume of *Poems* which included such well-known pieces as *The Lady of Shalott, The Miller's Daughter,* and *The Lotus-Eaters.* The volume was severely criticised by one reviewer; and it is said that Tennyson, who was very sensitive, would have ceased writing but for the encouragement of his friends. In 1833, he was plunged into depression by the death of his friend Hallam, who was engaged to his sister. He gave expression to his grief in *Break, Break, Break* and in other poems, notably in *In Memoriam.*

The Tennysons continued to live at the old home at Somersby until 1837, when they moved to High Beach near London where Tennyson worked on his 1842 volume in which appeared *Ulysses, Sir Galahad,* and *Morte d'Arthur,* which became *The Passing of Arthur* of the *Idylls.* This volume was well received by the public and brought him widespread recognition. In these days Carlyle wrote the following description of him to Emerson: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian looking, clothes cynically loose, free and easy, smokes infinite tobacco."

Now that recognition had come, Tennyson seems to have thought seriously of marriage. He first met the woman whom he was to marry —Miss Emily Sellwood—in 1830, but his meager circumstances for years afterwards prohibited all possibility of marriage. In fact, in 1840, Miss Sellwood's parents are said to have forbidden correspondence between the two. When at length it seemed that he might marry, he was plunged into despair and illness by the loss of what little money he had together with a portion of the property of his brothers and sisters which he had invested in a project to manufacture wood carving machinery.

His friends came to his aid, and were instrumental in securing for him a pension of £200 from the government. Thus encouraged he set to work again. In 1847, he published *The Princess* in which is to be found *The Bugle Song.* In 1850, came his great poem, *In Memoriam,* on which the publisher advanced £300. "With this and their united small incomes, and all household furniture given them by my mother's father," says Tennyson's son, "they decided that they could brave life together." In after life Tennyson said of his wife: "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her."

The year which saw Tennyson's marriage brought toward its close his appointment as Poet Laureate to succeed Wordsworth, and it was the beginning also of financial success. In 1853, he leased Farringford, which he later purchased, on the Isle of Wight. This was to be a home to him for forty years. The place was beautifully situated on rising ground in a park of golden-leaved elms and chestnuts and red-stemmed pines within sight of the sea which Tennyson loved so well. Here Tennyson and his wife "settled to a country life at once, looking after their little farm, and tending the poor and sick of the village. In the afternoons they swept up leaves, mowed the grass, graveled the walks, and he built what he called 'a bower of rushes' in the kitchen garden. The primroses and snowdrops and other flowers were a constant delight, and he began a flower dictionary. He also bought spyglasses through which he might watch the ways and movements of the birds in the ilexes, cedar and fir trees. Geology too he took up, and trudged out with the local geologist on many a long expedition." At Farringford, Tennyson wrote most of the works for which his mature years are celebrated. Here were done *The Charge of the Light Brigade, Maud, Enoch Arden,* some of his most vigorous ballads, including *The Revenge,* and his drama *Queen Mary, Harold,* and *Becket.* Here also he finished in 1872 the *Idylls of the King.* His son writes of the year 1856, "He had been evolving the main scheme of the *Idylls of the King* at different periods during the last twenty years or more." From this we may infer that the completed *Idylls* represent the reflections and observations of thirty-six years. Into them went the sea in all its moods, as Tennyson had observed it from boyhood at Mablethorpe to maturity at Farringford, and the sights and sounds of the English countryside which delighted an eye sensitive to natural beauty. The reader of the bulky volumes known as *A Memoir of Alfred Tennyson* comes repeatedly across the origins of Tennyson's pictures. In 1858 occurs the entry, "My father then occasionally wrote in his new summerhouse looking toward the down and sea; and on the windows of which he was painting marvelous dragons and sea serpents"—the same no doubt that Gareth saw on the great gate of Arthur's city.

As the years wore on Tennyson began to pay the debts due longevity. He saw old friends begin one by one to depart. In 1886, his son Lionel died returning from India, and was buried at sea. In the winter of 1888 he was taken to bed by a rheumatic disorder, from which he recovered somewhat by the June of 1889. It was in October of this year on a day when he went from Aldworth to Farringford that he wrote *Crossing the Bar.* "Mind," he said to his son, "you put *Crossing the*

Bar at the end of all editions of my poems." The death of Robert Browning in December greatly distressed him.

In the winter of 1890–91, a sudden attack of influenza greatly weakened him, and from this he never fully recovered. In January, 1892, his voice, usually so strong, failed while he was reading one of his poems. In the following September, he was taken suddenly ill, and told his doctor that he should never get well again. On the 18th of October, a Tuesday, "he talked a great deal about a journey, observing that he was not fit for his journey to Farrington to-day."

"At noon he called out, 'Where is my Shakespeare? I must have my Shakespeare.' Then he said, 'I want the blinds up, I want to see the sky and the light.' He repeated, 'The sky and the light!' It was a glorious morning, and the warm sunshine was flooding the weald of Sussex and the line of South Downs, which were seen from his window." He rallied somewhat, and talked with those about him. He thought that he had been walking with Gladstone in the garden showing him the trees. On the following day he was free from pain, but felt that he should not get better. In the afternoon "he again asked for his Shakespeare and lay with his hand resting on it open, and tried to read it. . . . He exclaimed, 'I have opened it.' Whether this referred to the Shakespeare, opened by him at

'Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die,'

which he always called among the tenderest lines in Shakespeare or not, I cannot tell.

"He then spoke his last words, a farewell blessing, to my mother and myself.

"For the next hours the full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness. His patience and quiet strength had power upon those who were nearest and dearest to him; we felt thankful for the love and the utter peace of it all; and his own lines of comfort from *In Memoriam* were strongly borne in upon us. He was quite restful, holding my wife's hand, and, as he was passing away, I spoke over him his own prayer, 'God accept him! Christ receive him!' because I knew that he would have wished it."

He was laid in Westminster Abbey, next to Robert Browning, and in front of the Chaucer monument; and for weeks after the funeral, multitudes passed by the new-made grave in a never-ceasing procession.

Note:—This sketch is based upon *Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by His Son,* published by the Macmillan Company.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND

Tennyson found most of the stories he has worked into the *Idylls* in a book entitled, *Le Morte d'Arthur (The Death of Arthur)*, written about 1469 by Sir Thomas Malory, a Welshman, to whom Tennyson makes occasional reference in the *Idylls*. Malory's book, extracts from which have been given in the footnotes, was one of the first books printed in English. It was published by Caxton in 1485. The stories in Malory's book were not original with him. He but gathered up and retold with slight modification romantic tales of Arthur and his knights which had been popular for generations.

The story of Arthur is much older than Malory. It seems certain that there once was an actual Arthur, a chieftain or king of the Britons, who lived as early as the Third or Fourth Century. We are not, however, much concerned with this historical Arthur. It is rather with the Arthur of Malory that we have to do. Yet inasmuch as Tennyson, especially in *The Coming of Arthur* (lines 5–19), makes reference to stories not found in the *Morte d'Arthur*, we shall have to glance at the earlier Arthur.

For more than four centuries, England and Wales were a part of the Roman Empire, constituting the province of Britain. During this time Britain enjoyed peace under the protection of Roman legions. The barbarians of the north—the Picts and the Scots—were shut up in their highlands behind the Roman Wall—stretching across Scotland and well garrisoned by legionaires.

With the withdrawal of the Roman legions (381–410), the Roman peace went too. Chieftains, the petty kings of Tennyson, warred against one another, the Picts and Scots swarmed over the Roman wall, and lastly, a heathen host—the Angles and the Saxons from the continent—invaded Britain. The Britons beset on all sides, and, deprived of their young men who had been drafted off in the legions of Rome, were hard put to it to defend themselves. According to legend the Britons raised up a champion in King Aurelius, also called by Tennyson Aurelius Emrys, who led them with success against the heathen. After Aurelius' death, his brother, Uther Pendragon, continued the resistance, and Uther's son Arthur finally broke the power of the heathen in twelve great battles, ending with the battle on Badon Hill, and made himself King of Britain.

Authentic history, however, tells us that Arthur's success must have been short-lived, for the Saxons and their folk allies, as we know,

made themselves masters of Britain, now known as England, from *Angle-land.* The remnant of Arthur's people were driven into the fastnesses of Cornwall and Wales. Strangely enough, the term *Welsh* comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning *foreigner,* so that by the irony of fate the Britons are foreigners in their own native land. The well-known song, *Men of Harlech,* often sung in schools, bears testimony to the age-old hostility of Saxon and Briton.

Among the Welsh, the story of Arthur lived on. He became a great folk hero; and it was firmly believed that he was not dead, but that some day he would return to lead the Britons against their enemies. Legend said that he had gone to the island valley of Avilion, there to be healed of his wounds, and that he would return. "He is the Arthur," writes an old Norman chronicler, "about whom the Britons rave in empty words." And the story is told of some monks who in 1113 visited a town in Cornwall, where one of their servants, daring to question the statement of a certain Cornishman that Arthur still lived, received a blow in the face for his temerity.

When Malory retold the story of Arthur in the Fifteenth Century, it had undergone great changes. Norman chroniclers and minstrels, who had followed William the Conqueror to England, had made of Arthur a romantic figure more to the taste of the romance-loving French. Arthur's fame spread over western Europe, and he was pictured by the story-tellers of the great age of chivalry as a great, splendid, and chivalrous king, surrounded at Camelot (thought by some to be the village of Queen-Camel in Somerset) by the most marvelous array of knights and ladies fair that imagination could devise. His knights—the Order of the Table Round—were credited with the most astonishing prowess in arms and with having performed the most amazing deeds. About Arthur and his knights there grew up in the course of years a great body of legend. Malory's "noble and joyous book [which] . . . treateth of the birth, life, and acts of the said King Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvelous enquests and adventures" is likewise a fat volume, being divided into twenty-one books.

As an illustration of what Norman romantic imagination did to Arthur, it will be interesting to glimpse at the first account of the Round Table which we have. Originally the Round Table was devised for a very practical purpose. According to an old legend, it was a circular table with an interior opening so constructed that Arthur might sit in the interior space with his warriors about him. The ancient Britons, we are told, had a habit of quarreling about who should sit next the king at feasts, because it was their custom to bestow the largest portion of meat upon the bravest warrior. To prevent quarrels

over precedence, Arthur, on the advice of Merlin, had the Round Table made, so that his warriors all might sit equidistant from him.

According to Malory, Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon and Igraine, whom Tennyson calls Ygerne. The latter was the wife of a mighty duke in Cornwall (Gorloïs), the duke of Tintagil, a small town on the Bristol Channel. Uther, coveting Igraine, made war against the duke, who was killed before his castle Terrabi. Igraine withstood Uther in Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea, but being overcome, was enforced to marry Uther (See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 184-204). Of this union, Arthur was born. Merlin, the wizard or magician, who had assisted Uther, had made it a condition of his assistance that the child be delivered to him to be brought up as he should see fit, promising that it should be to the child's advantage. Said Merlin, "I know a lord of yours in this land, that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child, and his name is Sir Ector [Tennyson's *Anton*]. . . . So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur; and so Sir Ector's wife nourished him." Within two years Uther died, and the realm was "in great jeopardy a long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong" and sought to make himself king.

When Arthur was grown to young manhood, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and counseled him to send for all the lords of the realm and all the gentlemen of arms that they should come up to London. And upon New Year's Day the barons held jousts and a tournament. To this tournament went Sir Kay, for whom Arthur drew the sword from the great stone in the churchyard. (See the note to line 233 in *The Coming of Arthur.)* And when it was discovered that none but the king might draw the sword from the stone, "all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king. . . . And so anon was the coronation made."

Arthur's first accomplishment as king was to right the many wrongs which had happened since Uther's day. Then "within a few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeisance. Also Wales, a part of it held against Arthur, but he overcame them all . . . through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table." Afterwards "the king removed into Wales, and let cry a great feast" to which came a number of kings including Lot of Orkney, husband of Tennyson's Bellicent, and father of Gareth, Gawain, and Modred. When Arthur sent the kings and their knights great presents, the latter returned the gifts and said, "they had no joy to receive gifts of a beardless boy that was come of low blood," for they

believed Arthur to be the son not of Uther but of Gorloïs or Ector (the Anton of the *Idylls).* They sent Arthur word that "they would none of his gifts, but that they were come to give him gifts with hard swords betwixt the neck and the shoulders." Arthur, therefore, got ready for war, and overcame the kings and their great host in a great battle the story of which Merlin told to "his master Bleise" (Bleys) who "wrote the battle word by word, as Merlin told him." (See *The Coming of Arthur,* lines 104–115, 151–158.)

"And then Arthur departed . . . and came within six days unto the country of Cameliard [thought to be in Scotland], and there rescued King Leodegrance: . . . and there had Arthur the first sight of Guenever" whom he desired to marry. "But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Lancelot should love her, and she him again."

The stories which Tennyson has worked into *Gareth and Lynette, Lancelot and Elaine,* and *The Passing of Arthur* come, with modifications to suit Tennyson's purpose, from Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.* Wherever references to Malory's book serve to make these idylls more vivid, they have been given in the footnotes.

THE MEANING OF THE *IDYLLS OF THE KING*

The *Idylls of the King* is somewhat of an allegory—which means that it is a story in which characters and events stand for abstract ideas. In the allegory the reader's interest is primarily on the meaning of the story rather than on the story itself. It generally happens, moreover, in the allegory that improbable and fictitious characters and happenings are employed simply for the sake of presenting an idea. This is done especially in *The Coming of Arthur.* In the *Idylls* as a whole, however, the allegory is not well carried out. We are more interested in the story than in the meaning—far more interested, for example, in Gareth as a human being than in him as a symbol. But inasmuch as there are some passages in the *Idylls* which may seem to literal minds to be mere obscure phantasies, it will help to glance at the allegorical interpretation.

Tennyson was at work on the poems which make up the *Idylls* over a period of more than thirty years. "The vision of Arthur as I have drawn him," he once wrote, "came upon me when, little more than a boy, I first lighted upon Malory." It was at first apparently the story itself which made its strongest appeal, and he evidently had no thought of making an allegory of the *Idylls* when he began them. *Lancelot and*

Elaine, which stands seventh in the twelve poems composing the whole work, was one of the first to be written, and there is no place in it where it is necessary either to its understanding or enjoyment to read into it any allegorical meaning. But in the course of years, as Tennyson worked on the *Idylls,* he seems to have become more and more conscious of the fact that the whole story was somewhat symbolic of the life of man. *The Coming of Arthur,* which was one of the last of the poems to be written, is highly allegorical.

Tennyson described the story as:

"New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul."

"I intended," he said at another time, "to represent Arthur as the Ideal of the Soul of Man coming in contact with the warring elements of the flesh." When we attempt, however, to attach a meaning to each character and to every event in the *Idylls,* in an endeavor to work out the allegory, we encounter difficulty. Tennyson himself never gave an explanation of the *Idylls* as they now stand. The elaborate explanations of their meaning which are sometimes given are the work of other men. Tennyson himself said, "Let not my readers press too hardy on details, whether for history or allegory." Of those who insisted on reading a meaning into every detail he said, "They have taken my hobby, and ridden it too hard, and explained some things too allegorically, although there is an allegorical or perhaps rather a parabolic drift in the poem." At another time, speaking of the "three fair queens" in *The Coming of Arthur,* he said, "They mean that [Faith, Hope and Charity] and they do not. They are also three of the noblest women. They are also those three Graces, but they are much more. I hate to be tied down to say, '*This* means *that,*' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation."

"As for the many meanings of the poem my father would affirm," wrote Tennyson's son, " 'Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet.' " The general drift of the *Idylls* is clear enough. 'The whole,' he said, 'is the dream of man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin. Birth is a mystery and death is mystery, and in the midst lies the tableland of life, and its struggles and performances. It is not the history of one man or of one generation but of a whole cycle of generations.' "

The most satisfactory reading of the *Idylls* is that which accepts them at face value as stories of real men and women. "All he [Tennyson] wanted to teach," says Stoppord Brooke, "he could have taught and does teach through the acts of the men and women of the story." And Tennyson himself said, "There is no single fact or incident in the

Idylls, however seemingly mystical, which cannot be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever."

Perhaps the most that Tennyson intended was to give the poems a symbolic touch here and there. The generally accepted interpretation of the four *Idylls* is as follows:

The Coming of Arthur

"Tennyson," says Alden, "was deeply interested in the dual nature of humanity and in its progress from what he repeatedly calls 'the beast' to a more spiritual character. One great sign and symbol of this progress he took to be the institution of monogamy—of love expressing itself in a permanent relationship between a man and a woman. For it is precisely the marriage relation which links man closely with the animal world, in its function of perpetuating the race, and at the same time comes to mean something as different as possible from anything which exists in the merely animal world. In the development of the race, fidelity to this ideal aspect of love grows in purity and significance —so Tennyson would say—just according as real progress, individual or social, is being made. Hence his symbolic story of 'sense at war with soul,' of the struggle between man the beast and man the spirit, is essentially the story of the effort to maintain the law of chastity . . . of marriage. The effective center of the purity of the kingdom was to be the wedded love of Arthur and his queen; the corruption of the center becomes the source of the corruption of the whole."

Tennyson's high conception of marriage—a conception "as different as possible from anything which exists in the merely animal world"—finds expression in the words of Arthur at lines 74–93 and it is closely bound up with Arthur's—and hence with man's—hopes to realize his highest aspirations. For in this symbolism of marriage, Arthur represents the spiritual side of man—the Soul, which comes mysteriously, washed up from the great deep of eternity. (See lines 382–383). Guinevere stands for the flesh—the Sense. In man the two warring elements—Soul and Sense—are joined together. Merlin is the intellect who will help Arthur at his need. The Knights of the Round Table are the "high faculties in man." The three queens are Faith, Hope, and Charity—the great Christian graces. The Lady of the Lake is the Church. It is she who gives Arthur Excalibur—the sword of the Spirit—with which to beat down the enemies of the Soul. These are the chief symbolic touches in *The Coming of Arthur.* Pushing the allegory beyond these spells difficulty, for it is not clear, for example, what Lancelot represents. Indeed, if the sword of the Spirit is to be used against the enemies of the Soul, a strict interpretation of the allegory ought to require that Arthur

employ it against Guinevere. Such illustrations serve to show the tangle of inconsistencies which must result from interpreting the *Idylls* as pure allegory, and they show furthermore why the most satisfactory reading is that which accepts them simply as a story with a "parabolic drift."

Gareth and Lynette

This idyll pictures Arthur's kingdom at its best. As yet there is no sign of the disintegration which is to follow from Lancelot's love for the Queen. It seems to us that Arthur is to be successful in carrying out his high purpose, and the story is bright and happy. Gareth is the symbol of youth, to which nothing is impossible. He believes that Arthur's ideal can be realized, and he will sacrifice everything and endure everything to have a share in the great work. Camelot, that city of shadowy palaces which Tennyson intended to be "symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions, and of the spiritual development of man," is to him a real city. His companions feel sure that "there is no such city anywhere," for they are without the vision of the ideal which is in him.

Only once in the poem are we brought face to face with allegory. We are told that Gareth's encounters with the four knights represent "The war of Time against the Soul of man." Here Morning Star, Noonday Sun, and Evening Star represent the temptations of youth, of middle life and, of old age, respectively. The symbolism is carried into detail. For example, Evening Star "wrapt in harden'd skins that fit him like his own" is like the "ill uses of a life" hardest to overcome. Gareth's fourth opponent—Night and Death—seems only to be terrible. When Death is conquered, he is found to be but a boy—thus out of death issues a new life.

Lancelot and Elaine

This idyll, which can be read without thought of allegory, serves to picture the blighting effect of Lancelot's love for the Queen.

The Passing of Arthur

In this idyll there is a return to the symbolism of *The Coming of Arthur*. Arthur, like the soul of man, passes but not to die. From the great deep to the great deep he goes. The symbolic touches in the idyll stand out in marked contrast to those of *The Coming of Arthur*. Then the world was white with May, and was all so clear about him that he saw the smallest rock far on the faintest hill, but now Arthur moves in a blind haze and fights his last weird battle in a death-white mist that sleeps over sea and sand.

THE STUDY OF THE *IDYLLS*

After you have read each idyll for the story, or heard it read, you will find that going back over it in a more leisurely fashion, noting vivid pictures which strike the imagination, reading aloud lines which appeal to you because of their sound or suggestion, and trying to realize how the various characters felt in the different situations of the story, will increase your appreciation of the idyll as a whole. Talk each idyll over in class, keeping your books open and referring to them as often as you wish.

You should certainly hear the idylls read well aloud, and you should practice reading aloud the passages which you like. Sound is an important part of poetry. The movement and rhythm of the lines and the music of the words heighten the emotional and imaginative effects of every poem.

The following questions and suggestions are intended to help you get the most from your reading.

The Coming of Arthur

One of the outstanding characteristics of Tennyson is his ability to tell a story. Note that he gets at his story quickly. There is no long introduction. The first four lines serve to present Guinevere, "fairest of all flesh on earth." Lines 5–19 present Arthur, and give a glimpse of his accomplishments. What is your first impression of each character?

Lines 20-40: Another characteristic of Tennyson is his ability to paint vivid pictures. Is the description of Cameliard a vivid one? What seems to you the most imaginative line in the passage?

Lines 41–62: Note as you read the idylls how Tennyson can build up a character. He does not give long direct descriptions. He tells us what his characters do, leaving the reader to draw the inference; and now and then he makes some simple act give us insight into the character of the doer. Find a line which tells you something of Arthur's character. Is he fond of display? Vain? Proud? How does sight of Guinevere affect him?

Lines 62–73: What is the doubt referred to in line 63?

Lines 74–93: What is Arthur's conception of marriage? Find lines which tell. What is his ambition? Does he expect Guinevere to share it? Does it occur to him that she might not? Why? Can you tell?

LINES 94–133: What is the significance of Arthur's clear vision, lines 97–99? Read lines 100–103 aloud. What is the effect of the word *shrilling?* What line gives a vivid picture? Read lines 111–115 aloud. Is the figure an effective one? Find a vivid picture in lines 120–133. Find lines which describe Arthur's conduct in battle. What is it that makes him mighty in battle? Find lines which give his idea of a promise.

LINES 134–236: Find lines which describe the character of Sir Bedivere. Do you think that such a man would make a lasting friend? Why does he admire Arthur?

LINES 237–252: Find an expressive figure of speech in these lines. Can you name the figure?

LINES 253–278: Read lines 259–265 aloud. What feeling do the lines convey? Is the picture vivid? Read lines 266–278 aloud. Find lines which give evidence of Arthur's power to make other men feel his ideal.

LINES 279–281: What picture do you form of Merlin? Why?

LINES 282-293: Read these lines aloud. What feeling is created?

LINES 294–308: What is the real reason for Arthur's sadness?

LINES 309–357: Find lines which give you an insight into the character of Gawain; of Modred. Is your impression favorable or not? What do you learn of the character of Arthur?

LINES 358-401: Find a vivid picture in these lines.

LINES 402–410: Read these lines aloud. Are they musical? Think of two or three adjectives which describe the quality of the music. How do they differ in form from the rest of the poem? What is blank verse? What is a lyric poem? What does Merlin imply in his song?

LINES 411–423: Read lines 414–418 aloud. Do these lines appeal to your imagination?

LINES 424–445: Find a vivid picture in these lines. Who is the phantom king?

LINES 446–480: Read lines 446–474 aloud. Find a vivid picture. What feeling is created by the picture? Find a line which gives an insight into Guinevere's feelings.

LINES 481–501: Read these lines aloud. Is this a lyric poem? Note the sounds in *m, n,* and *ng*. Think of two or three adjectives which describe the sounds of the poem. What feeling is created by the lines?

LINES 502–518: Find a line worth remembering.

ON THE IDYLL AS A WHOLE: What characteristics of Tennyson as a poet does the idyll illustrate? Would you say that Tennyson had a good ear for music? a creative imagination? Are the characters well developed? Do they seem like real persons?

Gareth and Lynette

Lines 1–32: What hint is given of Gareth's appearance? What picture of him do you have? Is he imaginative? Find lines which tell. Does the average boy "daydream" as Gareth does? What does Gareth mean by line 16? What is his ambition? Find lines which tell. Does he have confidence in himself? Find lines which tell. Find a line which gives a hint as to the character of Modred.

Lines 33–70: What is the purpose of Gareth's story of the eagle's nest?

Lines 71–97: List the inducements which Gareth's mother makes to keep him at home. Do you think he should have stayed? Discuss.

Lines 97–118: Find the lines which state Gareth's point of view. Do you sympathize with him? Why? Read lines 115–118 as Gareth must have spoken them.

Lines 118–177: What do you find to admire in Gareth's reply, lines 130–136? What does line 162 mean? How did Gareth feel as the time to depart drew nearer? Find lines which tell. Did you ever experience the feeling? Read lines 173–174 aloud. Are they graphic? Have you ever heard such a wind?

Lines 178–287: Read lines 184–193 aloud. Can you visualize the picture? Read lines 265–268 carefully. Why is it a shame "a man should not be bound by" Arthur's vows, although no man can keep them?

Lines 288–325: What was the effect upon Gareth of what he saw and heard in Arthur's hall? Find a line which tells.

Lines 326–430: What characteristics of Arthur are shown in these lines? How does he differ from Sir Kay? from Modred? What hint is given as to Modred's career?

Lines 431–467: Find lines which give you an insight into Sir Kay's character. Do you like him? Is he loyal to Arthur? What is your impression of Lancelot? How does he differ from Sir Kay? Would you call Sir Kay an idealist? What is Sir Kay's chief shortcoming? Which understands a boy's nature and ambitions the better, Lancelot or Sir Kay? Should you like to be like Sir Kay?

Lines 468–514: What characteristics of Gareth are shown in these lines? Read lines 503–505 aloud. Is the picture vivid?

Lines 515–572: Do you like the picture of Arthur which these lines give? What human qualities does he show? Does he understand youth? Do you think him cold, aloof, or over-dignified?

Lines 573–629: Read lines 574–577 carefully. Do the lines give a good picture? What characteristics are suggested by Lynette's fea-

tures? Is Lynette awed in the presence of the king? Find a line which tells. Compare her attitude with that of Gareth when he first entered Arthur's hall. Does Lynette know that she is good looking? Find a line which tells. Is she vain? Why does she insist upon Lancelot? Do you like her? Why? Does Arthur answer her as she deserves? Why is Arthur not angered by Lynette?

LINES 630–640: Is Arthur astonished at Gareth's request? Find a line which tells. Do you think that Arthur likes Gareth? What characteristics of Gareth come out in these lines? Do you think that you would have given the quest to Gareth? Why? Why did Sir Kay groan?

LINES 640–649: Can you visualize Lynette's going from the court?

LINES 650–685: Read these lines aloud. Are they vivid?

LINES 686–718: What is Sir Kay's attitude toward Gareth? Would Sir Kay have given Gareth the quest? Why? Could Sir Kay influence men to follow him as Arthur did? Why?

LINES 719–772: Why does Gareth's smile madden Lynette? Do you like Gareth's manner toward Lynette? Would you have him answer her in her own language? What characteristics of Gareth are revealed?

LINES 773–846: Read lines 775–780. Can you visualize this picture? What feeling does the picture create? What did Lynette say to Gareth, line 786?

LINES 847–865: Why was the "peacock in his pride" an appropriate dish to set before Lynette? Do you like the baron? Why?

LINES 866–965: Has Lynette's attitude toward Gareth changed? Find lines which tell. Find a vivid picture in these lines. Read lines 936–948 aloud. Do they give a graphic description of the combat?

LINES 965–998: What is the significance of Lynette's remark at lines 966–969? Of the song at lines 974–976? Why does she continue to call Gareth knave?

LINES 999–1059: What does Gareth mean by line 1028? Why does Lynette answer as she does? How does her song contradict her speech? How does she taunt Gareth in lines 1043–1047?

LINES 1060–1154: How does Lynette's reply at lines 1074–1078 differ from her replies to the other two knights? What does this difference indicate? What feeling does her reply reveal? How does Lynette betray her real feelings in lines 1107–1112? Read lines 1117–1119 aloud. Describe the sounds of the lines. Do they give a vivid picture?

LINES 1154–1280: Read lines 1154–1157. Can you visualize the picture? Why does Gareth laugh at being overthrown? What does this indicate with respect to his nature? Why does the laughter anger Lynette? How had Lynette fooled herself, lines 1242–1243? How are Lynette's feelings revealed in lines 1250–1265?

LINES 1280–1394: Of what is Gareth thinking as they ride through the silent field, lines 1280–1285? What causes Lynette to reveal her true feelings to Gareth, lines 1286–1294? How does Gareth receive Lancelot's counsel? Is Gareth typical of youth? Can you visualize the picture at lines 1329–1332? What feeling is created by lines 1323–1350? What is the effect of the appearance of the fourth knight on Lynette and on Lancelot? Do you like the ending of the poem?

ON THE IDYLL AS A WHOLE: Do you think that the story is well told? Do you think that the allegory makes the story more interesting or not? Are the characters like real people? Has the idyll given you a better conception and understanding of Arthur? What is the mood of the idyll?

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

LINES 1–27: This idyll begins in the middle of things, with a picture of Elaine guarding the shield of Lancelot. What is your first impression of Elaine? Do you like her? How does she differ from Lynette? Do you prefer her to Lynette? What change is coming over her?

LINES 28–72: Find a vivid picture in these lines. What mood or feeling does the picture convey?

LINES 73–119: How does Lancelot's love for the Queen lead him into an untruth? Is the Queen's sickness of the body or of the soul?

LINES 120–157: What is your impression of Guinevere? What feeling do her words convey? Does she sympathize with Arthur's ideals and ambition? Is the fault with her or with Arthur?

LINES 158–185: Why was Lancelot "wroth at himself"? Why did he wish to be alone? Of what do you imagine he thought? Can you visualize the picture at lines 166–167?

LINES 186–240: What hint of Sir Torre's character is given? Of Lavaine's? Do you like Lavaine? Of whom does he remind you? What were Elaine's feelings when Sir Torre talked of the diamond? What was Lancelot's manner toward Elaine? Find a line which tells. Is Lancelot's speech at lines 236–240 sincere?

LINES 241–279: Read lines 241–259 carefully. What do they tell you of Lancelot's appearance? What hints as to his character are found in the lines? What was Lancelot's manner in the rude hall of the Baron? Did he try to show off?

LINES 280–316: What effect do you think Lancelot's story of the wars had on Lavaine? On Torre? On Elaine? What insight into Arthur's character do you find in the lines? Has Lancelot's love for the Queen led him to honor Arthur the less?

LINES 316–410: Find evidence in these lines of Lancelot's troubled mind. What interpretation did Elaine put upon Lancelot's uneasy manner? How did Lancelot treat Elaine at his departure? What is your feeling toward Elaine?

LINES 411–442: What is the effect upon Lavaine of Lancelot's disclosing his identity? Find lines which tell. Find a vivid picture.

LINES 443–505: Is Lancelot jealous of the king? How does Elaine's favor serve Lancelot's purpose? Read lines 477–484 aloud. Is the picture vivid? Give two adjectives to describe the sound of the lines.

LINES 506–585: Read lines 521–522 aloud. Do the lines imitate the sounds which they describe? What comment do you find in these lines on the character of Sir Gawain?

LINES 585–610: Is Arthur displeased at Lancelot's conduct? Why? What is the effect on the Queen of the knowledge that Lancelot wore Elaine's favor? Find lines which tell.

LINES 611–713: What effect did the news of Lancelot's wound have on Elaine? Find lines which tell. Compare the effect of the news on Elaine with the effect of it upon Guinevere. Which has the more genuine love for Lancelot? What comment do you find on Gawain's courtesy? Compare his manner toward Elaine with Lancelot's. What is your impression of Gawain? Do you like him? Find a line which gives Elaine's opinion of Gawain's failure to find Lancelot and deliver the diamond. What does Gawain mean by lines 695–690? Does Gawain deserve the rebuke from Arthur at lines 710–713?

LINES 714–739: Would Lavaine or Gareth have given up the search for Lancelot? What do lines 717–718 tell you about Gareth's character? What name have we for the old dame in lines 724–728? What is the effect on the Queen of the story?

LINES 740–898: What does Elaine's going to find Lancelot indicate about her? Is she lacking in spirit? Has your opinion of her changed at all since the beginning of the story? What feeling for Elaine do lines 814–837 arouse? Does she know that Lancelot does not love her? Why does she continue to care for him? Would Guinevere care for him under similar circumstances? Find a passage which affects your feelings.

LINES 899–996: What do lines 913–914 tell you of Elaine's feelings? What feeling do the words *His very shield was gone* create? Read lines 993–996. What mood or feeling do the lines convey?

LINES 997–1129: What is the effect of lines 1012–1019? Find a passage which affects your feelings. Why does Elaine refuse to believe the story of Lancelot's love for the Queen?

LINES 1130–1154: Can you visualize the picture?

LINES 1155–1225: Find lines which show the Queen's agitation. What feeling do lines 1197–1225 convey?

LINES 1225–1235: Is this a dramatic situation?

LINES 1236–1418: What is the cause of the Queen's wild grief? Is it injured love or injured pride? Find a vivid picture in these lines. A dramatic scene. What feeling do you think came over Lancelot as he heard Elaine's description of him as a "knight peerless"? Did he think himself such? Why were Lancelot's brows cloudy, line 1343? Does Arthur know the true cause? How do Arthur's words increase Lancelot's remorse? Did Lancelot feel that Elaine's death was the result of his unholy love for Guinevere? Is Lancelot truly repentant?

ON THE IDYLL AS A WHOLE: With what feeling does the idyll leave you? How does your feeling after reading this idyll compare with your feeling at the close of *Gareth and Lynette?* Do you feel sorry for Lancelot, or are you angry with him? Discuss. Is Elaine true to life?

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

This is one of the idylls which Tennyson himself liked best to read aloud. It has splendid pictures and musical passages. You should hear it read well aloud, and also learn to read well aloud the passages which you like.

LINES 1–5: Note how in two lines Tennyson gives a vivid picture of the old Sir Bedivere. What picture do you get from lines 3–4? What details stand out?

LINES 6–28: What feeling do these lines convey?

LINES 29–49: Read these lines aloud. What is their mood? Does the sound of the lines harmonize with the mood? What feeling is created by the picture at lines 38–45?

LINES 50–64: Is this speech characteristic of Sir Bedivere? What is the spirit of the speech? Do you like the man? Why? Why is the ghost of Sir Gawain "as the man"? What were the outstanding differences between Sir Gawain and Sir Bedivere?

LINES 65–117: Does the picture of the land of Lyonnesse appeal to the imagination? What color effects do you see? What forms? What sounds do you hear? Read lines 95–117 aloud. What is the mood or feeling of the picture? What sounds are suggested by lines 108–110?

LINES 118–135: Read these lines aloud. Can you visualize the picture? What feeling does it convey? Listen to the sound of the verse. Give two adjectives which describe the sound. Does it harmonize with the mood of the picture?

LINES 136–169: Does the speech at lines 147–153 sound like Sir Bedivere? Compare the mood of the speech with that of Arthur's at lines 139-146. How do they differ? What is the spirit of lines 134–169? Do you like Arthur in defeat? What great qualities does he show? How does the scene in these lines heighten the tragic effect of the idyll?

LINES 170–180: Read these lines aloud. Do lines 170–171 themselves roll? Can you visualize the picture at lines 176–180?

LINES 181–189: What feeling do these lines convey?

LINES 190–334: Can you see the picture at lines 213–219? At lines 221–222? What sounds do lines 238–39 imitate? To what does Arthur refer at line 241 when he says that Bedivere has betrayed his nature and his name? Can you visualize the picture at lines 304–314?

LINES 335–360: Can you see the picture at lines 335–338? At lines 349–360? What sounds do lines 349–360 imitate? Read them aloud, and listen.

LINES 361–393: Can you visualize the scene?

LINES 394–406: What feeling do these lines convey?

LINES 407–432: Find lines worth remembering.

LINES 433–469: Find a vivid picture in these lines.

ON THE IDYLL AS A WHOLE: Do you have a good conception of Arthur? Does he seem real to you? What were his outstanding characteristics? Do you prefer Sir Bedivere to Sir Lancelot? Discuss. What passages in the idyll do you like for their sound? What pictures stand out in your mind? Did Arthur live in vain?

COMPARISON OF THE IDYLLS

What different traits of character of King Arthur are brought out in each of the four *Idylls?* Write a theme quoting from the poem to show your points.

Choose any two of Arthur's knights and compare them in description, character, reputation, and deeds, using your own plan of outline and making your own composition. Select passages and lines from the poem to elucidate your points.

Instead of choosing two knights as in the above, choose two ladies, and work out the same type of composition.

Choose one of the *Idylls* and write an explanation of the allegorical meaning of the *Idyll* as it appears to you.

Read another *Idyll of the King* not given here (there are twenty-one Idylls in the complete book) and outline it as to the events, and explain the allegorical meaning of it.

APPRECIATION TESTS

I Identification Tests

The lines below refer to well-known characters in the *Idylls*. After you have finished your reading, set down on a sheet of paper after the number of each quotation the character or characters whom you think the lines describe.

1. And she was fairest of all flesh on earth.

2. . . . the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle-field.

3. For bold in act and word was he
Whenever slander breathed against the King.

4. But —— laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard; the same that afterwards
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

5. And there I saw —— ——, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

6. The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent.

7. A name of evil savor in the land.

8. ——a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen.

9. For —— was the first in Tournament
But —— mightiest on the battle-field.

10. A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

11. The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall.

12. Light was —— in life, and light in death
Is ——, for the ghost is as the man.

II Finding the Effective Word

In the following selections find what seems to you to be the "picture-making" or the most effective word or words in producing the result which the poet sought.

1. Last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,
. . . brake on him.

2. At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horse run.

3. Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the royal mount.

4. Kay, a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen.

5. Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves.

6. And Gareth . . . could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
Forever.

7. A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge.

8. . . . he saw
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.

9. They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driven backward by the wind they made
In moving, altogether down upon him

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies.

10. . . . and she mix'd
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening and the moanings of the wind.

11. . . . when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

12. . . . but in going mingled with the dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills.

13. A death-white mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear.

14. . . . only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen.

15. There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt.

III Tests for Sound and Movement

It is a principle of poetry that the sound should echo the sense. When the poet, for example, is describing an action that is slow, the lines themselves seem to move slowly in sympathy with the nature of the action. To illustrate, take the lines in which Tennyson describes Elaine's hesitant descent:

Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating.

Read these lines aloud a number of times. They demand slow deliberate reading. Note the effect of the word "hesitating." It seems to make the very line hesitate to come to a close.

Lines also generally echo the sound of the action they describe. Read aloud the line:

. . . loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge.

Let the class read it in unison. You will note that the line itself is loud and full of sound, and that it "rolls" even like the loud Southwesterns it describes. Sometimes the poet endeavors more directly to imitate the sound described, as in the lines:

I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

Read the selections below aloud a number of times, or listen while someone else reads them. On a sheet of paper answer the following questions for each selection:

(a) What word or words best describe the sound of the lines? *Soft, mellow, full of sound, metallic, harsh, solemn, ringing, plaintive.*

(b) What word or words best describe the movement of the lines? *Slow, rapid, easy, graceful, abrupt, stately, energetic, vigorous.*

(c) Do the sounds of the words seem to imitate the sounds described?

1. At once from either side, with trumpet blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.

2. But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King.

3. Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

4. Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height.

5. . . . and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.

6. Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

7. Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and check'd and made him flush, and bow
Lowly.

8. And all at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge at once,
Hurl'd as a stone from out a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead.

9. With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem, shone.

10. Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!

11. Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode.

12. The trumpets blew; and then did either side,
They that assail'd and they that held the lists,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously
Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,
If any man that day were left afield,
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.

13. Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

14. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of blood, without a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him.

15. Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.
All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed:
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat."

16. Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs
To Camelot.

17. High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought
With shuddering, "Hark the Phantom of the house
That ever shrieks before a death."

18. Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Pass'd like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd at its length in blackest samite, lay.

19. While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green.

20. And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the spintering spear, and the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhing, anguish, laboring of the lungs

In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

21. . . . thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell.

22. So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

23. The great brand
Made lightenings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.

24. So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture.

25. Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels.

IV Tests for Mood and Feeling

Below are twelve selections from the *Idylls* which not only convey some information but in some way touch the feelings as well. Under each selection are six words naming a feeling or sensation. Choose the word or words which seem best to describe the feeling conveyed or suggested by the selection. Do not write in your book, but list the words on paper after the number of the selection. You may then exchange papers and discuss your answers.

1. So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead.

The picture conveys an impression of: *loneliness, quiet, action, weariness, immobility, excitement.*

2. Then the King in low deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

These lines convey a feeling of: *gloom, awe, sadness, solemnity, fear, languor.*

3. But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep; calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

The lines give an impression of: *awe, despair, mysticism, dread, pity, scorn.*

4. The birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-air.
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into green.
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easterday.

The picture conveys a feeling of: *admiration, sympathy, cheerfulness, melancholy, reverence, happiness.*

5. "Lo ye now!
This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where,
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
However that might chance! but an he work,
Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog."

These lines reveal in the speaker an attitude of: *friendliness, courtesy, scorn, admiration, contempt, pity.*

6. Nigh upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,

Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool.

The picture conveys an impression of: *gloom, calm, uncanniness, stillness, solemnity, dread.*

7. "Arthur, my lord Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?"

These lines convey a feeling of: *admiration, wonder, scorn, reverence, derision, courtesy.*

8. Too courteously truly! ye shall go no more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

These lines indicate in the speaker a feeling of: *satisfaction, jealousy, indignation, despair, anxiety, displeasure.*

9. So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.

These lines convey an impression of: *content, pathos, vexation, loneliness, complacency, hopefulness.*

10. Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mix'd
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening and the moaning of the wind.

These lines convey a feeling of: *anguish, weirdness, calm, terror, uncanniness, dread.*

11. "I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die."

These lines indicate on the part of the speaker a feeling of: *satisfaction, regret, discontent, disappointment, anger, despair.*

12. Thus over all that shore
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide rose,
And the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle: but no man was moving thereon.

These lines convey an impression of: *bleakness, horror, action, excitement, cold, cheerfulness.*

As a further exercise in detecting mood and feeling in poetry, let each student select two passages from the *Idylls,* and construct tests after the fashion of those given above. Students may then exchange papers, or a committee may select the best tests and make out a list of ten or so for the whole class to try.

V Memory Tests

After you have finished reading the *Idylls* and the class discussion, try the tests given below. They will tell you to what extent some of the more striking passages in the poems have impressed you. Fill the blank spaces. Do the tests on paper or orally. Do not write in your book.

The Coming of Arthur

1. But were I joined with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with —— will in everything
Have power on this dark world —— —— it,
And —— —— —— —— —— to make —— ——.

2. So like a —— battle the war stood
——, the living quiet as the ——.

3. A doubtful throne is —— —— —— seas.

4. . . . I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A —— —— of the King.

5. . . . so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter; and dark sayings from of ——
Ranging and ringing thro' the —— of men,
And echoed by old fold beside their ——
For comfort after their —— —— ——,
Speak of the King.

Gareth and Lynette

1. Man am I grown, —— —— —— —— —— ——.
Follow the deer? follow Christ, the King,
Live ——, speak ——, right ——, follow the King ——
Else —— born?

2. The thrall —— —— may be free —— ——.

3. Far off they saw the —— —— morn
Rolling her —— about the royal mount
That rose between the —— and the field.

4. Our one —— lie sits like a little ——
Here on the —— of our enterprise.

5. In either hand he bore
What dazzled all, and —— far-off as shines
A field of charlock in the —— sun
Between two ——.

6. . . . Kay, a man of mien
—— —— as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by —— ——.

7. . . . Sir Kay the seneschal, would come
—— upon them, like a —— wind
Among dead ——, and drive them apart.

8. A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
——, and a —— of apple-blossom,
—— eyes; and lightly was her —— nose
—— —— like the petal of a flower.

9. Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand pines

A gloomy-gladed —— slowly sink
To westward —— in the —— whereof a mere
Round as the red —— of an Eagle-owl
Under the half-dead —— glared;

10. And Gareth . . . could not wholly bring him under, more
Than —— —— rolling ridge on ridge
The buoy that rides at sea, and —— and ——
Forever.

11. Nigh upon that hour
When the lone —— forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his —— ——, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the —— ——.

12. A huge pavilion like a —— peak
Sunder the glooming —— on the marge.

Lancelot and Elaine

1. Then the great knight . . . into that —— hall
Stepp'd with all ——, and not with half ——
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But —— man moving among his ——.

2. They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driv'n —— by the wind they made
In moving, altogether down upon him
Bare, as a wild —— in the wide North-sea,
Green —— toward the summit, bears, with all
Its —— crests that —— against the skies,
Down on a bark.

3. Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove
Of poplars with their noise of —— ——
And ever —— ——, he lay.

4. Obedience is the —— due to ——.

5. His honor —— —— —— stood,
And —— unfaithful kept him —— true.

6. So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
His —— —— —— gone; only the case
Her own poor ——, her —— —— left.

7. Death, like a —— —— from a distant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls
Wailing had —— upon her, and she mix'd
Her fancies with the —— —— ——
Of evening and the moanings of the ——.

8. . . . Never yet
Was noble man but —— —— talk.

9. He makes no friend who —— —— —— foe.

10. To loyal hearts the —— of all gifts
Must vary as the ——.

The Passing of Arthur

1. . . . when the man was no more than a ——
In the —— —— of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, —— faces, other ——

2. And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the nights and —— their way
From cloud to ——, down the long —— the dream
——; but in going mingled with —— cries
Far in the moonlit —— among the ——,
As of some lonely city sack'd by ——,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords.

3. O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead they name and —— cling
To all —— places like a —— cloud
For ever.

4. The king who fights his people fights ——.

5. . . . only the —— wave
Brake in among dead ——, to and fro
Swaying the —— hands, and up and down
Tumbling the —— helmets of the ——
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,

And rolling far along the —— shores
The voice of days —— —— and —— to be.

6. So all day long the noise of battle ——
Among the —— by the —— sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, —— —— ——,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about —— ——,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was ——
The bold —— —— uplifted him,
And bore him to a —— —— —— ——,
A broken —— with a —— cross,
That stood on a —— —— of —— land;
On one side lay the ——, and on one
Lay a —— ——, and the —— was ——.

7. So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stepp'd
And in the —— athwart the place of ——,
Where lay the mighty bones of —— men,
Old knights, and over them the —— —— ——,
Shrill, chill, with —— of foam.

A CLASS PROJECT

Modern Knights of King Arthur

To make a Round Table of modern knights is an interesting class project. Each member of the class has the privilege of submitting one to three names as candidates for the modern Round Table. Names of present-day people, known for their achievements, are to be considered. They may be people who have contributed to the needs of humanity, or people from the fields of science, art, literature, music, etc. They may be statesmen, explorers, pioneers, etc. The measure of eligibility, in addition to the material achievements, would be King Arthur's code of honesty, kindness, integrity, and other virtues.

Each class member must be prepared to present, either orally or in writing, the merits of the name or names he has chosen. The class then votes on each name as to eligibility to the modern Round Table. A majority vote accepts or rejects the name.

When the Round Table has been selected, King Arthur himself may be chosen. Launcelot may be chosen, and also Gareth, Merlin and other characters.

A COLLECTION OF MODERN ESSAYS

SECTION II

MODERN ESSAYS

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I A biography of the essayist
II The character of his work
III The nature of the essay
IV Suggestions for the study of the essay
V Suggested topics for original essays

JUNGLE NIGHT

William Beebe

Within gunreach in front of me trudged my little Akawai Indian hunter. Jeremiah was his civilized name; he would never tell me his real one. It seemed so unsuited to him that I thought up one still less appropriate and called him Nupee—which is the three-toed sloth; and in his quiet way he saw the humor of it, for a more agile human being never lived. I knew Nupee for what he was—the one for whom I am always on the lookout, the exceptional one, the super-servant, worthy of friendship as an equal. I had seen his uncle and his cousins. They were Indians, nothing more.

Nupee and I had not been thrown together closely. This had proved a static[1] expedition, settled in one place, with no

Note: Before reading the essays, it is suggested that you read *On the Reading of Essays* which will be found at the end of the section on essays.

[1] Static—Stationary.

dangers to speak of, no real roughing it, and we met only after each hunting trip. But the magic of a full moon had lured me from my laboratory table, and here we were, we two, plodding jungleward, becoming better acquainted in silence than I have often achieved with much talk.

It was nearly midnight. We traversed a broad trail of white sand, between lines of saplings of pale-barked rubber trees, flooded, saturated, with milky-gray light. Not a star appeared in the cloudless sky, which, in contrast to the great silver moon plaque,[2] was blue-black. These open sandy stretches, so recently etched into what had been primitive jungle, were too glowing with light for most of the nocturnal creatures who, in darkness, flew and ran and hunted about in them. And the lovers of twilight were already come and gone. The stage was vacant save for one actor—the nighthawk of the silvery collar, whose eerie *wheeoo!* or more leisurely and articulate *who-are-you?* was queried from stump and log.

Where the open trail skirted a hillside we came suddenly upon a great gathering of these goatsuckers, engaged in some strange midnight revel. Usually they roost and hunt and call in solitude, but here at least forty were collected on the white sand within an area of a few yards. We stopped and watched. They were dancing—or, rather, popping, as corn pops in a hopper. One after another, or a half dozen at a time, they bounced up a foot or two from the ground and flopped back, at the instant of leaving and returning uttering a sudden, explosive *wop!* This they kept up unceasingly for the five minutes we gave to them, and our passage interrupted them for only a moment. Later we passed single birds which popped and wopped in solitary state; whether practicing, or snobbishly refusing to perform in public, only they could tell. It was a scene not soon forgotten.

Suddenly before us rose the jungle, raw-edged, with border zone of bleached, ashamed trunks and lofty branches white as chalk, of dead and dying trees. For no jungle tree, however

[2] MOON PLAQUE—The disc of the moon.

hardy, can withstand the blasting of violent sun after the veiling of emerald foliage is torn away. As the diver plunges beneath the waves, so, after one glance backward over the silvered landscape, I passed at a single stride into what seemed by contrast inky blackness, relieved by the trail ahead, which showed as does a ray of light through closed eyelids. As the chirruping rails climbed among the roots of the tall cat-tails out yonder, so we now crept far beneath the level of the moonlit foliage. The silvery landscape had been shifted one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth. We had become lords of creation in name alone, threading our way humbly among the fungi and toadstools, able only to look aloft and wonder what it was like. And for a long time no voice answered to tell us whether any creature lived and moved in the tree tops.

The tropical jungle by day is the most wonderful place in the world. At night I am sure it is the most weirdly beautiful of all places outside the world. For it is primarily unearthly, unreal; and at last I came to know why. In the light of the full moon it was rejuvenated. The simile of theatrical scenery was always present to the mind, the illusion lying especially in the completeness of transformation from the jungle by daylight. The theatrical effect was heightened by the sense of being in some vast building. This was because of the complete absence of any breath of air. Not a leaf moved; even the pendulous [3] air roots reaching down their seventy-foot plummets [4] for the touch of soil did not sway a hairbreadth. The throb of the pulse set the rhythm for one's steps. The silence, for a time, was as perfect as the breathlessness. It was a wonderfully ventilated amphitheater; the air was as free from any feeling of tropical heat, as it lacked all crispness of the north. It was exactly the temperature of one's skin. Heat and cold were for the moment as unthinkable as wind.

One's body seemed wholly negligible. In soft padding moccasins and easy swinging gait close behind my naked Indian

[3] PENDULOUS—Hanging.
[4] PLUMMETS—Weighted lines lowered to sound depths.

hunter, and in such khaki browns that my body was almost invisible to my own downward glance, I was conscious only of the play of my senses—of two at first, sight and smell; later, of hearing. The others did not exist. We two were unattached, impersonal, moving without effort or exertion. It was magic, and I was glad that I had only my Akawai for companion, for it was magic that a word would have shattered.

At last the silence was broken and I stood in a patch of moonlight listening to the baying of a hound, or so I thought: that musical ululation [5] which links man's companion wolfward. Then I thought of the packs of wild hunting dogs, the dreaded "warracabra tigers," and I turned to the Indian at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, *"kunama,"* and I knew I had heard the giant tree frog of Guiana —a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I knew these were powerful *beenas* with the Indians, tokens of good hunting, and every fortunate *benab* would have its dried mummy frog hung up with the tail of the giant armadillo [6] and other charms. Well might these batrachians [7] arouse profound emotions among the Indians, familiar as they are with the strange beings of the forest. I could imagine the great goggle-eyed fellow sprawled high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with his vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly—a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whispers Nupee told me of the big frog *kunama,* and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows and there lived. And this water was thick like honey and white like milk, and when stirred became reddish. Besides which, it was very bitter. If a man drank

[5] Ululation—Howling of dog or wolf.

[6] Armadillo—A burrowing animal of South America having the body and head encased in a shell-like armor.

[7] Batrachians—Of the frog family.

of it, forever after he hopped each night and clasped all the trees which he encountered, endlessly endeavoring to ascend them and always failing. And yet, if he could once manage to reach a pool of *kunama* water in an uncut tree and drink, his manhood would return and his mind be healed.

When the Indians desired this beena, they marked a tree whence a frog called at night, and in the daytime cut it down. Forming a big circle, they searched and found the frog, and forthwith smoked it and rubbed it on arrows and bow before they went out. I listened gravely and found it all fitted in with the magic of the night. If an Indian had appeared down the trail, hopping endlessly and gripping the trunks, gazing upward with staring eyes, I should not have thought it more strange than the next thing that really happened.

We had settled on our toes in a low squatting place—a dark aisle with only scattered flecks of light. The silence and breathlessness of the moon craters could have been no more complete than that which enveloped us. My eye wandered from spot to spot, when suddenly I began to think of that great owl-like goatsucker, the *"poor-me-one."* We had shot one at Kalacoon a month before and no others had called since, and I had not thought of the species again. Quite without reason I began to think of the bird, of its wonderful markings, of the eyes which years ago in Trinidad I had made to glow like iridescent globes in the light of a flash, and then—a *poor-me-one* called behind us, not fifty feet away. Even this did not seem strange among these surroundings. It was an interesting happening, one which I have experienced many times in my life. It may have been just another coincidence. I am quite certain it was not. In any event it was a Dantesque [8] touch, emphasized by the character of the call—the wail of a lost soul being as good a simile as any other. It started as a high, trembling wail, the final cry being lost in the depths of whispered woe:

Oo——ooh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

[8] DANTESQUE—The Italian poet Dante described the inferno.

Nupee never moved; only his lips formed the name by which he knew it—*halawoe*. Whatever else characterized the sounds of the jungle at night, none became monotonous or common. Five minutes later the great bird called to us from far, far away, as if from another round of purgatory—an eerie lure to enter still deeper into the jungle depths. We never heard it again.

I was about to rise and lead Nupee farther into the gloom when the jungle showed another mood—a silent whimsy,[9] the humor of which I could not share with the little red man. Close to my face, so near that it startled me for a moment, over the curved length of a long narrow caladium leaf, there came suddenly two brilliant lights. Steadily they moved onward, coming up into view for all the world like two tiny headlights of a motorcar. They passed, and the broadside view of this great elater[10] was still absurdly like the profile of a miniature tonneau with the top down. I laughingly thought to myself how perfect the illusion would be if a red tail light should be shown, when to my amazement a rosy red light flashed out behind, and my bewildered eyes all but distinguished a number! Naught but a tropical forest could present such contrasts in such rapid succession as the *poor-me-one* and this parody of man's invention.

I captured the big beetle and slid him into a vial, where in his disgust he clicked sharply against the glass. The vial went into my pocket and we picked up our guns and crept on. As we traversed a dark patch, dull gleams like heat lightning flashed over the leaves, and, looking down, I saw that my khaki was aglow from the illuminated insect within. This betrayed every motion, so I wrapped the vial in several sheets of paper and rolled it up in my handkerchief. The glow was duller but almost as penetrating. At one time or another I have had to make use of all my garments, from topee to moccasins, in order to confine captives armed with stings, beaks, teeth, or fangs,

[9] WHIMSY—Caprice.
[10] ELATER—A species of beetle.

but now I was at a complete loss. I tried a gun barrel with a handkerchief stopper, and found I now carried an excellent, long-handled flash light. Besides, I might have sudden use for the normal function of the gun. I had nothing sufficiently opaque to quench those flaring headlights, and I had to own myself beaten and release him. He spread his wings and flew swiftly away, his red light glowing derisively;[11] and even in the flood of pure moonlight he moved within an aura[12] which carried far through the jungle. I knew that killing him was of no use, for a week after death from chloroform I have seen the entire interior of a large insect box brilliantly lighted by the glow of these wonderful candles, still burning on the dead shoulders of the same kind of insect.

Twice, deeper in the jungle we squatted and listened, and twice the magic silence remained unbroken and the air unmoved. Finally it was lifted, however, as a sudden tearing rush from the rail side, and ripping of vines and shrubs, was mingled with deep, hoarse snorts, and we knew that we had disturbed one of the big red deer—big only in comparison with the common tiny brown brockets. A few yards farther the leaves rustled high overhead, although no breath of wind had as yet touched the jungle. I began a slow, careful search with my flash light, and, mingled with the splotches and specks of moonlight high overhead, I seemed to see scores of little eyes peering down. But at last my faint electric beam found its mark and evolved the first bit of real color which the jungle had shown—always excepting the ruby tail light. Two tiny red globes gleamed down at us, and as they gleamed, moved without a sound, apparently unattached, slowly through the foliage. Then came a voice, as wandering, as impersonal as the eyes—a sharp, incisive *wheeeeeat!* with a cat-like timbre; and from the eyes and voice I reconstructed a night monkey—a *kinkajou.*

Then another notch was slipped and the jungle for a time showed something of the exuberance of its life. A paca leaped

[11] Derisively—Mockingly.
[12] Aura—Surrounding light.

from its meal of nuts and bounced away with quick, repeated pats; a beetle with wings tuned to the bass clef droned by; some giant tree cricket tore the remaining intervals of silence to shreds with unmuted wing fiddles, *cricks* so shrill and high that they well-nigh passed beyond the upper register of my ear out again into silence. The roar of another frog was comforting to my eardrums.

Then silence descended again, and hours passed in our search for sound or smell of the animal we wished chiefest to find—the giant armadillo. These rare beings have a distinct odor. Months of work in the open had sharpened my nostrils so that on such a trip as this they were not much inferior to those of Nupee. This sense gave me as keen pleasure as eye or ear, and furnished quite as much information. The odors of city and civilization seemed very far away: gasoline, paint, smoke, perfumery, leather—all these could hardly be recalled. And how absurd seemed society's unwritten taboo on discussion of this admirable, but pitifully degenerate sense! Why may you look at your friend's books, touch his collection of *netsukés*,[13] listen to his music, yet dare sniff at naught but his blossoms!

In the open spaces of the earth, and more than anywhere in this conservatory of unblown odors, we come more and more to appreciate and to envy a dog's sensitive muzzle. Here we sniffed as naturally as we turned ear, and were able to recognize many of our nasal impressions, and even to follow a particularly strong scent to its source. Few yards of trail but had their distinguishable scent, whether violent, acrid[14] smell or delectable fragrance. Long after a crab jackal has passed, we noted the stinging, bitter taint in the air, and now and then the pungent wake of some big jungle bug struck us like a tangible barrier.

The most tantalizing odors were the wonderfully delicate and penetrating ones from some great burst of blossoms, odors heavy with sweetness, which seeped down from vine or tree high overhead, wholly invisible from below even in broad day-

[13] Netsukés—Miscellaneous Japanese small objects.
[14] Acrid—Sharp; bitter.

light. These odors remained longest in memory, perhaps because they were so completely the product of a single sense. There were others too, which were unforgettable, because, like the voice of the frog, they stirred the memory a fraction before they excited curiosity. Such I found the powerful musk from the bed of leaves which a fawn had just left. For some reason this brought vividly to mind the fearful compound of smells arising from the decks of Chinese junks.

Along the moonlit trail there came wavering whiffs of orchids, ranging from attar of roses and carnations to the pungence of carrion, the latter doubtless distilled from as delicate and beautiful blossoms as the former. There were, besides, the myriad and bewildering smells of sap, crushed leaves, and decaying wood; acrid, sweet, spicy and suffocating, some like musty books, others recalling the paint on the Noah's Ark of one's nursery.

But the scent of the giant armadillo eluded us. When we waded through some new, strange odor I looked back at Nupee, hoping for some sign that it was the one we sought. But that night the great armored creatures went their way and we ours, and the two did not cross.

Finally we turned and circled through side trails so narrow and so dark that we walked with outstretched arms, feeling for the trunks and lianas,[15] choosing a sloth's gait and the hope of new adventures rather than the glare of my flash on our path. When we entered the Convict Trail, we headed toward home. Within sight of the first turn a great black limb of a tree had recently fallen across the trail in a patch of moonlight. Before we reached it, the branch had done something it should not have done—it had straightened slightly. We strained our eyes to the utmost but could not, in this eerie[16] light, tell head from tail end of this great serpent. It moved very slowly, and with a motion which perfectly confounded our perception. Its progress seemed no faster than the hour hand of a watch, but we knew

[15] LIANAS—Woody stems of climbing plants.
[16] EERIE—Weird.

that it moved, yet so close to the white sand that the whole trail seemed to move with it. The eye refused to admit any motion except in sudden shifts, like widely separated films of a motion picture. For minute after minute it seemed quiescent;[17] then we would blink and realize that it was two feet higher up the bank. One thing we could see—a great thickening near the center of the snake; it had fed recently and to repletion,[18] and slowly it was making its way to some hidden lair, perhaps to lie motionless until another moon should silver the jungle. Was there any stranger life in the world?

Whether it was a giant bushmaster or a constrictor,[19] we could not tell in the diffused light. I allowed it to go unharmed, for the spell of silence and the jungle night was too strongly woven to be shattered again by the crash of gun or rifle. We waited for many minutes at the edge of the small glade, and the event which seemed most significant to me was in actual spectacle one of the last of the night's happenings. I sat with chin on knees, coolie fashion, in the white light of the glade. I watched the motionless leaves about me, many of them drooping and rich maroon by daylight, for they were just unbudded. Reaching far into the dark mystery of the upper jungle stretched the air roots, held so straight by gravity, so unheeding of the whirling of the planet through space. Only one mighty liana—a monkey ladder—had revolted against this dominance of the earth's pull and writhed and looped upon itself in fantastic whorls, while along its length rippled ever the undulations[20] which mark this uneasy growth, this crystallized Saint Vitus plant.

A momentary shiver of leaves drew our eyes to the left, and we began to destroy the optical images evolved by the moon shadows and to seek for the small reality which we knew lived and breathed somewhere on that branch. Then a sharp crack like a rifle lost whatever it was to us forever, and we half leaped

[17] QUIESCENT—At rest; still.
[18] REPLETION—Fullness.
[19] CONSTRICTOR—A serpent that kills by crushing its prey in its coils.
[20] UNDULATIONS—Wavinesses.

to our feet as something swept downward through the air and crashed length after length among the plants and fallen logs. The branches overhead rocked to and fro, and for many minutes, like the aftermath of a volcanic eruption, came a shower, first of twigs and swirling leaves, then of finer particles, and lastly of motes which gleamed like silver dust as they sifted down to the trail. When the air cleared I saw that the monkey ladder had vanished and I knew that its yards upon yards of length lay coiled and crushed among the ferns and sprouting palms of the jungle floor. It seemed most fitting that the vegetable kingdom, whose silence and majesty gave to the jungle night its magic qualities, should have contributed this memorable climax.

Long before the first Spaniard sailed up the neighboring river, the monkey ladder had thrown its spirals aloft, and through all the centuries, all the years, it had seen no change wrought beneath it. The animal trail was trod now and then by Indian hunters, and lately we had passed several times. The sound of our guns was less than the crashing fall of an occasional forest tree. Now, with no leaf moved by the air, with only the two of us squatting in the moonlight for audience, the last cell had given way. The sap could no longer fight the decay which had entered its heart; and at the appointed moment, the moment set by the culmination of a greater nexus[21] of forces than our human mind could ever hope to grasp, the last fiber parted and the massive growth fell.

In the last few minutes, as it hung suspended, gracefully spiraled in the moonlight, it had seemed as perfect as the new-sprouted *moras* at my feet. As I slowly walked out of the jungle I saw in this the explanation of the simile of artificial scenery, of all the strange magic which had come to me as I entered. The alchemy[22] of moonlight turned all the jungle to perfect growth, growth at rest. In the silvery light was no trace of gnawing worm, of ravening ant, or corroding fungus. The jungle

[21] NEXUS—Link; combination.

[22] ALCHEMY—The medieval science which attempted to transmute baser metals into gold.

was rejuvenated and made a place more wonderful than any fairyland of which I have read or which I have conceived. The jungle by day, as I have said—that, too, is wonderful. We may have two friends, quite unlike in character, whom we love each for his own personality, and yet it would be a hideous and unthinkable thing to see one transformed into the other.

So, with the mist settling down and tarnishing the great plaque of silver, I left the jungle, glad that I could be far away before the first hint of dawn came to mar the magic. Thus in memory I can always keep the dawn away until I return.

And some time in the future, when the lure of the full moon comes, and I answer, I shall be certain of finding the same silence, the same wonderful light, and the waiting trees and the magic. But Nupee may not be there. He will perhaps have slipped into memory. And if I find no one as silently friendly as Nupee, I shall have to watch alone through my jungle night.

WILLIAM BEEBE

(1877—)

His Life Story in Brief

"Scientist—author" is the laconic biographical note concerning William Beebe, but this conveys no suggestion of how perfectly he has transmuted scientific observation of the most advanced nature into glowing literature.

He was born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1877, but his boyhood was spent in northern New York State in Gouverneur. It was here that he became fascinated with the natural history of that section, studying birds and flowers. After receiving his bachelor's degree from Columbia University in 1898, he spent the following year in graduate study at the same university. He then became curator of ornithology for the New York Zoölogical Society, and since 1899 has also been its director of the department of scientific research. This work has carried him into remote corners of the earth, and has not only extended the boundaries of knowledge, but has generously enriched our present-day literature.

When Mr. Beebe is not exploring remote Galapagos or studying the habits of fishes, his home is in New York.

The Character of His Work

Mr. Beebe has not only the highly informed senses of the scientist, but also the rare ability to make his readers see, feel, and hear the impressions which are the results of his explorations. He is the author of many scientific papers and monographs relating to birds and evolution. These, one guesses, are undoubtedly scholarly, but could never be as dull as are the majority of such publications. His best known volumes, written in more popular vein, are *Jungle Peace,* of which the accompanying essay forms a part, *The Edge of the Jungle—Galapagos, World's End, Jungle Days,* and *The Arcturus Adventure.*

The Nature of This Essay

Sights, sounds, smells—all are perfectly rendered in this eloquent description. Even silence and darkness are somehow made real to us. It is the awareness of the scientist wedded to the sensitive pen of the artist in words. The essay will repay close study for its exactness of phrasing, it gorgeous imagery, and its use of color and sound.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

List some adjectives which appeal to you as being especially fitting and exactly descriptive; some images which are particularly appropriate. Point out words that denote color, sound, movement, etc. Does the description appeal to you as being in the mood of scientific investigation? Or is it overdone, strained, romanticized? Defend your views by quotations from the essay. Aside from the scientific terminology, are there any unusual words? Are there any words used in unusual senses? Try to state the effect which this essay makes upon you.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Sylvan Forests
Woods in Summer
Wild Animals I Have Known
Tracks
Depths of a Jungle
Moonlight on the River
Barnyard Friends
Vacant-Lot Vegetation
Prodigal Nature
The Private Life of a Squirrel

WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC *

ARNOLD BENNETT

THE large majority of our fellow citizens care as much about literature as they care about airplanes or the program of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs'[1] *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it—not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved—but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them.

In the face of this, one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reënforced by the ardor

* From *Literary Taste and How to Form It* by Arnold Bennett, copyrighted 1927 by George H. Doran Company, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Publishers.

[1] BISHOP STUBBS—English bishop and historian (1825–1901).

of the passionate few. And in the case of an author who has emerged into glory after his death the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savoring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way.

And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes—not by reason, but by faith. And he too repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the complete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvelous stage effects which accompany *King Lear*

or *Hamlet,* and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it.

What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are forever making new researches, forever practicing on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want. Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy to-day what will seem tedious to them to-morrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humor, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt[2] nor Sainte-Beuve,[3] has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand:

> The woods of Arcady are dead,
> And over is their antique joy—

[2] Hazlitt—English essayist and critic (1778–1830).
[3] Sainte-Beuve—French literary critic (1804–1869).

and I say that those lines are beautiful because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will, broadly, agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from those lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats [4] is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity,[5] or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help especially to vitalize the reputations of the narrower geniuses: such as Crashaw.[6] But their active predilections [7] never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reënforce it.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would not kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters

[4] W. B. Yeats—Irish poet and dramatist (1865—).
[5] Catholicity—Liberality of taste or views.
[6] Crashaw—English poet (1613–1649).
[7] Predilections—Partiality; preferences.

nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of yourself: that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney[8] may be reached *via* Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg.

[8] PUTNEY—A suburb of London.

ARNOLD BENNETT

(1867—)

HIS LIFE STORY IN BRIEF

IN *The Truth About An Author* Mr. Bennett has himself told us a good deal about Arnold Bennett and his rise from obscure clerkships in "The Five Towns" and in London to a commanding position in the literary world of to-day. As in others of his books, he has been entirely candid and veracious—or at least, he gives us the impression of having been so.

"The Five Towns," which Mr. Bennett was later to place on the literary map, are great pottery manufacturing communities in the north of England. Enoch Arnold Bennett, their future historian, was born near Hanley (the "Hanbridge" of the novels) in 1867. He received a somewhat limited education at the neighboring "middle school" of Newcastle. He then entered the University of London, and adopted the law as his profession.

He read law at first in his father's office, and then went to London as a solicitor's (lawyer's) clerk. In that capacity he earned a modest livelihood by (as he says) "a natural gift for the preparation of bills for taxation." Meanwhile he made some slight beginnings in journalism, won a prize competition, and entered newspaper work with the Staffordshire *Sentinel*.

Later he became sub-editor of *Woman* and contributor to the *Academy*, both British periodicals. His book reviews, dramatic criticisms, etc., had drawn attention to him, and his first novel, *A Man From the North*, had been published both in England and America. With

respect to the novel, he tells us that with the excess of profits over the cost of typewriting he bought a new hat.

But, although he could look back upon his rise during the past ten years and see how far he had come, he was not satisfied. He resigned his editorial position with its assured income, and retired, first to the country, and then to Fontainebleau, on the outskirts of Paris, to devote himself seriously to literature.

In the autumn of 1903 he was accustomed to dine frequently at a certain Paris restaurant. One day there came in a fat old woman who aroused universal merriment by her eccentric behavior. The novelist reflected: "This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from those ridiculous mannerisms. Very probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heart-rending novel out of a woman such as she."

The incident was the origin of *The Old Wives' Tale,* published in 1908, and recognized both in England and America as a work of genius. Since that time Mr. Bennett has given us other equally faithful accounts of life in provincial towns. He has also written books of essays in which he has given us a private view of the workings of his active and inquiring mind.

He is also the author, or co-author, of a number of plays which have been successfully performed, both in England and America. Perhaps the best known of these is *Milestones* (written in collaboration with Edward Knoblauch) which is a series of episodes showing the adventurous spirit of youth cooling and hardening into the converatism of middle age. *The Great Adventure,* a dramatization of his novel, *Buried Alive,* has also proved popular with audiences.

The Character of His Work

Arnold Bennett's reputation rests mainly upon the novels in which he has pictured life in provincial and industrial England. In these works he has taken middle class, unimportant persons and given all the detail of their daily lives, their hopes and aspirations, their struggle for existence. Somehow or other he has made us interested in this commonplace material. He seems to have a tremendous gusto for life—not as it should be, but as it is here and now—and this is perhaps the origin of his books of essays, *Literary Taste and How To Form It* (of which the accompanying essay forms a chapter), *Things That Have Interested Me,* and *How To Live on Twenty-Four Hours A Day.*

The Nature of This Essay

As is not infrequently the case, Arnold Bennett did not discover literature until after he had left school. While a clerk in a law office in London, and at the same time trying to get a foothold in journalism, he discovered English and French literature, and became aware of the fact that a book could be an "instrument for obtaining information or emotion." Perhaps that experience prompted him to write the accompanying essay; certainly it equipped him with the experience out of which it could be written. With admirable clarity, and with real emphasis, he presents a point of view which is often lost sight of.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

After reading this essay are you surprised at the author's idea of why a classic is a classic? What had been your previous idea? Have you ever looked back with disgust or horror (or any kindred emotion) on the books you once read and enjoyed? Can you name any specific books in this connection? According to Mr. Bennett, does the fact that you no longer enjoy them indicate necessarily that your taste has improved? In your own case what do you believe to be the reason for your changed opinion? If the majority made the fame of the classics, what would be some of our present-day classics which you might now be reading in school? Can you think of any recent "best sellers" that have become classics? Any that you think are likely to occupy that position? Can you name any other things which we believe, "not by reason, but by faith"?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Highbrow
Building a Library
Books That Have Interested Me
The Books I Used To Read
My Experience with the Classics
Conversation about Books
The Book of the Month
Literature In and Out of School
The One Book to Take to a Desert Island

ON LYING IN BED

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

LYING in bed would be an altogether perfect and supreme experience if only one had a colored pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling. This, however, is not generally a part of the domestic apparatus on the premises. I think myself that the thing might be managed with several pails of Aspinall and a broom. Only if one worked in a really sweeping and masterly way, and laid on the color in great washes, it might drip down again on one's face in floods of rich and mingled color like some strange fairy rain; and that would have its disadvantages. I am afraid it would be necessary to stick to black and white in this form of artistic composition. To that purpose, indeed, the white ceiling would be of the greatest possible use; in fact it is the only use I think of a white ceiling being put to.

But for the beautiful experiment of lying in bed I might never have discovered it. For years I have been looking for some blank spaces in a modern house to draw on. Paper is much too small for any really allegorical[1] design; as Cyrano de Bergerac[2] says: *"Il me faut des géants."*[3] But when I tried to find these fine clear spaces in the modern rooms such as we all live in I was continually disappointed. I found an endless pattern and complication of small objects hung like a curtain of fine links between me and my desire. I examined the walls; I found them to my surprise to be already covered with wall paper, and I found the wall paper to be already covered with very uninteresting images, all bearing a ridiculous resemblance to each other. I could not understand why one arbitrary[4] sym-

[1] ALLEGORICAL—Figurative.

[2] CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Celebrated duelist, wit, poet, and soldier in Rostand's drama of the same name.

[3] *Il me faut des géants*—"Bring me giants" (to fight with).

[4] ARBITRARY—Fixed.

bol (a symbol apparently entirely devoid of any religious or philosophical significance) should thus be sprinkled all over my nice walls like a sort of smallpox. The Bible must be referring to wall papers, I think, when it says, "Use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do." I found the Turkey carpet a mass of unmeaning colors, rather like the Turkish Empire, or like the sweetmeat called Turkish delight. I do not exactly know what Turkish delight really is; but I suppose it is Macedonian Massacres.[5] Everywhere that I went forlornly, with my pencil or my paint brush, I found that others had unaccountably been before me, spoiling the walls, the curtains, and the furniture with their childish and barbaric designs.

Nowhere did I find a really clear place for sketching until this occasion when I prolonged beyond the proper limit the process of lying on my back in bed. Then the light of that white heaven broke upon my vision, that breadth of mere white which is indeed almost the definition of Paradise, since it means purity and also means freedom. But alas! like all heavens, now that it is seen it is found to be unattainable; it looks more austere[6] and more distant than the blue sky outside the window. For my proposal to paint on it with the bristly end of a broom has been discouraged—never mind by whom; by a person debarred from all political rights—and even my minor proposal to put the other end of the broom into the kitchen fire and turn it into charcoal has not been conceded. Yet I am certain that it was from persons in my position that all the original inspiration came for covering the ceilings of palaces and cathedrals with a riot of fallen angels or victorious gods. I am sure that it was only because Michelangelo[7] was engaged in the ancient and honorable occupation of lying in bed that he ever realized how the roof of the Sistine Chapel[8] might be made into an awful imitation of a divine drama that could be enacted in the heavens.

[5] MACEDONIAN MASSACRES—There has been frequent warfare between Turkey and Macedonia.

[6] AUSTERE—Severely simple.

[7] MICHELANGELO—Italian painter, sculptor, and architect (1475–1564).

[8] SISTINE CHAPEL—The Pope's private chapel in the Vatican.

The tone now commonly taken toward the practice of lying in bed is hypocritical and unhealthy. Of all the marks of modernity that seem to mean a kind of decadence,[9] there is none more menacing and dangerous than the exaltation of very small and secondary matters of conduct at the expense of very great and primary ones, at the expense of eternal public and tragic human morality. If there is one thing worse than the modern weakening of major morals it is the modern strengthening of minor morals. Thus it is considered more withering to accuse a man of bad taste than of bad ethics. Cleanliness is not next to godliness nowadays, for cleanliness is made an essential and godliness is regarded as an offense. A playwright can attack the institution of marriage so long as he does not misrepresent the manners of society, and I have met Ibsenite[10] pessimists who thought it wrong to take beer but right to take prussic acid. Especially this is so in matters of hygiene; notably such matters as lying in bed. Instead of being regarded, as it ought to be, as a matter of personal convenience and adjustment, it has come to be regarded by many as if it were a part of essential morals to get up early in the morning. It is upon the whole part of practical wisdom; but there is nothing good about it or bad about its opposite.

Misers get up early in the morning; and burglars, I am informed, get up the night before. It is the great peril of our society that all its mechanism may grow more fixed while its spirit grows more fickle. A man's minor actions and arrangements ought to be free, flexible, creative; the things that should be unchangeable are his principles, his ideals. But with us the reverse is true; our views change constantly; but our lunch does not change. Now, I should like men to have strong and rooted conceptions, but as for their lunch, let them have it sometimes in the garden, sometimes in bed, sometimes on the roof, sometimes in the top of a tree. Let them argue from the same first

[9] DECADENCE—Decline in art, letters, or manners.
[10] IBSENITE—Follower of the Norwegian dramatist whose plays are often somber and tragic.

principles, but let them do it in a bed, or a boat, or a balloon. This alarming growth of good habits really means a too great emphasis on those virtues which mere custom can misuse, it means too little emphasis on those virtues which custom can never quite ensure, sudden and splendid virtues of inspired pity or of inspired candor. If ever that abrupt appeal is made to us we may fail. A man can get used to getting up at five o'clock in the morning. A man cannot very well get used to being burned for his opinions; the first experiment is commonly fatal. Let us pay a little more attention to these possibilities of the heroic and the unexpected. I daresay that when I get out of this bed I shall do some deed of an almost terrible virtue.

For those who study the great art of lying in bed there is one emphatic caution to be added. Even for those who can do their work in bed (like journalists), still more for those whose work cannot be done in bed (as, for example, the professional harpooner of whales), it is obvious that the indulgence must be very occasional. But that is not the caution I mean. The caution is this: if you do lie in bed, be sure you do it without any reason or justification at all. I do not speak, of course, of the seriously sick. But if a healthy man lies in bed, let him do it without a rag of excuse; then he will get up a healthy man. If he does it for some secondary hygienic reason, if he has some scientific explanation, he may get up a hypochondriac.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

(1874—)

His Life Story in Brief

Mr. Chesterton is a person of such tremendous gusto that it is not in the least surprising to find him interested in all manner of experiences. He is withal a fellow of such infinite wit that even his random reflections are certain to hold more perverse wisdom than the labored lucubrations of a less nimble mind.

As might be inferred from the accompanying essay, his interest in art is not merely casual. Born in London in 1874, he was educated

at St. Paul's School, which he left in 1891 with the purpose of studying art. But his natural literary bent would not be denied. He drifted into book reviewing, and soon established himself as a writer with a distinct personality. He was—and not infrequently still is—combative to a degree, unconventional (one sometimes suspects) to the point of perversity, often dogmatic, but nevertheless an acute critic with an individual style, impetuosity, and humor.

The Character of His Work

Mr. Chesterton's power as a writer and critic is perhaps best shown in his studies of Browning and Dickens. But he is oftenest recalled in connection with his numerous magazine articles (frequently of a controversial nature), his light verse, his stories of Father Brown, the clerical detective, and his charming essays, the character of which may be indicated by the title of one collection, *Tremendous Trifles*.

The Nature of This Essay

The accompanying essay illustrates the manner in which an author may use a title merely as a springboard from which, with many graceful and often humorous turns, he dives into a sea of ideas and retrieves something which has been lying unnoticed on the bottom. Mr. Chesterton's air of surprised discovery is comparable only to that of the magician who pulls a struggling rabbit from a seemingly empty hat. Incidentally, we must watch him closely; the ideas which he displays with such ingenuous artlessness frequently have a kick in them.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

To put yourself in the mental mood for this essay, recall the times when you have lain in bed—perhaps after an illness—and carefully traced the pattern of the wall paper. What ideas, if any, occurred to you then? Note how, in this essay, one idea leads to another. Does the author have any definite plan for this essay, or is it merely a ramble through several fields? Or does it only seem planless? Is its lack of form in any way responsible for its charm? Can you summarize it? Can you recall any other essayist who has discoursed on the attitude generally taken toward lying in bed?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

On Lying on One's Back under a Tree
Meditations on a Wall Paper Pattern
On Being Unconventional
Successful Failures
Vain Repetitions
Fixed and Fickle
The Alarming Growth of Good Habits

POETIC PEOPLE *

MAX EASTMAN

A SIMPLE experiment will distinguish two types of human nature. Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferry-boat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken the trouble to climb upstairs, in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves in apathy[1] or tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic, or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes—those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across.

And we may divide all the people on the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences. The distinction of the two will be more marked when we name the first kind practical, and the second poetic, for common knowledge recognizes that a person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical, and a practical person is intolerant of poetry.

We can see the force of this intolerance too, and how deeply it is justified, if we make clear to our minds just what it means to be practical, and what a great thing it is. It means to be controlled in your doings by the consideration of ends yet unattained. The practical man is never distracted by things, or aspects of things, which have no bearing on his purpose, but, ever

* From *The Enjoyment of Poetry* by Max Eastman, reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

[1] APATHY—Indifference; unconcern.

seizing the significant, he moves with a single mind and a single emotion toward the goal. And even when the goal is achieved you will hardly see him pause to rejoice in it; he is already on his way to another achievement. For that is the irony of his nature. His joy is not in any conquest or destination, but his joy is in going toward it. To which joy he adds the pleasure of being praised as a practical man, and a man who will arrive.

In a more usual sense, perhaps, a practical man is a man occupied with attaining certain ends that people consider important. He must stick pretty close to the business of feeding and preserving life. Nourishment and shelter, money-making, maintaining respectability, and if possible a family—these are the things that give its common meaning to the word "practical." An acute regard for such features of the scenery, and the universe, as contribute or can be made to contribute to these ends, and a systematic neglect of all other features, are the traits of mind which this word popularly suggests. And it is because of the vital importance of these things to almost all people that the word "practical" is a eulogy, and is able to be so scornful of the word "poetic."

"It is an earnest thing to be alive in this world. With competition, with war, with disease and poverty and oppression, misfortune and death on-coming, who but fools will give serious attention to what is not significant to the business?"

"Yes—but what is the *use* of being alive in the world, if life is so oppressive in its moral character that we must always be busy getting somewhere, and never simply realizing where we are? What were the value of your eternal achieving, if we were not here on our holiday to appreciate, among other things, some of the things you have achieved?"

Thus, if we could discover a purely poetic and a purely practical person, might they reason together. But we can discover nothing so satisfactory to our definitions, and therefore let us conclude the discussion of the difference between them. It has led us to our own end—a clearer understanding of the nature of poetic people, and of all people when they are in a

poetic mood. They are lovers of the qualities of things. They are not engaged, as the learned say that all life is, in becoming adjusted to an environment, but they are engaged in becoming acquainted with it. They are possessed by the impulse to realize, an impulse as deep, and arbitrary, and unexplained as that "will to live" which lies at the bottom of all the explanations. It seems but the manifestation, indeed, of that will itself in a concrete and positive form. It is a wish to experience life and the world. That is the essence of the poetic temper.

Children are poetic. They love to feel of things. I suppose it is necessary to their preservation that they should be, for by random exercise of their organs of feeling they develop them and make them fit for their practical function. But that is not the chief reason why they are poetic; the chief reason is that they are not practical. They have not yet felt the necessity, or got addicted to the trick, of formulating a purpose and then achieving it. Therefore this naïve impulse of nature, the impulse toward realization, is free in them. Moreover, it is easy of satisfaction. It is easy for children to taste the qualities of experience, because experience is new, and its qualities are but loosely bound together into what we call "things." Each is concrete, particular, unique, and without an habitual use.

Babies have no thought, we may say, but to feel after and find the world, bringing it so far as possible to their mouths where it becomes poignant.[2] They become absorbed in friendship with the water they bathe in. The crumple noise of paper puts them in ecstasy, and later all smells and sounds, brightness, and color, and form, and motion, delight them. We can see them discover light by putting their hands before their eyes and taking them away quickly, and again, at a later age, discover sound by stopping their ears and opening them again.

Who does not remember in his own childhood testing the flavors of things? Anything which invades the sense like cinnamon, or sorrel, or neat flowers, or birds' eggs, or a nut, or a horn,

[2] Poignant—Charged with feeling or emotion.

is an object of peculiar affection. But the most pronounced characteristic of children is that they are perfectly free to feel the intrinsic [3] qualities of things as they merely are. What we call objects are for the most part practically determined coördinations of qualities. And what we call the *actual* quality of an object, is usually the quality which indicates its vital use. When we say actual, therefore, we really mean practical. But so far as actuality from the standpoint of the things is concerned, the children come nearer to it, and care more about it, than we do. To us a derby hat is for covering the head, and that is about all it is; but to them it is hard, smooth, hollow, deep, funny, and may be named after the mixing bowl and employed accordingly. And so it is with all things. The child loves a gem with its pure and serene ray, as the poet loves it, for its own sake.

It is not only things of the sense and body that a child loves for their own sake, but at a certain age he learns to watch with wonder the paintings of his mind. When he is condemned into his crib, and has to face the loss of the whole lovely world in sleep, then this is the last resource. As long as God lets him he will devote his somnolescent [4] power to sensuous memory or anticipation, or just the circus antics of grotesque and vivid-colored creatures that dance in before him unbidden, uncreated, unexplained. Even if sometimes he does honestly try to think, he finds that he cannot very long cling to the meaning of his thought, because he is all curious to examine those garments of imagery that it wears.

The final appearance of the poetic impulse, its intellectual appearance, is also at its height in youth. It is well known that at a certain period, if they are healthy and have a little self-dependence, young persons fall in love with all kinds of unusual ideas. They come forward with an amazing belief, a wise or foolish theory, which they attach to for its own sake, and not out of regard for its practical or real consequence. They take a

[3] Intrinsic—Belonging to by nature.
[4] Somnolescent—On the verge of sleep.

taste of Atheism,[5] Anarchism,[6] Asceticism,[7] Hindoo Philosophy, Pessimism, Christianity, or anything that offers a good flavor of radical faith. This is only the same zest for experience. And it will need but a glance at life and literature to prove that such attachment to ideas, with small regard for their meaning in conduct, is not confined to the young. It is a poetic pleasure that people bring with them perhaps farther than any of the others. For most of these pleasures, and especially the more simple and innocent, they soon leave behind, as though it were somehow unworthy to be childlike and love things for their own sake.

It would be foolish indeed to question whether or not the poetic are capable of purposeful achievement, and the practical capable of intense experience, for we are all, except those lost in apathy, in some degree both poetic and practical. But the example of the hero proves that it is possible for a man, who can think clearly and command the differences that lie within him, to be both poetic and practical in a high degree.

If we could but free our minds from a contamination with certain modern people who teach themselves that they are presided over by a pretty demon called an Artistic Temperament, we should not only cease cherishing by suggestion the tickle-brain condition into which they decay, but we should have for ourselves a sounder estimate of the place and dignity of the poetic. It is not an attribute of special, exotic,[8] or disordered types, but a universal quality of our nature. No live man is without an arbitrary passion for some experience. Indeed, the defect of many of those most scornful of poetry is not that they are strong in the practical life, but that the attachment to some single state of being has got the better of them.

[5] Atheism—A belief which disowns God.

[6] Anarchism—The theory that man, in a perfect state, would need little or no restraint by government.

[7] Asceticism—The doctrine that the material world is to be despised, and that salvation is to be attained through self-denial.

[8] Exotic—Strange; foreign.

MAX EASTMAN

(1883—)

His Life Story in Brief

Max Eastman, editor, poet and essayist, was born in Canandaigua, New York, of parents who were both Congregational ministers. After taking his A. B. degree at Williams College in 1905, he became associate professor in philosophy at Columbia University.

In 1911, however, he began to give his entire time to studying and writing about the problems of economic inequality. Two years later he became editor of *The Masses,* a periodical which was entirely in sympathy with the laboring classes. At the outbreak of the war this publication became *The Liberator.*

The Character of His Work

Mr. Eastman's most outstanding work is *The Enjoyment of Poetry,* of which the accompanying essay is a chapter. On its appearance in 1913 was greeted with acclaim, and in its field it is still unsurpassed.

The Nature of This Essay

The subject of poetry and its appreciation is too frequently clouded with mysticism and vague generalities. Mr. Eastman does not burn incense at its shrine and convince many of us that we are unable to understand and appreciate art on its higher levels, but in simple, direct fashion shows us that poetry, far from being removed from life, is of and in it, and that the poetic impulse is really a universal quality. The illustrations and comparisons with which the essay abounds are peculiarly apt, and do much to clarify and reënforce the author's thought.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you think that the author scorns "practical" people, or that he is merely attempting to define by contrast? Are all people divisible into two classes—practical and poetic? What is the chief characteristic of a practical man? Can most of us indulge ourselves to the extent of being purely poetic? In what ways is a child kin to the poet? Have you seen proof of this? If you are acquainted with any small children, perhaps you can note what children do and say, and thus furnish additional examples of the principles set forth in this essay.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Two Races of Men
Poetry and Children
Children's Unconscious Poetry
How I Feel about Poetry

TRAVELING AFOOT

JOHN FINLEY

"TRAVELING afoot"—the very words start the imagination out upon the road! One's nomad [1] ancestors cry within one across centuries and invite to the open spaces. Many to whom this cry comes are impelled to seek the mountain paths, the forest trails, the solitudes or wildernesses coursed only by the feet of wild animals. But to me the black or dun roads, the people's highways, are the more appealing—those strips or ribbons of land which is still held in common, the paths wide enough for the carriages of the rich and the carts of the poor to pass each other, the roads over which they all bear their creaking burdens or run on errands of mercy or need, but preferably roads that do not also invite the flying automobiles, whose occupants so often make the pedestrian feel that even these strips have ceased to be democratic.

My traveling afoot, for many years, has been chiefly in busy city streets or in the country roads into which they run—not far from the day's work or from the thoroughfares of the world's concerns.

Of such journeys on foot which I recall with greatest pleasure are some that I have made in the encircling of cities. More than once I have walked around Manhattan Island (an afternoon's or a day's adventure within the reach of thousands), keeping as close as possible to the water's edge all the way round. One not only passes through physical conditions illustrating the various stages of municipal development from the wild forest at one end of the island to the most thickly populated spots of the earth at the other, but one also passes through diverse cities and civilizations. Another journey of this sort was

[1] NOMAD—Roving.

one that I made around Paris, taking the line of the old fortifications, which are still maintained, with a zone following the fortifications most of the way just outside, inhabited only by squatters, some of whose houses were on wheels ready for "mobilization" at an hour's notice. (It was near the end of that circumvallating [2] journey, about sunset, on the last day of an old year, that I saw my first airplane rising like a great golden bird in the aviation field, and a few minutes later my first elongated dirigible—precursors [3] of the air armies).

I have read that the Scotch once had a custom of making a yearly pilgrimage or excursion around their boroughs or cities—"beating the bounds," they called it, following the boundaries that they might know what they had to defend. It is a custom that might profitably be revived. We should then know better the cities in which we live. We should be stronger, healthier, for such expeditions, and the better able and the more willing to defend our boundaries.

But these are the exceptional foot expeditions. For most urbanites there is the opportunity for the daily walk to and from work, if only they were not tempted by the wheel of the street car or motor. During the subway strike in New York not long ago I saw able-bodied men riding in improvised barges or busses going at a slower-than-walking pace, because, I suppose, though still possessed of legs, these cliff dwellers had become enslaved by wheels, just like the old mythical Ixion [4] who was tied to one.

I once walked late one afternoon with a man who did not know that he could walk, from the Customhouse, down near the Battery, to the City College gymnasium, 138th Street, and what we did (at the rate of a mile in about twelve minutes) thousands are as able to do, though not perhaps at this pace when the streets are full.

And what a "preparedness" measure it would be if thousands

[2] Circumvallating—Making the circumference of the walls.
[3] Precursors—Forerunners.
[4] Ixion—Mythological character whose punishment was to be bound to a revolving wheel.

of the young city men would march uptown every day after hours, in companies! The swinging stride of a companionless avenue walk, on the other hand, gives often much of the adventure that one has in carrying the ball in a football game.

Many times when I could not get out of the city for a vacation I have walked up Fifth Avenue at the end of the day and have half closed my eyes in order to see men and women as the blind man saw them when his eyes were first touched by the Master—see them as "trees walking."

But the longing of all at times, whether it be an atavistic [5] or a cultivated longing, is for the real trees and all that goes with them. Immediately there open valleys with "pitcher" elms, so graceful that one thinks of the famous lines from the Odyssey in which Ulysses says that once he saw a tree as beautiful as the most beautiful woman—valleys with elms, hilltops with far-signaling poplars, mountains with pines, or prairies with their groves and orchards. About every city lies an environing charm, even if it have no trees, as, for example, Cheyenne, Wyoming, where, stopping for a few hours not long ago, I spent most of the time walking out to the encircling mesas [6] that give view of both mountains and city. I have never found a city without its walkers' rewards. New York has its Palisade paths, its Westchester hills and hollows, its "south shore" and "north shore," and its Staten Island (which I have often thought of as Atlantis,[7] for once on a holiday I took Plato [8] with me to spend an afternoon on its littoral,[9] away from the noise of the city, and on my way home found that my Plato had stayed behind, and he never reappeared, though I searched car and boat). Chicago has its miles of lake shore walks; Albany, its Helderbergs; and San Francisco, its Golden Gate Road. And I

[5] Atavistic—Recurrence in a descendant of characteristics of remote ancestors.

[6] Mesas—Table-lands or plateaus with abruptly sloping sides.

[7] Atlantis—A mythical island said by ancient writers to have been sunk beneath the sea.

[8] Plato—A Greek philosopher.

[9] Littoral—Shore.

recall with a pleasure which the war cannot take away a number of suburban European walks. One was across the Campagna from Frascati to Rome, when I saw an Easter week sun go down behind the Eternal City. Another was out to Fiesole from Florence and back again; another, out and up from where the Saône joins the Rhone at Lyons; another, from Montesquieu's [10] château to Bordeaux; another, from Edinburgh out to Arthur's Seat and beyond; another, from Lausanne to Geneva, past Paderewski's [11] villa, along the glistening lake with its background of Alps; and still another, from Eton (where I spent the night in a cubicle [12] looking out on Windsor Castle) to London, starting at dawn. One cannot know the intimate charm of the urban penumbra [13] who makes only shuttle journeys by motor or street cars.

These are near journeys, but there are times when they do not satisfy, when one must set out on a far journey, test one's will and endurance of body, or get away from the usual. Sometimes the long walk is the only medicine. Once when suffering from one of the few colds of my life (incurred in California) I walked from the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado down to the river and back (a distance of fourteen miles, with a descent of five thousand feet and a like ascent), and found myself entirely cured of the malady which had clung to me for days. My first fifty-mile walk years ago was begun in despair over a slow recovery from the sequelæ [14] of diphtheria.

But most of these far walks have been taken just for the joy of walking in the free air. Among these have been journeys over Porto Rico (of two hundred miles), around Yellowstone Park (of about one hundred and fifty miles, making the same stations as the coaches), over portages along the waterways following the French explorers from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the

[10] MONTESQUIEU—French philosopher (1689–1755).
[11] PADEREWSKI—Famous Polish master of the piano.
[12] CUBICLE—Sleeping place partitioned off from a larger dormitory.
[13] PENUMBRA—Shaded region about the central portion, usually used in connection with a sun spot.
[14] SEQUELÆ—Consequences.

Gulf of Mexico, and in country roads visiting one-room schools in the State of New York and over the boundless prairie fields long ago.

But the walks which I most enjoy, in retrospect at any rate, are those taken at night. Then one makes one's own landscape with only the help of the moon or stars or the distant lights of a city, or with one's unaided imagination if the sky is filled with cloud.

The next better thing to the democracy of a road by day is the monarchy of a road by night, when one has one's own terrestrial way under guidance of a Providence that is nearer. It was in the "cool of the day" that the Almighty is pictured as walking in the garden, but I have most often met him on the road by night.

Several times I have walked down Staten Island and across New Jersey to Princeton "after dark," the destination being a particularly attractive feature of this walk. But I enjoy also the journeys that are made in strange places where one knows neither the way nor the destination, except from a map or the advice of signboard or kilometer[15] posts (which one reads by the flame of a match, or, where that is wanting, sometimes by following the letters and figures on a post with one's fingers), or the information, usually inaccurate, of some other wayfarer. Most of these journeys have been made of a necessity that has prevented my making them by day, but I have in every case been grateful afterwards for the necessity. In this country they have been usually among the mountains—the Green Mountains or the White Mountains or the Catskills. But of all my night faring, a night on the moors of Scotland is the most impressive and memorable, though without incident. No mountain landscape is to me more awesome than the moorlands by night, or more alluring than the moorlands by day when the heather is in bloom. Perhaps this is only the ancestors speaking again.

But something besides ancestry must account for the others. Indeed, in spite of it, I was drawn one night to Assisi, where St.

[15] KILOMETER—About five-eights of a mile.

Francis had lived. Late in the evening I started on to Foligno in order to take a train in to Rome for Easter morning. I followed a white road that wound around the hills, through silent clusters of cottages tightly shut up with only a slit of light visible now and then, meeting not a human being along the way save three somber figures accompanying an oxcart, a man at the head of the oxen and a man and a woman at the tail of the cart—a theme for Millet.[16] (I asked in broken Italian how far it was to Foligno, and the answer was, "Una hora"—distance in time and not in miles.) Off in the night I could see the lights of Perugia, and some time after midnight I began to see the lights of Foligno—of Perugia and Foligno, where Raphael had wandered and painted. The adventure of it all was that when I reached Foligno I found it was a walled town, that the gate was shut, and that I had neither passport nor intelligible speech. There is an interesting walking sequel to this journey. I carried that night a wooden water bottle, such as the Italian soldiers used to carry, filling it from the fountain at the gate of Assisi before starting. Just a month later, under the same full moon, I was walking between midnight and morning in New Hampshire. I had the same water bottle and stopped at a spring to fill it. When I turned the bottle upside down, a few drops of water from the fountain of Assisi fell into the New England spring, which for me, at any rate, has been forever sweetened by this association.

All my long night walks seem to me now as but preparation for one which I was obliged to make at the outbreak of the war in Europe. I had crossed the Channel from England to France, on the day that war was declared by England, to get a boy of ten years out of the war zone. I got as far by rail as a town between Arras and Amiens, where I expected to take a train on a branch road toward Dieppe; but late in the afternoon I was informed that the scheduled train had been canceled and that there might not be another for twenty-four hours, if then. Automobiles were not to be had even if I had been able to pay

[16] MILLET—A French painter who chose his subjects from rural life.

for one. So I set out at dusk on foot toward Dieppe, which was forty miles or more distant. The experiences of that night would in themselves make one willing to practice walking for years in order to be able to walk through such a night in whose dawn all Europe walked to war. There was the quiet, serious gathering of the soldiers at the place of rendezvous; there were the all-night preparations of the peasants along the way to meet the new conditions; there was the pelting storm from which I sought shelter in the niches for statues in the walls of an abandoned château; there was the clatter of the hurrying feet of soldiers or gendarmes[17] who properly arrested the wanderer, searched him, took him to a guardhouse, and detained him until certain that he was an American citizen and a friend of France, when he was let go on his way with a *bon voyage;* there was the never-to-be forgotten dawn upon the harvest fields in which only old men, women, and children were at work; there was the gathering of the peasants with commandeered horses and carts in the beautiful park on the water front at Dieppe; and there was much besides; but they were experiences for the most part which only one on foot could have had.

And the moral of my whole story is that walking is not only a joy in itself, but that it gives an intimacy with the sacred things and the primal things of earth that are not revealed to those who rush by on wheels.

I have wished to organize just one more club—the "Holy Earth" club, with the purposes that Liberty Bailey[18] has set forth in his book of the same title (*The Holy Earth*), but I should admit to membership in it (except for special reasons) only those who love to walk upon the earth.

Traveling afoot! This is the best posture in which to worship the God of the Out-of-Doors!

[17] GENDARMES—French police.
[18] BAILEY—Liberty Hyde Bailey, botanist and authority on rural life.

JOHN H. FINLEY

(1863—)

His Life Story in Brief

Editor and educator, poet and pedestrian, Dr. Finley fills all offices with grace and distinction. His has been a remarkably rich and varied career.

Born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, October 19, 1863, he attended Knox College—of which he was later to be president—where he received his bachelor's degree in 1887 and his master's degree in 1890. The two years from 1887 to 1889 he spent as a graduate student at Johns Hopkins University. He has been the recipient of honorary higher degrees from an impressive list of colleges and universities.

After three years as secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York and editor of its publication, *Charities Review,* he became president of Knox College. After a year as editor of *Harper's Weekly,* he was called to the chair of politics in Princeton University. In 1903, he became president of the College of the City of New York, and after ten years in this position was named Commissioner of Education of the State of New York. In 1921, he resigned this position to become one of the editors of the New York *Times.*

In 1917, Dr. Finley was sent to France on an educational mission by the Regents of the State of New York. The following year he was a member of the American Army Educational Commission in France, and during 1918–19 was head of the American Red Cross in Palestine and the Near East. He has received decorations from a number of foreign governments.

The Character of His Work

In addition to his essays and poems, Dr. Finley is the author of *The French in the Heart of America,* a book which enjoys the distinction of having been crowned by the French Academy. His war work is reflected in two books, *French Schools in War Time* and *A Pilgrim in Palestine.* He has frequently contributed essays to the magazines.

The Nature of This Essay

This essay is an excellent example of generalized experience. That is, the author takes a personal experience, a personal liking or aversion, but instead of reciting it merely as a narrative of events in which he has largely figured, he surveys his experience until he is able to see

something in it of general interest and importance. Thus Dr. Finley's walking tours, undertaken for various purposes and under differing conditions of time and locality, equip him to discuss with persuasive authority the uses of pedestrianism.

Incidentally, he has himself used the material of one of these experiences as the subject of a poem, *The Road To Dieppe,* published originally in *The Atlantic Monthly,* and since frequently reprinted in numberless anthologies. In it he has shared with us the emotions of that memorable night when all Europe walked to war, and when he walked with the Dawn through that sleeping countryside which was so soon to wake.

> . . . "to this day of hideous hate,
> Of man's red murder and of woman's woe!"

All who read the essay will wish also to enjoy the poem.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

How has the author made his own experiences of interest to others than himself? Could any of us, even without the author's rich background of travel here and abroad, make such a subject interesting? What are the objects in the landscape which attract his attention? What sort of person do you think he is? Would you be likely to recognize him if you should chance to meet him on one of his walking expeditions? Which does he seem to enjoy more—walks in the city or the country? Which does he say he enjoys more? Can you recognize the sources of some of his allusive phrases?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Lost Art of Walking
On Going on a Journey
Hiking vs. Walking
Pedestrian Adventures
Odds and Ends Learned on the Street
The Shoe-Leather Express
My Favorite Exercise
The Lure of the Róad
The Balloon Tire—Symbol of the Twentieth Century

QUALITY *

John Galsworthy

I

I KNEW him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.[1]

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down,[2] and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in the house, leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvelous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes[3] incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course,

* From *The Inn of Tranquility* by John Galsworthy, reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

[1] WEST END—The fashionable quarter of London.

[2] REACHING NOTHING DOWN—Having nothing in stock on shelves.

[3] PROTOTYPES—Originals; patterns.

came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic[4] redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was

[4] SARDONIC—Derisive; bitter.

never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers [5] beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnighd?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of footgear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

[5] BAST SLIPPERS—Slippers made from wood fiber.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so."

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument[6] of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavoring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey ged id all," he said, "dey ged id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake id away from us, who lofe our boods. Id

[6] INTEGUMENT—Covering.

gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less —you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of gray hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep an impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis[7] fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

II

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr. ——, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being

[7] Nemesis—Retribution.

part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly: "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "Id's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came —but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

III

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn out, are they?'

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day.[8] I flew downstairs, and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once with my own hand.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—

[8] QUARTER DAY—The day when quarterly payments fall due.

again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating[9] look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation——"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

[9] INGRATIATING—Desirous of winning favor.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

(1867—)

His Life Story in Brief

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire, England, "since the flood—of Saxons, at all events," as the novelist, essayist, and playwright once put it. John Galsworthy was accordingly born at Coombe, in Surrey, in 1867. It is therefore natural that both he and his work should be typical products of English birth and breeding.

He attended Harrow, one of the great English "public" schools, from 1881–1886, and New College, Oxford, from 1886–1889. After some further preparation he was called to the bar (Lincoln's Inn) in 1890, thus following the profession adopted by his father. But it proved uncongenial. "I read," he says, "in various chambers, practiced almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroughly."

Owing to the family's means and his father's generosity, he was enabled to give up the active practice of law, and for two years he traveled, visiting, among other places, Russia, Canada, British Columbia, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and South Africa. On one of his voyages he formed a lasting friendship with Joseph Conrad, then still a sailor. Apparently this had nothing to do with his becoming a writer, but his first novel, *Jocelyn,* appeared in 1899.

From that time there has been a steady succession of novels, essays, and plays. His most notable work, perhaps, is the history of three generations of the Forsyte family, now gathered into one thick volume, *The Forsyte Saga.* The novels and plays form about two-thirds of his work, the rest including short stories, sketches, essays, and a few poems.

Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy live quietly in a low, rambling, white house at Hampstead, London. "I gave up shooting," says the novelist, "because it got on my nerves. I still ride. . . . I am still under the impression that there is nothing quite so beautiful as a thoroughbred horse." And in all his books there crops out his devotion to dogs; in fact, to all dumb animals; to all the "under dogs" everywhere.

The Character of His Work

The problems of inequality in society, the bitter and frustrated lives of many of the less fortunate—these have always enlisted Galsworthy's attention and sympathy. Yet he never sentimentalizes, never

exaggerates; with admirable fairness and restraint he places them before us as he sees them with clear and level gaze. His plays, notably *Strife* and *Justice,* have been powerful expositions of social struggle and judicial persecution. But they never take sides, never preach, and have no ready-made solution for age-old wrongs and human weaknesses.

The Nature of This Essay

This same quality of restrained sympathy is admirably illustrated in the accompanying essay which will bear study on that account alone. In a series of sharply etched interviews he has given us a picture of the rise of the machine age, the decay of craftsmanship, and the onward march of progress. Or *is* it progress? Galsworthy does not say; perhaps does not know. That is for us to decide.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Does Galsworthy's portrait of the shoemaker remind you of a similar figure, either in your own experience, or in fiction? Perhaps you know someone who embodies for you the virtue of Patience, Industry, Craftsmanship, etc. Could you make such an abstraction real as has the author of *Quality?* Could the essay have any other title? Would the man who made the shoes you wear recognize them as his own work? Why? Would he consider his work an art? Was it to the maker's advantage to have his shoes last so long? Why did he put his best effort into them? Does the maker of present-day products endeavor to make them last as long as possible? Does the user? What is the effect of advertising on modern manufacturing methods? Was his successor in sympathy with Mr. Gessler's ideas of workmanship?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Portrait of a Modern Artisan
The Decay of Craftsmanship
Guild vs. Trade Union
The Ethics of Advertising
Happiness in Industry
Making 'Em Too Good
Department-Store Civilization

ETHICS FOR REAL PERSONS

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

THERE are certain duties that seem to me to have preëminent importance in the world of to-day. By way of discrimination I call them "real" duties. They are substantial, not merely conventional or traditional. And what I have to say about them I address to "real" persons, hoping that such may approve my simple code, and teach its obligations, or have them taught, to their children. By "real persons" I mean men and women who have outgrown monkey-mindedness and savagery, who are not dead beats from choice nor professional dealers in "bunk," and who cultivate intelligence instead of bigotry.[1] I am optimistic enough to believe that the number of real persons in the world is multiplying.

Morals are as old as man and ethical philosophy is almost as old. In these paragraphs I do not undertake to contribute to it any new idea. I attempt nothing but selection and emphasis.

First among the real duties of real persons I place intellectual honesty. It is one of the corner stones of character. Don't try to fool yourself. Face facts fearlessly. Try to get at the truth. Demand the evidence. Don't pretend to believe things that you don't believe. You are under no obligation to believe anything until you really do believe it; then believe it with all your mind and all your heart. The product of your thinking should be positive, effective ideas, not chronic skepticism,[2] nor cynicism.[3] And tell the truth. When you get into a scrape don't sneak and crawl. Face the music.

[1] BIGOTRY—Obstinate and blind devotion to one's own church, party, belief, etc.

[2] SKEPTICISM—Doubt.

[3] CYNICISM—Disbelief in human nature.

A second corner stone of character is honest living. It is a good deal more than paying your debts and keeping "within the law." Honest living means putting back into the world as much as you take out of it. You don't live honestly if, being able-bodied, in good health, and of sound mind, you let somebody else pay your way. You don't live honestly if, when you become a business man, you get something for nothing: from the legislature of the city, or from your customers, or from your wage earners. Put back in some way, in some service, or improvement, or benefaction, above all in a fair price and a just wage, as much as you take out of the resources of the earth, out of the revenues and common possessions of the community, and out of the toil of men. If you don't you are a thief, even if you seem to be respectable, and people are fooled into believing that you are.

As the third corner stone of character I place right feeling. Be gentle, be just, be kind. But don't imagine that you ought to crush all anger and hatred out of your heart. Anger and hatred must be controlled, not destroyed. They are indispensable energies, motive powers, like steam or gasoline in an engine. Keep them in hand, as an engineer keeps under control the terrific energies that he directs, and make them work for good ends. Be angry at injustice. Hate cruelty, and humbug, and muddle, uncleanness and unsanitariness, indecency and ugliness.

Sound personal habits are the fourth corner stone of character. Be careful to perform the little duties of life. Don't make others pick up or clean up after you. Clear away your own litter. If you wash in a public wash room don't leave the dirty water for the next fellow to be annoyed by and get rid of. Don't grouch, don't crowd, take your turn. Be industrious. Be efficient. Whether you work or play make every stroke count. Make every word count. If you want to be taken seriously don't get into the habit of repeating, emphasizing, exaggerating, "rubbing it in." Remember that it is not only foolish to be silly, or ridiculous, or loose-minded, or a "freak"; it is wrong.

It wears away your self-respect, and the respect of others for you. Be fair. Above all, if you are boy or man don't take unfair advantage of girl or woman; if you are girl or woman don't take unfair advantage of boy or man. Girls and women who, from motives of vanity, encourage attentions that they do not expect to reward with affection, are fully as wicked as boys and men who give way to fierce impulses. There is a silly notion abroad that men and boys are alone to blame for all the bad behavior between the sexes. If this kind of bad behavior is to be diminished, girls and women must do their part as much by "playing fair" themselves as by demanding that men and boys shall play fair and be self-controlled.

On these foundations of character rear the pillars of your citizenship.

Coöperation is one of them. Learn to work with your fellows. It is not enough that you should tolerate them and avoid wronging them. It is not enough that you should mind your own business and be self-supporting. Civilization has been created and is carried on by teamwork. Get into the game. Take your part in the great collective struggle to make life more worth while for everybody. Study to combine your efforts with the efforts of others in this great enterprise, tactfully, intelligently and effectively.

Legality is another pillar of citizenship. Live lawfully and respect the law, even to the point of straining your conscience and wounding your self-respect; because there is always a presumption that law is an expression of human experience wider than your own personal experience, of collective judgments less biased than your personal judgments, and of sentiments of justice better averaged and mellowed than your personal sentiments. Detest violence and help to suppress it. Violence is the culmination [4] of planlessness, muddle, and beating the air. Legality is order, economy of effort, smooth running on ball bear-

[4] Culmination—Climax.

ings. Given over to violence, society is an engine running "wild"; law-abiding, it is an engine working under control.

Respect for intellect is a third pillar of citizenship. Universal admiration of intellect and respect for it are the secret of the supreme civilization of France. It is intellect that masters the secrets of nature. It is intellect that substitutes the tireless work of physical energies for the wearying toil of human muscles. It is intellect that adds the touch of interest, originality, distinction, or beauty, to the common products of man's labor; his habitations, his furniture, his glass and porcelain, his fabrics and fashions, his personal belongings. It is intellect that adjusts human relations, as they become more complicated in growing and "speeding up" populations, fashioning our friction-saving social conventions, formulating the principles and rules of law, perfecting social organization, whether industrial or political, and, in a degree, bringing even international relations under the rule of reason. Only the nation that immensely admires and profoundly respects intellect will be able to hold its own in the coming years. Therefore, respect and admire it, not only for other good reasons, but also as a duty of citizenship. Get knowledge. Industriously become acquainted with the latest results of the research of the big men in all the fields of science and scholarship. If you let yourself be led astray by quacks or charlatans,[5] on the one hand, or by reactionaries, on the other hand, you are stupid and without excuse, because, by consulting any standard, non-sectarian encyclopedia, not more than ten years old, you can learn in an hour who the great and trustworthy men of science and scholarship are. Read them, then read them some more. Reverence them and commend them to your fellow men.

A fourth pillar of citizenship is the conservation of beauty. War has devastated the earth, and modern industry has ravaged it. The destruction of man's heritage of beauty from a primitive world has been reckless, often wanton,[6] and of enormous extent. Forests that never can be restored have been wasted.

[5] CHARLATANS—Impostors.
[6] WANTON—Unrestrained.

Whole species of great trees are disappearing. Whole species of birds and of harmless animals have been exterminated. Majestic cliffs and beautiful hills have been shattered by unnecessary blasting. Now, there could be no more pernicious[7] error than the notion, which stupid bigots have inculcated,[8] that beauty has no other function than to afford sensuous[9] gratification to "pleasure-loving" sinners. Sensuous gratification is the least of the reactions of beauty. The human nervous system does not behave properly and do its work easily unless it is generously fed on beauty. Why? Because beauty is order, proportion, grace, harmony, color, adaptation, adjustment, correlation, coördination; and the opposite things, namely, disorder, confusion, misfitting, awkwardness, jarring, and irrelevance,[10] are to nerves what bad construction, loose adjustments and friction are to mechanism. Beauty in abundance is necessary to health, sanity, accuracy of discrimination, good judgment, serenity of spirit and self-control. One of the great social tasks, from now on, is to conserve the remaining beauty of the natural world, and to put beauty, in place of confusion and ugliness, into the artificial world. Therefore, do more than enjoy beauty. Recognize the obligation to appreciate it intelligently and to increase it.

[7] Pernicious—Hurtful; deadly.
[8] Inculcated—Instilled into; taught.
[9] Sensuous—Appealing to the senses.
[10] Irrelevance—That which is not applicable or to the point.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

(1855—)

His Life Story in Brief

When Franklin H. Giddings gives advice regarding the building of character and citizenship, he does so out of the fullness of a lifetime of sociological training and research.

Born in Sherman, Connecticut, March 23, 1855, he received his collegiate training at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he took

his bachelor's degree in 1877 and his master's degree in 1899. He has honorary degrees from Union and Oberlin.

After engaging in journalism from 1877 to 1883, he became professor of sociology at Bryn Mawr. Since 1906 he has been professor of sociology and the history of civilization at Columbia University. He is a member of many learned societies.

The Character of His Work

Professor Giddings is the author of many books on sociology, of which the best known are perhaps *The Principles of Sociology* and *The Elements of Sociology*, both of which have been widely used as textbooks both here and abroad.

The Nature of This Essay

At a time when the processes of character building are being studied and taught as never before, this forthright and authoritative essay stands out as an example of sound analysis and seasoned advice. Its style is vigorous and direct, but never unctuous or "preachy." It will bear reading and remembering.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

List the qualities which the author thinks essential to the finest personal character; to citizenship in the world of to-day. Parallel it with a list of your own making, drawn up either before or after reading the essay. Are there any disagreements on vital points? Make a list of the qualities which a boy should have to succeed in high school. Make a similar one for a girl. The reading of this essay may well result in drawing up a code of ethics for oneself or for one's school.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Quality I Most Admire — My Personal Ideals
Being "Different" — Advice to a Freshman
The Standards of This School

GULF WINDS

Lafcadio Hearn

Golden oranges piled up in bins, apples of the Southern Hesperides;[1] a melody of meridional[2] tongues, silky Latin tongues and their silkier patois;[3] Chinese buyers yellow as bananas, quadroons[4] with skin like dead gold; swarthy sailors from the Antilles;[5] sharp odors of fruit freshly disembarked—all the semitropical sights and sounds of the French market. I stood beside an orange bin; and priced the fruit. Fifty cents a hundred! While wondering how much the fruit vender's profit could possibly be, I was insensibly attracted by something unusual in his face—a shadow of the beauty of the antique world seemed to rest upon it. "Are you not a Greek?" I asked, for there was no mistaking the metoposcopy[6] of that head. Yes; he was from Zante[7]—first a sailor, now a fruit vender; some day, perhaps, he would be a merchant.

It is among those who sell, not among those who buy, that the most curious studies of human nature and of the human face are to be made in the French market. These dealers are by no means usually French, but they are mostly from the Mediterranean coasts and the Levant[8]—from Sicily and Cyprus, Corsica and Malta, the Ionian Archipelago,[9] and a hundred cities fringing the coasts of Southern Europe. They are wanderers, who have wandered all over the face of the earth to find rest at last in this city of the South; they are sailors who have

[1] Hesperides—The garden of the golden apples.
[2] Meridional—Southern.
[3] Patois—Dialect.
[4] Quadroons—Persons having one-fourth negro blood.
[5] Antilles—Islands of the West Indies.
[6] Metoposcopy—The art of reading character from the features.
[7] Zante—One of the Ionian islands.
[8] Levant—Countries washed by the eastern Mediterranean.
[9] Ionian Archipelago—A group of small islands in the Ægean Sea.

sailed all seas, and sunned themselves at a hundred tropical ports, and finally anchored their lives by the levee [10] of New Orleans. The Neapolitan Italian, the Spaniard, the Corsican, the Levantine Greek, seek rest from storm here, in a clime akin to their own and under a sky as divinely blue, and at port not far distant from their beloved sea. For these Levantine sailors hate dusty inland cities and the dry air of the Great West.

If you, O reader, chance to be a child of the sea; if, in early childhood, you listened each morning and evening to that most ancient and mystic hymn chant of the waves, which none can hear without awe, and which no musician can learn; if you have ever watched wonderingly the far sails of the fishing vessels turn rosy in the blush of sunset, or silver under the moon, or golden in the glow of sunrise; if you once breathed as your native air the divine breath of the ocean, and learned the swimmer's art from the hoary breakers, and received the Ocean god's [11] christening, the glorious baptism of salt—then, perhaps, you know only too well why these sailors of the Levant cannot seek homes within the heart of the land. Twenty years may have passed since your ears last caught the thunder of that mighty ode of hexameters [12] which the sea has always sung and will sing forever, since your eyes sought the far line where the vaulted blue of heaven touches the level immensity of rolling water—since you breathed the breath of the ocean, and felt its clear ozone [13] living in your veins like an elixir.[14] Have you forgotten the divine saltiness of that unfettered wind? Is not the spell of the sea strong upon you still?

So that when the long, burning summer comes, and the city roars dustily around you, and your ears are filled with the droning hum of machinery, and your heart full of the bitterness of the struggle for life, there comes to you at long intervals in

[10] Levee—An embankment to prevent the river from overflowing.
[11] Ocean-god—The ancients personified as Oceanus the great outer sea which was believed to encircle the earth.
[12] Hexameters—The verse of six measures used by Homer and Virgil.
[13] Ozone—A form of oxygen found in the air.
[14] Elixir—A compound supposed to prolong life indefinitely.

the dingy office or the crowded street some memory of white breakers and vast stretches of wrinkled sand and farfluttering breezes that seem to whisper, "Come!"

So that when the silent night comes, you find yourself revisiting in dreams those ocean shores thousands of miles away. The wrinkled sand, ever shifting yet ever the same, has the same old familiar patches of varicolored weeds and shining rocks along its level expanse; and the thunder chant of the sea which echoes round the world, eternal yet ever new, is rolling up to heaven. The glad waves leap up to embrace you; the free winds shout welcome in your ears; white sails are shining in the west; white sea birds are flying over the gleaming swells. And from the infinite expanse of eternal sky and everlasting sea, there comes to you, with the heavenly ocean breeze, a thrilling sense of unbounded freedom, a delicious feeling as of life renewed, an ecstasy as of life restored. And so you start into wakefulness with the thunder of that sea dream in your ears and tears of regret in your eyes to find about you only heat and dust and toil; the awakening rumble of traffic, and "the city sickening on its own thick breath."

And I think that the Levantine sailors dare not dwell in the midst of the land, for fear lest dreams of a shadowy sea might come upon them in the night, and phantom winds call wildly to them in their sleep, and they might awake to find themselves a thousand miles beyond the voice of the breakers.

Sometimes, I doubt not, these swarthy sellers of fruit, whose black eyes sparkle with the sparkle of the sea, and whose voices own the tones of ocean winds, sicken when a glorious breeze from the Gulf enters the city, shaking the blossoms from the magnolia trees and the orange groves. Sometimes, I doubt not, they forsake their Southern home when the dream comes upon them, and take ship for the Spanish Main.[15] Yet I think most men may wake here from the dreams of the sea, and rest again.

[15] Spanish Main—The name formerly given to a portion of the Caribbean Sea. It was traversed by Spanish merchant ships and in consequence attracted many pirate vessels.

It is true that you cannot hear the voice of the hoary breakers in the moonlight—only the long panting of the cotton presses, the shouting of the boats calling upon each other through the tropical night, and the ceaseless song of night birds and crickets. But the sea ships, with their white wings folded, are slumbering at the wharves; and the sea winds are blowing through the moonlit streets, and from the South arises a wondrous pale glow, like the far reflection of the emerald green of the ocean. So that the Greek sailor, awakening from the vision of winds and waves, may join three fingers of his right hand, after the manner of the Eastern Church,[16] and cross himself, and sleep again in peace.

[16] Eastern Church—The Christian church prevailing in Russia, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, etc.

LAFCADIO HEARN

(1850–1904)

His Life Story in Brief

Born of Irish and Greek parents under the blue sky of an island in the Ægean Sea, educated in France and England, living for brief periods in Cincinnati and New Orleans where he poured into the local newspapers his astonishingly vivid sketches, finally becoming a citizen of Japan, even to adopting its dress, manners and religion—these are the high points in the life of Lafcadio Hearn. No more romantic or mysterious figure can be found in American literature—or, for that matter, in the literature of any country.

His father, member of an ancient Irish family, had accompanied his regiment as surgeon-major to Corfu. Becoming infatuated with a beautiful Grecian girl, Rosa Cerigote, he married her. They named their first son for the island where he was born, his mother's home, Leucadia, in modern Greek Lefcadia.

The facts of Hearn's life are very imperfectly known. His mother spent some time in Ireland, another son was born, and then, when Lafcadio was only seven, she went away to Smyrna, never to return.

Now the boy stayed for a time with an aunt in Ireland, spent two years in school in France in preparation for the priesthood, and then

in 1865 was in the Roman Catholic College at Durham, England, where by means of an accident at play he was almost completely blinded for the rest of his life. He refused to become a priest, broke with his aunt, and for the rest of his life became a wanderer in search of beauty.

For a vague period he lived in the slums of London, hungry and sick, restless and ambitious. At nineteen he was in New York, reading omnivorously, despite his feeble vision, in the public library. He drifted to Cincinnati where his intensely vivid account of a murder made the city gasp with horror and won him a place on the *Enquirer*. His wanderings brought him to New Orleans where for the first time in his life he found congenial surroundings, where his knowledge of French was of genuine service to him, and where he could support himself by reporting for the *Times-Democrat*. His imagination fed upon the French past of this romantic and colorful city, he wandered among the ancient buildings, and devoured its legends and chronicles.

After ten years in New Orleans he went to the Windward Islands in search of new color and sensation. *Two Years in the French West Indies* is the result. Then, armed with a commission from *Harper's Magazine*, he went to Japan where he promptly forgot his commission in his delight over this new world of sensation. Though he was now forty, he became a citizen of Japan, adopted the native costume, slept with his head on a wooden pillow, married a Japanese wife, and embraced the Buddhist religion.

His later writings, beginning with *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, published in 1894, are attempts to interpret the country of his adoption, vivid impressions of a romantic country which he saw with equally romantic eyes.

The Character of His Work

"For me," wrote Hearn, "words have color, form, character: they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities. . . . I have never yet made, and never expect to make any money. . . . I write for beloved friends who can see color in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked by the fine elfish electricity of words."

His books bear him out. They are fragmentary—bits of gorgeous description written with intense imagination and feeling for beauty. But there is no one dominant whole. Hearn's method was to take a single incident, or a single feature of a landscape, and by a few intensely vivid strokes, suggest the entire picture to our imaginations.

The Nature of This Essay

The title is *Gulf Winds,* but that serves, like a text, merely as a point of departure for the essayist. Throbbing, yearning, sighing through this essay is the feeling of homesickness, a longing on the part of the author for the long-lost days of childhood and the experience of knowing the sea as only children can know it. There is fierce passion here; but also a note of wistfulness which adds to its effect.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

What impression do you gain from reading the first sentence? Does it remind you of any place in which you have ever been? What reveals Hearn's sympathy with the foreigner? Had he reason to be especially drawn to notice a Greek? What, in Hearn's belief, draws these various peoples to New Orleans? Do you think anything in the author's personal experience may account for the feeling expressed in the third paragraph? Do you think that those who have been brought up inland feel the same about their early surroundings, or has the sea a special magic and charm? What vivid pictures do you find in the fifth paragraph? What sounds are mentioned? What contrasts? Do you feel that the author is a poet? Why? Select some words or passages which you especially like.

Do you think this might be called a description of New Orleans? Why? Why not? Could you isolate a special part of your community to treat in a similar manner? Note the features Hearn omits as well as those he selects.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Italian Grocery
Along the Water Front
The Public Market
Sail, Ho!
Along the "Wrinkled Sand"
My Baptism of Salt
A Son of Neptune
Tides
North-Easters
Winds
Life on the Ocean

SUNRISE IN LOUISIANA

LAFCADIO HEARN

I ONCE thought, when sailing up the Ohio one bright Northern summer, that the world held nothing more beautiful than the scenery of the Beautiful River—those voluptuous[1] hills with their sweet feminine curves, the elfin gold of that summer haze, and the pale emerald of the river's verdure-reflecting breast. But even the loveliness of the Ohio seemed faded, and the Northern sky-blue palely cold, like the tint of iceberg pinnacles, when I beheld for the first time the splendor of the Mississippi.

"You must come on deck early to-morrow," said the kind Captain of the *Thompson Dean;* "we are entering the Sugar Country."

So I saw the sun rise over the cane fields of Louisiana.

It rose with a splendor that recalled the manner of its setting at Memphis, but of another color; an auroral flush of pale gold and pale green bloomed over the long fringe of cottonwood and cypress trees, and broadened and lengthened halfway round the brightening world. The glow seemed tropical, with the deep green of the trees sharply cutting against it; and one naturally looked for the feathery crests of cocoanut palms. Then the day broke gently and slowly—a day too vast for a rapid dawn—a day that seemed deep as Space. I thought our Northern sky narrow and cramped as a vaulted church roof beside that sky—a sky so softly beautiful, so purely clear in its immensity, that it made one dream of the tenderness of a woman's eyes made infinite.

And the giant river broadened to a mile—smooth as a mirror, still and profound as a mountain lake. Between the vastness of the sky and the vastness of the stream, we seemed moving

[1] VOLUPTUOUS—Appealing to the sense of beauty.

suspended in the midst of day, with only a long, narrow tongue of land on either side breaking the brightness. Yet the horizon never became wholly blue. The green-golden glow lived there all through the day; it was brightest in the South. It was so tropical, that glow; it seemed of the Pacific, a glow that forms a background to the sight of lagoons and coral reefs and "lands where it is always afternoon."

Below this glow gleamed another golden green, the glory of the waving cane fields beyond the trees. Huge sugar mills were breathing white and black clouds into the sky, as they masticated their mighty meal; and the smell of saccharine [2] sweetness floated to us from either shore. Then we glided by miles of cotton fields with their fluttering white balls; and by the mouths of broad bayous;[3] past swamps dark with cypress gloom, where the gray alligator dwells, and the gray Spanish moss hangs in elfish festoons from ancient trees; past orange trees and live oaks, pecans and cottonwoods and broad-leaved bananas; while the green of the landscape ever varied, from a green so dark that it seemed tinged with blue to an emerald so bright that it seemed shot through with gold. The magnificent old mansions of the Southern planters, built after a generous fashion unknown in the North, with broad verandas and deliciously cool porches, and all painted white or perhaps a pale yellow, looked out grandly across the water from the hearts of shadowy groves; and, like villages of a hundred cottages, the negro quarters dotted the verdant face of the plantation with far-gleaming points of snowy whiteness.

And still that wondrous glow brightened in the south, like a far-off reflection of sunlight on the Spanish Main.

"But it does not look now as it used to in the old slave days," said the pilot, as he turned the great wheel. "The swamps were drained, and the plantations were not overgrown with cottonwood; and somehow or other the banks usen't to cave in then as they do now."

[2] Saccharine—Sugary.
[3] Bayous—Inlets.

I saw indeed signs of sad ruin on the face of the great plantations; there were splendid houses crumbling to decay, and whole towns of tenantless cabins; estates of immense extent were lying almost untilled, or with only a few acres under cultivation; and the vigorous cottonwood trees had shot up in whole forests over fields once made fertile by the labor of ten thousand slaves. The scene was not without its melancholy; it seemed tinged by the reflection of a glory passed away—the glory of wealth, and the magnificence of wealth; of riches and the luxury of riches.

O fair paradise of the South, if still so lovely in thy ruin, what must thou have been in the great day of thy greatest glory!

White steamboats, heavily panting under their loads of cotton, came toiling by, and called out to us wild greetings long and shrill, until the pilot opened the lips of our giant boat, and her mighty challenge awoke a thousand phantom voices along the winding shore. Red sank the sun in a sea of fire, and bronze-hued clouds piled up against the light, like fairy islands in a sea of glory, such as were seen, perhaps, by the Adelantado [4] of the Seven Cities.

"Those are not real clouds," said the pilot, turning to the west, his face aglow with the yellow light. "Those are only smoke clouds rising from the sugar mills of Louisiana, and drifting with the evening wind."

The daylight died away and the stars came out, but that warm glow in the southern horizon only paled, so that it seemed a little farther off. The river broadened till it looked with the tropical verdure of its banks like the Ganges,[5] until at last there loomed up a vast line of shadows, dotted with points of light, and through a forest of masts and a host of phantom-white river boats and a wilderness of chimneys the *Thompson Dean,* singing her cheery challenge, steamed up to the mighty levee of New Orleans.

[4] ADELANTADO—The governor of a province.
[5] GANGES—The sacred river of India.

The Nature of This Essay

Here we have another example of Hearn's extraordinary descriptive power. In this case, however, he is not concerned with giving us the feelings of those far from their native element, but undertakes to make us see what he saw, to share his experience and mood. Notice how skillfully he selects the essential elements of the picture, and how vividly he paints these for us with the gorgeous suggestiveness of the inevitable word.

This charming essay was written on Hearn's arrival in New Orleans. He had left Cincinnati and wandered southward down the Mississippi, past Memphis to the Gulf. It was the first of a series of colorful articles which he sent to the Cincinnati *Commercial.*

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Have you ever sailed up a river and watched, from this point of vantage, the scenery unfold? Does Hearn's description of the sunrise remind you of any particular sunrise you have ever witnessed? Select some of the especially vivid words which he uses. What do you think he means by "a day too vast for a rapid dawn"? What feelings does the phrase suggest to you? What details are mentioned which make up a "tropical" setting? How does Hearn characterize the sugar mills? Is it apt? Notice the different greens which are described. What other colors are mentioned frequently? From reading this essay can you form any idea of the author? Would you call any of this description poetic—words, phrases, or paragraphs? Contrast it with Mark Twain's *Life On The Mississippi.*

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Sunrise (or Sunset) on the River
My First Views of the —— River
The Logging Camp
The Sugar Bush
The Wheat Field
Threshing
The Cotton Field

IN PRAISE OF IZAAK WALTON *

HERBERT HOOVER

MAN and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable [1] rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness —which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes. The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These coördinate forces of inalienable right—the automobile and the call of the fishing pole—propel men and boys to a search of all the water within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles during week-ends alone. They extend it to a radius of five hundred miles on summer holidays. The radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of this has overworked the fishing holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

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[1] INALIENABLE—Incapable of being withdrawn or transferred.

Some millions of fishermen have invented thousands of new lures of seductive order and devised many new and fearful incantations,[2] with a host of new kinds of clothes and of labor-saving devices to carry them about.

We have indeed made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher's string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment[3] of an angleworm and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus,[4] the bamboos of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok,[5] the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil, and the silver of Colorado—all compounded by mass production at Chicago, Illinois, and Akron, Ohio. And for magic and incantations we have progressed to application of cosmetics to artificial flies and to wonders in special clothing with pigeonholes for varied lures and liniments, and to calling a bite a "strike." Nor do I need to repeat that fishing is not the rich man's sport, even though his incantations are more expensive. I have said elsewhere that all men are equal before fishes. But I ask you if, in the face of all this overwhelming efficiency and progress, there is less time between bites. Having done everything to improve the tackle, lures, and incantations, we must conclude that the distance between bites has been increased because of rising ratio of water to fish. In other words, there are fewer fish.

From the number of fishing licenses issued in licensing states the Bureau of Fisheries estimates that ten million people went game fishing in the year 1926. Any calculation of twenty years ago will show that not one million went fishing in a year. But I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the

[2] INCANTATIONS—Magic formulas.
[3] SEGMENT—Section; portion.
[4] DAMASCUS—Chief city of Syria noted for its fine steel.
[5] BANGKOK—A city of Siam.

gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor do I suggest any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle, or incantations. I am for force—more force and more fish.

Despite the statistical efficiency of our department, I do not know how many fish each one of the army captured last year. Judging by my own experience, the number was not large. I spent several days searching fishing holes at various points between Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific; I tried to find some spot where not more than six automobiles were already camping, or where the campers did not get up before daylight and thus get the two or three fish which were off guard at that time of day. The State of New Jersey secures an accounting from its licensees of the number of game fish caught. It averages about 4.5 fish per fisherman per annum. Fishermen are not liars, and therefore I conclude that even in that well-organized state it was heavy going.

Now I want to propose an idea. I submit that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I should like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the "rights" as implied in the Declaration, provided it includes one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record.

And at once I come to a powerful statistic—that is, fifty fish times ten million men and boys—the purpose of which I will establish presently. This minimum ideal of a national catch of five hundred million game fish is of fundamental importance if we as a nation are to approach a beatific [6] state for even two weeks in the year.

And, as we are thinking nationally, five hundred million fish divided among one hundred and twenty million people is not so much as you might think at first, for it is only about 4.1 fish per person and it includes the littlest ones as well, and each of us is supposed to eat 1,095 times a year, less whatever meals we miss while fishing.

[6] BEATIFIC—Blissful.

At this point someone will deny that we have ever taken five hundred million fish in a year. I agree with him that we have not attained any such ideal average in long years. If it had been true, the moral state of the nation would have been better maintained during the last calendar year. There were lots of people who committed crimes during the year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I believe that the increase in crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate[7] the souls of all fishermen except those who get no bites. Unless we can promise at least fifty fish per annum per person, including that occasional big one for recounting and memory purposes, we may despair of keeping the population from further moral turpitude.[8]

Our stage of civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs—their battle time is the time of leisure. We are organizing the production of leisure. We need better organization of its consumption. We devote vast departments of government and great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention, to decreasing the hours of work, but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation. We associate joy with leisure. We have great machinery to produce joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic,[9] some of it mass-produced. We go to chain theaters and movies; we watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal bar. I do that and I believe in it. I do, however, insist that no other organized joy has values comparable to the joys of the out of doors. We gain less from the other forms in moral stature, in renewed purpose in life, in kindness, and in all the fishing beatitudes. We gain

[7] IMPREGNATE—Infuse.
[8] TURPITUDE—Baseness; depravity.
[9] SYNTHETIC—Artificial.

none of the constructive rejuvenating[10] joy that comes from return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration, of primitive nature. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness.

And in outdoor experience we make a physical effort that no sitting on cushions, benches, or side lines provides. To induce people to take its joys, they need some stimulant from the hunt, the fish, or the climb. I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure of the human soul into refreshment.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.

[10] Rejuvenating—Youth renewing.

HERBERT HOOVER

(1874—)

His Life Story in Brief

Before Herbert Clark Hoover came to occupy the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, he had long been a world figure and his name a household word. His career is too well known to need recounting, but the high points may be summarized briefly.

Born in humble circumstances in West Branch, Iowa, August 10, 1874, he worked his way through Leland Stanford University where he took his A. B. in engineering in 1895. He practiced his profession as a mining engineer in the United States, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Italy, Great Britain, South Africa, India, China, and Russia.

With the outbreak of the World War in 1914 he was made chairman of the Committee for Relief in Belgium and performed an outstanding work in that position. On the entry of the United States into the War, he was made United States Food Administrator, and again made a characteristic success of an exceedingly difficult and delicate position. Prior to his inauguration as President on March 4, 1929, he had served as Secretary of Commerce in the cabinets of two presidents.

The Character of His Work

The one word most often associated with Mr. Hoover is probably "efficiency." He has the engineer's passion for good organization and getting the job done in the best possible way in the shortest possible time. His writings have the brevity and singleness of purpose of the man who has the chief responsibility of the job, and wants everything to contribute to it in the right way and at the right time. Mr. Hoover is not, however, merely an intellectual machine. He is thoroughly human and, as one might suspect from the accompanying essay, finds his chief recreation in fishing.

The Nature of This Essay

"Walton's *Compleat Angler*," once declared Charles Lamb in a letter to Coleridge, "breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

He was writing of the book which has made Izaak Walton the patron saint of anglers everywhere, and ensured his place in English literature. "Walton followed angling," declares another writer, "not so much to fill his basket as to refresh his spirit and to store his memory with the sweetness of country sights and sounds."

It is in much this spirit that Mr. Hoover regards fishing. Viewing the matter in its larger aspect of building good citizenship, he believes that fishing will make for a better America. Offhand the theory seems fantastic and merely humorous, but with his patent sincerity Mr. Hoover makes it plausible.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you find this essay serious, purely humorous, or a combination of these two moods? Illustrate with quotations. What real thought do you find underlying this essay? What benefits to the individual may come from fishing? To the nation? Can you think of others? Do you believe that the organization of leisure is a real problem? List some profitable and unprofitable uses of leisure. What do you like to do with your leisure?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Fraternity of Fishermen
Fishing and Fishin'
The One That Got Away
Fishing and Crime
The Bent Pin and Angleworm Lure
The Compleat Angler (modern version)
In Praise of Hiking—Riding—Motoring, etc.

WHAT A COLLEGE EDUCATION SHOULD GIVE *

David Starr Jordan

College may do many things for you—if you are made of the right stuff; for you cannot fasten a two-thousand dollar education to a fifty-cent boy. The fool, the dude, and the shirk come out of the college pretty much as they went in. They dive deep in the Pierian springs,[1] as the duck dives in the pond, and they come up as dry as the duck does. The college will not do everything for you. It is simply one of the helps by which you can win your way to noble manhood or womanhood. Whatever you are, you must make of yourself; but a well-spent college life is one of the greatest helps to all good things.

So, if you learn to use it rightly, this the college can do for you: It will bring you in contact with the great minds of the past, the long roll of those who, through the ages, have borne a mission to young men and young women, from Plato,[2] to Emerson,[3] from Homer[4] and Euripides[5] to Schiller[6] and Browning.[7] Your thought will be limited not by the narrow gossip of to-day, but the great men of all ages and all climes will become your brothers. You will learn to feel what the Greek called the "consolations of philosophy." To turn from

* Permission to use this election granted by the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., publishers of David Starr Jordan's *Care and Culture of Men.*

[1] Pierian springs—Whoso quaffed of these waters was supposed to be inspired of the Muses.

[2] Plato—A Greek philosopher.

[3] Emerson—American sage and philosopher.

[4] Homer—The world's greatest epic poet, author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey.*

[5] Euripides—A Greek dramatist.

[6] Schiller—German poet and dramatist.

[7] Browning—English poet of the Nineteenth Century.

the petty troubles of the day to the thoughts of the masters, is to go from the noise of the street through the door of a cathedral. If you learn to unlock these portals, no power on earth can take from you the key. The whole of your life must be spent in your own company, and only the educated man is good company for himself. The uneducated man looks out on life through narrow windows, and thinks the world is small.

The college can bring you face to face with the great problems of nature. You will learn from your study of nature's laws more than the books can tell you of the grandeur, the power, the omnipotence of God. You will learn to face great problems seriously. You will learn to work patiently at their solution, though you know that many generations must each add its mite to your work before any answer can be reached.

Your college course will bring you in contact with men whose influence will strengthen and inspire. The ideal college professor should be the best man in the community. He should have about him nothing mean, or paltry, or cheap. He should be to the student as David Copperfield's Agnes, "always pointing the way upward."

That we are all this, I shall not pretend. Most college professors whom I know are extremely human. We have been soured, and starved, and dwarfed in many ways, and many of us are not the men we might have been if we had had your chances for early education. But unpractical, pedantic,[8] fossilized[9] though the college professor may be, he is sound at heart and he is sure to help you to higher ambitions. He is not mercenary, and his ideals are those of culture and progress. We are keeping the torch burning which you, young men and women of the Twentieth Century, may carry to the top of the mountain.

But here and there among us is the ideal teacher, the teacher of the future, the teacher to have known whom is of itself a liberal education. Garfield once said that a log with Mark

[8] PEDANTIC—Liking to display one's learning.
[9] FOSSILIZED—Antiquated; set in one's ways.

Hopkins [10] at one end of it and himself at the other, would be a university. In whatever college you go, poor and feeble though the institution may be, you will find some man who, in some degree, will be to you what Mark Hopkins was to Garfield. To know him will repay you for all your sacrifices.

Moreover, the training which comes from association with one's fellow students cannot be overestimated. Here and there, it is true, some young invertebrate,[11] overburdened with money or spoiled by home coddling, falls into bad company, and leaves college in worse condition than when he entered it. These are the windfalls of education. However much we may regret them, we cannot prevent their existence. But they are few among the great majority. The average student enters college for a purpose; and you will lose nothing, but may gain much, from association with him. Among our college students are the best young men and young women of the times. They mold each other's character, and shape each other's work. Many a college man will tell you that, above all else which the college gave, he values the friendships which he formed in school. In the German universities, the "fellow feeling among free spirits" is held to be one of the most important elements in their grand system of higher education.

Again, the college intensifies the individuality of a man. It takes his best abilities and raises him to the second, or third, or tenth power, as we say in algebra. It is true enough that colleges have tried, and some of them still try, to enforce uniformity in study—to cast all students in the same mold. Colleges have placed readiness above thoroughness, memory above mastery, glibness above sincerity, uniformity above originality, and the dialectics [12] of the dead past above the work of the living present.

But say what you will of old methods, they often attained

[10] Mark Hopkins—Early president of Williams College.
[11] Invertebrate—Person lacking will or resolution.
[12] Dialectics—That branch of logic which teaches the rules and modes of reasoning.

great ends. Colleges have aimed at uniformity. They did not secure it. The individuality of the student bursts through the cast-iron curriculum. "The man's the man for a' that," and the man is so much more the man nature meant him to be, because his mind is trained.

The educated man has the courage of his convictions, because only he has any real convictions. He knows how convictions should be formed. What he believes he takes on his own evidence—not because it is the creed of his church or the platform of his party. So he counts as a unit in his community—not as part of a dozen or a hundred whose opinions are formed by their town's place on the map, or who train under the party flag because their grandfathers did the same. "To see things as they really are," is one of the crowning privileges of the educated man, and to help others to see them so, is one of the greatest services he can render to the community.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

(1851—)

His Life Story in Brief

To achieve distinction in three separate, though allied, fields is given to but few men. Dr. Jordan has been a preëminent zoölogist and an authority on fishes, an outstanding college and university administrator, and a leader in the movement for world peace. It is a distinguished record which makes his words weighty.

Born in Gainesville, New York, he studied at Cornell University where he gained the degree of master of science in 1872. He received his medical education at Indiana Medical College, and took his Ph.D. from Butler University in 1878. He has been the recipient of honorary higher degrees from many universities.

After a varied experience of teaching in collegiate institutions, he became president of Leland Stanford University in 1891, chancellor in 1913, and since 1916 has been chancellor emeritus. He has been chief director of the World Peace Foundation and in 1915 was president of the World's Peace Congress.

Dr. Jordan's eminence as a zoölogist brought about his appointment

as cooperating assistant to the United States Fish Commission, and from 1908 to 1910 as United States Commissioner in charge of fur seal and salmon investigations.

The Character of His Work

Dr. Jordan is the author of an imposing list of scientific works in his chosen field, and has also published some collections of stories for children. His interest in the problems of higher education has occasioned the collection of his essays on these topics under the titles, *The Voice of the Scholar* and *College and the Man.*

The Nature of This Essay

The college man frequently feels that he is overburdened with advice, but when it is given with such authority, sincerity, and wisdom as in the accompanying essay, he would be dull indeed not to heed it. Here is at least a partial definition of what a college education should be together with good counsel as to how to make the most of it.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

List the values which the author attributes to a college education. Make another list of the things you expect to get from a college education. Are there any contrasts or omissions when you compare the two lists, either before or after reading the accompanying essay? After reading the essay can you form a definition—your own or the author's—of education? Has the nature of education changed since this essay was written? Select certain sentences which you think remarkable for their close-packed wisdom.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Education for Future Life
Today—How Much Education?
The Finest Teacher I Ever Had
Education for the Business Man
What Education Means for a Girl
Why I Want To Go To College
Why I Don't Want To Go To College
What a High School Education Ought To Give

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA

STEPHEN LEACOCK

COMING up home the other night in my car (the Guy Street car), I heard a man who was hanging onto a strap say: "The drama is just turning into a bunch of talk." This set me thinking; and I was glad that it did, because I am being paid by this paper to think once a week, and it is wearing. Some days I never think from morning till night.

This decline of the drama is a thing on which I feel deeply and bitterly; for I am, or I have been, something of an actor myself. I have only been in amateur work, I admit, but still I have played some mighty interesting parts. I have acted in Shakespeare as a citizen, I have been a fairy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and I was once one end (choice of ends) of a camel in a pantomime. I have had other parts too, such as "A Voice Speaks from Within," or "A Noise Is Heard Without," or a "Bell Rings from Behind," and a lot of things like that. I played as A Noise for seven nights, before crowded houses where people were being turned away from the door; and I have been a Groan and a Sigh and a Tumult, and once I was a "Vision Passes before the Sleeper."

So when I talk of acting and of the spirit of the Drama, I speak of what I know.

Naturally, too, I was brought into contact, very often into quite intimate personal contact, with some of the greatest actors of the day. I don't say it in any way of boasting, but merely because to those of us who love the stage all dramatic souvenirs are interesting. I remember, for example, that when Wilson Barrett [1] played *The Bat* and had to wear the queer suit with the scales, it was I who put the glue on him.

[1] WILSON BARRETT—A popular actor of the late Nineteenth Century.

And I recall a conversation with Sir Henry Irving [2] one night when he said to me, "Fetch me a glass of water, will you?" and I said, "Sir Henry, it is not only a pleasure to get it but it is to me, as a humble devotee of the art that you have ennobled, a high privilege. I will go further—" "Do," he said. Henry was like that, quick, sympathetic, what we call in French "vibrant."

Forbes Robertson [3] I shall never forget: he owes me fifty cents. And as for Martin Harvey [4]—I simply cannot call him Sir John, we are such dear old friends—he never comes to this town without at once calling in my services to lend a hand in his production. No doubt everybody knows that spendid play in which he appears, called *The Breed of the Treshams.*

There is a torture scene in it, a most gruesome thing. Harvey, as the hero, has to be tortured, not on the stage itself, but off the stage in a little room at the side. You can hear him howling as he is tortured. Well, it was I who was torturing him. We are so used to working together that Harvey didn't want to let anybody do it but me.

So naturally I am a keen friend and student of the Drama: and I hate to think of it going all to pieces.

The trouble with it is that it is becoming a mere mass of conversation and reflection: nothing happens in it; the action is all going out of it and there is nothing left but thought. When actors begin to think, it is time for a change. They are not fitted for it.

Now in my day—I mean when I was at the apogee [5] of my reputation (I think that is the word—it may be apologee—I forget)—things were very different. What we wanted was action—striking, climatic, catastrophic action, in which things

[2] Sir Henry Irving—The foremost classic actor in England in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

[3] Forbes Robertson—Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, perhaps best known in America for his fine impersonations of *Hamlet* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back.*

[4] Martin Harvey—Sir Martin Harvey has recently played in New York in *Oedipus Rex* and other classic rôles.

[5] Apogee—Highest point; culmination.

not only happened, but happened suddenly and all in a lump.

And we always took care that the action happened in some place that was worth while, not simply in an ordinary room with ordinary furniture, the way it is in the new drama. The scene was laid in a lighthouse (top story), or in a madhouse (at midnight), or in a power house, or a dog house, or a bathhouse, in short, in some place with a distinct local color and atmosphere.

I remember in the case of the first play I ever wrote (I write plays, too) the manager to whom I submitted it asked me at once, the moment he glanced at it, "Where is the action of this laid?" "It is laid," I answered, "in the main sewer of a great city." "Good, good," he said; "keep it there."

In the case of another play the manager said to me, "What are you doing for atmosphere?" "The opening act," I said, "is in a steam laundry." "Very good," he answered as he turned over the pages, "and have you brought in a condemned cell?" I told him that I had not. "That's rather unfortunate," he said, "because we are especially anxious to bring in a condemned cell. Three of the big theatres have got them this season, and I think we ought to have it in. Can you do it?"

"Yes," I said, "I can, if it's wanted. I'll look through the cast, and no doubt I can find one at least of them that ought to be put to death." "Yes, yes," said the manager enthusiastically, "I am sure you can."

But I think of all the settings that we used, the lighthouse plays were the best. There is something about a lighthouse that you don't get in a modern drawing-room. What it is, I don't know; but there's a difference. I always have liked a lighthouse play, and never have enjoyed acting so much, have never thrown myself into acting so deeply, as in a play of that sort.

There is something about a lighthouse—the way you see it in the earlier scenes—with the lantern shining out over the black waters that suggests security, fidelity, faithfulness, to a trust. The stage used generally to be dim in the first part of a lighthouse play, and you could see the huddled figures of the fisher-

men and their wives on the foreshore pointing out to the sea (the back of the stage).

"See," one cried with his arm extended, "there is lightning in yon sky." (I was the lightning and that my cue for it): "God help all the poor souls at sea to-night!" Then a woman cried, "Look! Look! a boat upon the reef!" And as she said it I had to rush round and work the boat to make it go up and down properly. Then there was more lightning, and someone screamed out, "Look! See! there's a woman in the boat!"

There wasn't really; it was me; but in the darkness it was all the same, and of course the heroine herself couldn't be there yet because she had to be downstairs getting dressed to be drowned. Then they all cried out, "Poor soul! she's doomed," and all the fishermen ran up and down making a noise.

Fishermen in those plays used to get fearfully excited; and what with the excitement and the darkness and the bright beams of the lighthouse falling on the wet oilskins, and the thundering of the sea upon the reef—ah! me, those were plays! That was acting! And to think that there isn't a single streak of lightning in any play on the boards[6] this year!

And then the kind of climax that a play like this used to have! The scene shifted right at the moment of the excitement, and lo! we are in the tower, the top story of the lighthouse, interior scene. All is still and quiet within, with the bright light of the reflectors flooding the little room, and the roar of the storm heard like muffled thunder outside.

The lighthouse keeper trims his lamps. How firm and quiet and rugged he looks. The snows of sixty winters are on his head, but his eye is clear and his grip strong. Hear the howl of the wind as he opens the door and steps forth upon the iron balcony, eighty feet above the water, and peers out upon the storm.

"God pity all the poor souls at sea!" he says. (They all say that. If you get used to it, and get to like it, you want to hear it said, no matter how often they say it.) The waves rage

[6] ON THE BOARDS—On the stage.

beneath him. (I threw it at him, really, but the effect was wonderful.)

And then, as he comes in from the storm to the still room, the climax breaks. A man staggers into the room in oilskins, drenched, wet, breathless. (They all staggered in these plays, and in the new drama they walk, and the effect is feebleness itself.) He points to the sea. "A boat! A boat upon the reef! With a woman in it."

And the lighthouse keeper knows that it is his only daughter —the only one that he has—who is being cast to death upon the reef. Then comes the dilemma. They want him for the lifeboat; no one can take it through the surf but him. You know that because the other man says so himself.

But if he goes in the boat then the great light will go out. Untended it cannot live in the storm. And if it goes out—ah! if it goes out—ask of the angry waves and the resounding rocks of what to-night's long toll of death must be without the light!

I wish you could have seen it—you who only see the drawing-room plays of to-day—the scene when the lighthouse man draws himself up, calm and resolute, and says: "My place is here. God's will be done." And you know that as he says it and turns quietly to his lamps again, the boat is drifting, at that very moment, to the rocks.

"How did they save her?" My dear sir, if you can ask that question you little understand the drama as it was. Save her? No, of course they didn't save her. What we wanted in the Old Drama was reality and force, no matter how wild and tragic it might be. They did not save her. They found her the next day, in the concluding scene—all that was left of her when she was dashed upon the rocks. Her ribs were broken. Her bottom boards had been smashed in, her gunwale[7] was gone—in short, she was a wreck.

The girl? Oh, yes, certainly they saved the girl. That kind of thing was always taken care of. You see just as the light-

[7] GUNWALE—The upper edge of a boat's side.

house man said "God's will be done," his eye fell on a long coil of rope, hanging there. Providential, wasn't it? But then we were not ashamed to use Providence in the Old Drama. So he made a noose in it and threw it over the balcony and hauled the girl up on it. I used to hook her on to it every night.

A rotten play? Oh, I am sure it must have been. But, somehow, those of us who were brought up on that sort of thing, still sigh for it.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

(1869—)

His Life Story in Brief

In commenting on the fact that Stephen Leacock is a professor of economics in McGill University in Montreal and the author of a sociological discussion entitled, *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice,* Christopher Morley declares with feeling that one of the unsolved riddles of social injustice is, why should Professor Leacock be so much more amusing than most people? The query is echoed by all who read or hear his delightful nonsense.

We usually think of Mr. Leacock as a Canadian although he was born in Swanmoor, England. He was educated in Canada at Upper Canada College, and later attended the graduate school of the University of Chicago. In 1903 he joined the faculty of McGill University at Montreal where he became head of the Department of Political Economy. He has lectured much both in the United States and Canada and in 1907 and 1908 toured the British Empire lecturing on imperial organization.

Although Canadian by training, he is apparently American by temperament. Certainly he is one of the most popular American lecturers and humorists. This was once written of him—after hearing him speak at the Coffee House Club in New York:

> "The frank, blithe face, ruddy with twinkling zest,
> With self-inflicted laughter brimming o'er—
> He lays the fuse and touches off the jest;
> And then the table bursting, roar on roar."

There is an unverified story to the effect that John Lane, the English publisher, was once given one of Mr. Leacock's essays to beguile the voyage between New York and Southampton, and ever afterward insisted that the steamship seemed to stand still, so anxious was he to cable an

offer of publication. Certain it is that Mr. Leacock has ever since his discovery been obliged to emerge periodically from the academic groves.

He lists his recreations as fishing, carpentering, and gardening. Does that suggest—inferentially, at least—that being funny is to be classed as serious business? It doesn't seem so—for him.

The Character of His Work

In addition to his scholarly publications, Mr. Leacock is the hilarious author of *Nonsense Novels, Behind the Beyond, Winsome Winnie, Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy,* and other mirth-provoking volumes. His *Essays and Literary Studies* and *My Discovery of England* are in more serious vein.

The Nature of This Essay

In writing about "the good old days" there is always the temptation to be prosy and reminiscent. Nothing of that sort could ever be associated with the writing of Mr. Leacock. In addition to his gentle ridicule, there are some shafts of satire directed against the drama of to-day. While this essay is guaranteed to cure even a profound case of melancholy, it is perhaps best appreciated by the "gallery gods" and "supes" who were the best friends and severest critics of the ancient melodrama.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you enjoy an essay written in the first person? Why? Does it seem egotistical for the author to recount his adventures so fully? Can you tell when the author is being humorous and when he means to be serious? How would you characterize the humor of this essay?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Gallery Gods
The New Melodrama vs. the Old
In Praise of the Movie Thriller
My Efforts to Uplift the Drama
An Amateur Rehearsal

THE FIVE VARIETIES *

E. V. Lucas

The people from whom one asks the way are to be divided into five varieties. Let us take them in order, beginning with those who, while telling you, repeat their instructions many times.

"Excuse me," you say in your sweetest tones, "but could you tell me the way to Lower Upperdown?"

"Lower Upperdown?" they say. "Oh, yes. You follow this road for about a mile, when you come to the Golfers' Arms. Opposite that is a turning on the left, but you don't take that; you take the next, opposite The Footballers' Legs. Then after another mile you see a turning on the right, and that brings you straight into Lower Upperdown."

"Thank you," you say, and prepare to move on; but you are an optimist.

"Yes," he says, detaining you, "you don't turn by The Golfers' Arms, but wait till you come to The Footballers' Legs. You can't go wrong. There's a signpost. And then keep on for about a mile. Don't turn to the left there, but to the right."

"Thank you, thank you," you say.

"Don't forget to pass The Golfers' Arms," he reminds you. "There's a turning there, but don't take it."

"All right, thanks. Yes, yes," you say, looking back.

"You can't go wrong," he calls out. "Turn down opposite The Footballers' Legs, not The Golfers' Arms."

"Right!" you shout back; "right. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome," he bellows in reply. "You can't go wrong."

* From *A Fronded Isle* by E. V. Lucas, reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., publishers.

Well, that is tiresome enough, but wait till you chance on the man who, as it happens, is going that way himself and will show you. This is the type who most wants a little sociability, at the same time that what you most want is to be let alone. Like *Madame Bad Luck* in Colonel John Hay's poem:

> They sit by your bed
> And they bring their knitting.

Disentangling is always one of life's sternest problems.

"It's about two miles," he says, "or perhaps nearer three. I'm not sure. Nearer three, I should say, although it may be only just over two. Distances are hard to judge. It's straight along the road; but I'll show you. It's all on my way: no, you're not taking me out of my way at all. It's a pleasure to show you. I know what it is myself to be lost, and so often there's no one to tell you. Lucky I happen to be going this way myself; and it's pure chance, too, for I was going the other way if it hadn't been for a message. You can't miss it; it's straight along the road, but I'll show you. We've been having a lot of wet lately, haven't we?"

You are in despair. "But really, hadn't you better do the other job first?" you say. "It's a shame to drag you along with me like this."

"Oh, no," he replies; "that's all right. I like to help. Besides I'm going your way, and if I show you you can't go wrong. It's right on the road; about a mile and a half now, I should say. Or a mile and three-quarters. No, a mile and a half."

You set your cunning to work. "Oh, hang!" you exclaim suddenly, "there's a stone in my boot. I must stop here and take it out. You go on."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'll wait. I'm in no hurry and I like to show you the way. A wonderful chance that I should be going there myself this morning. I haven't been there this year. Have I? Yes, I'm wrong, I was there in April. Funny how

one forgets. Don't hurry; I'll wait. Nothing so uncomfortable, I always say, as a stone in one's boot."

Meanwhile you are removing a boot which, as you know, is as free from stones as the center court at Wimbledon.[1]

"But I implore you not to wait," you say. "It's too bad I should mess up your morning like this. Do go on."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'll wait. I'm going there myself and it's a pleasure to be able to guide a stranger."

With a cry of satisfaction so realistic that it should get you an engagement at the Lyceum, you extract and throw away an imaginary pebble, sigh with feigned relief, replace your boot and accept your destiny.

The third variety is the man who tells you right—quickly.

The fourth variety is the man who tells you wrong—quickly.

But all these are rare. The fifth variety is the commonest: the man who is sorry, but he is a stranger in these parts.

[1] WIMBLETON—The English town in which many international tennis matches are held.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

HIS LIFE STORY IN BRIEF

The really important things about Mr. Lucas are apparently not to be learned from his official biography which does not even admit the fact of his birth. That, however, may be assumed from the lengthy—but by no means over-long—list of titles which bear his name as author. When not gathering material for another delightful book of travel, Mr. Lucas is at home in London, where he is chairman of the important publishing house of Methuen & Co.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS WORK

Ever since 1899 a steady succession of volumes has made for Mr. Lucas an ever widening circle of friends. These include books of travel, essays, children's books, and anthologies. Perhaps more than any other present writer, Mr. Lucas suggests the spirit and manner of Charles Lamb, whose works and letters he has so sympathetically edited.

The Nature of This Essay

Charles Lamb divided mankind into two races—the borrowers and the lenders. Classifications of this nature are intensely personal; doubtless each of us can think of several which we should like to make at this moment. They are therefore excellent material for essays in which both writer and reader are revealed.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

If you were to be asked for directions, in which of the five varieties do you think you would be classified? Is the author's intention serious or humorous? Why and how do you know? What experiences have you had in asking directions? Do you agree that the fifth variety is the commonest?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

On Asking Directions	Finding One's Way
On Being Asked Directions	Losing One's Way
On Refusing to Ask Directions	"How Far is it to—?"

Other Essays by Br. Lucas

Mr. Lucas wrote a great many essays and it might be well to read a few, and then report on one of them in class either orally or by written account of the essay.

From *Adventures and Enthusiasm*
- The Perfect Guest
- A Morning Call
- Admirals All—to be
- Telephonics
- The Newness of the Old

From *Wanderings and Diversions*
- The Fettered and the Free
- The Dogs of the Old Brigade
- To be Let or Sold
- Unbirthday and Other Presents
- The Heel of Achilles

From *Character and Comedy*
- Two Irishmen
- The Doctor's Call
- The Christmas Decorations
- The Prize Competition

WANTED: A SECRETARY OF ATHLETICS *

Thomas L. Masson

Our presidential campaigns have become so uninteresting that something ought to be done to lift them up into the same moral atmosphere as golf or Kelly pool. The vice-presidency itself, that glorious bulwark of democracy, isn't absorbing nearly so much of our energies as it ought to, having about the same general consistency as a shuffleboard championship. If our leading politicians could be given a rubdown and a turnover in the swimming tank every day, it wouldn't matter greatly if the water had to be changed once or twice a week. The expense would be nothing in a case like this.

There are moderately strong men all over this country, with idealistic mud-guard shoulders that slope gracefully into the domestic underworld, who are now taking secret systems of home exercise, who ought to be exposed and made to do some real work.

We already have a Secretary of Agriculture whose business it is to provide us every spring with enough hard seeds to keep the rain from washing out our driveways. Unless we have a Secretary of Athletics, the few of us who still have brains enough to cast a vote won't have strength enough left to get within a hundred feet of a ballot box.

This is a serious situation. Suppose you are still—by some chance—at the head of the plant that you once owned, and want to borrow a couple of millions from the men who are running it, and haven't anything left but brains to do it with? It would appear as if there were a number of people left over

* From *Well, Why Not?* by Thomas L. Masson, copyrighted 1921 by Doubleday, Page and Company, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Publishers.

from the war who still believe that brains are of some value in running a business. This only goes to show how hard it is to get any idea of progress into our heads. But a Secretary of Athletics would put us on the right basis. He would give the business men of this country, who have been blindly leaning on their brains to run their affairs, a chance to rise to the level of the men they employ.

It will take time to do this. Before any of us can get so that we can work in a coal mine eight or nine hours a day without fatigue, we shall have to start in gently with parchesi, plain knitting, and parlor sitting, and work up through basket ball, ping pong, and croquet until we can get so that we can skin the cat in the garage, and if need be, help the wife put on a tire.

A great future awaits us poor old business boobs, with nothing but brains and experience to support us, if we did but know it. And by this time, strange as this may seem, we ought to be receiving some encouragement from the government. We don't want too much. Not being used to it, it ought to come in small doses at first. The first Secretary of Athletics need not necessarily be able to do the giant swing, or ride an army mule around the Washington Monument with one foot in the air. But at least he should be able to do the Capitol once a week and see that the dumb-bells and Indian clubs are all in order, without being taken around in a wheeled chair. If, when we are obliged to travel on one of our railroads, we may be called upon at any moment to man the engine, or to unload a freight car filled with perishable goods and get them to the nearest profiteer, we ought to feel that the government is, in a way, behind us. At present, such is our hopeless condition, it is doubtful if we could get any man broad-minded enough to be a Secretary of Athletics.

Even supposing that he had been born originally in a caddie house, and had worked on a links all his life, and had never done anything intelligent enough to make it count against him as a

candidate, he would be almost certain to be noncommittal on the main issues. Having read the newspapers, the party platforms, the senatorial debates, and the movie announcements of coming films for the past few years, he would have no opinions of his own. He would say:

"I believe in a league of nations, with proper reservations, provided that the basket ball averages are kept up and our business interests are kept down to one per cent. American F. O. B. Detroit, and all the lost golf balls shall be distributed equally among those glorious heroes who having offered up their lives and what spare cash they had for their country, are now roaming around looking for jobs. And provided, further, that all other candidates may come out with a full, frank statement such as this is, irrespective of any condition of servitude in which at present they may be basking."

Always when we are in despair, however, we are somehow able to pull the country through and to get someone to act as substitute for the real thing. The main point is to get almost anyone as Secretary of Athletics to begin on, and then we can gradually work the department up to a fairly respectable basis, even if Bryan or Dempsey, or Harold Bell Wright won't serve.

Getting a new department started is not so difficult as it may seem to us who know so little about our government and wish we knew less. All you have to do is to send word to your local congressman. Do not meet him personally, as this might create a coolness between you that would conserve no worthy cause anyway. If you have never learned his name, consult the nearest drug store. Then phone, wire, send him a special delivery, or use any other dishonorable means to get at him that may occur to you. Tell him that you are one of his numerous constituents,[1] and this will awaken what sympathy he may have left over from the last caucus.[2]

If everybody does this the president will be obliged by the

[1] CONSTITUENTS—Persons residing in the district which elects a representative.

[2] CAUCUS—Meeting of the members or leaders of a party to decide upon party policy.

mere force of public opinion to appoint a Secretary of Athletics. With a Secretary of Athletics sending us pamphlets on home training in every mail, we can look forward to our future universal business decrepitude[3] with the feeling that, at any rate, we did have an opportunity to keep ourselves in fair physical condition.

[3] Decrepitude—State of being feeble, or worn out by age.

THOMAS L. MASSON

(1866—)

His Life Story in Brief

The private life of a professional humorist is apparently a closed book, but Mr. Masson confesses to have been born in Essex County, Connecticut, July 21, 1866. He was educated in the public schools of New Haven. From 1893 until 1922, he was literary and managing editor of *Life*. Many a wise and witty paragraph used to be signed with the modest initials, "T. L. M."

Christopher Morley reports that Mr. Masson once counseled him—it was during the period when Morley was bombing the office of *Life* with paragraphs for publication—"When you have an idea, look at it patiently until you see something in it that no one else has seen. Then put it down in your own way, and I'll print it."

In 1922, Mr. Masson resigned his position with *Life* and is now associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the presiding genius, it is suspected, of the department entitled "Short Turns and Encores." His home is in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

The Character of His Work

Mr. Masson is the author and editor of a number of books, all in lighter vein. Among his numerous titles are: *A Corner in Women, The Von Blumers, In Merry Measure, Short Stories from Life,* and *Well, Why Not?*

The Nature of This Essay

As is not infrequent in his work, Mr. Masson has here taken an unconventional position, and proceeds to argue from it plausibly and

with apparent conviction. To avoid the danger of being taken literally when, in fact, everything was "said sarcastic," the writer of such an essay needs a delicate and practiced hand. Mr. Masson has it.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

What is the author trying to do? How can you tell? Do you think the present emphasis on athletics is overdone? In your school? In our national life? Is athletics becoming a major interest? Or a big business? Would more health and less athletics be an improvement? Must it be brains or athletics?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Majoring in Athletics
Athletics vs. Health
Amateurs and Shamateurs
The Business of Golf
Bleacher Athletics
Cramping the Athlete's Style

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY *

Thomas L. Masson

A fortune was once lying around loose.

It had been in that spot for a long time, and nobody saw it. Crowds passed, but they overlooked it.

"I wonder," said the fortune, "if anybody will ever notice me."

A beggar came along with a tin cup and a three-cornered stool. He sat down by the fortune and appealed to the crowd.

Two lovers strolled by.

"We shall have to wait," said one lover, despondently, "until——"

A poet came along. He had true vision—a universal eye. He saw the fortune immediately.

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"Poor thing," he said, turning it over with his foot, "one has no time for you."

Later came a young stranger, who grabbed the fortune, and, putting it carefully under his arm, walked off.

Years later he came back to that spot and said reminiscently to the fortune, now grown so big that nobody would have recognized it:

"Yes, here is the place where I found you first."

"And to think," said the fortune, "that you, of all men, should have seen me—you, with no quality save a commercial instinct."

His owner smiled.

"I didn't see you," he said. "A poet called my attention to you."

The Nature of This Essay

Here is an essay in the form of a fable, a literary form which is as old as Æsop (or older) and as modern as George Ade. The truth which is intended to be conveyed is delicately suggested by a little story. Seemingly a mere trifle, the fable is by no means easy to write. Mr. Masson here again shows his mastery of the light form and mood.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

What had the poet that no one else had? Do you think that someone else should have secured the fortune? Why? Why did the poet neglect to use the fortune? Do you agree with the author's evident idea of the function of a poet?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Diploma Which Was Lying Around Loose
Making Friends; Taking Friends
"Oh, I Wish I Could——"
Seeing Things

ROUND COLUMBUS CIRCLE *

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE other evening as I was walking along Fifty-ninth Street I noticed a man buying a copy of *Variety* at a news stand. Obedient to my theory that life deserves all possible scrutiny, I thought it would be interesting to follow him and see exactly what he did.

I chose my quarry [1] not merely at random. People who read *Variety* are likely to be interesting because they are pretty sure to be connected, no matter how remotely, with that odd, unpredictable, and high-spirited race who calls themselves "artists," or "professionals." He might be in vaudeville, or in burlesque, or in the world of "outdoor shows." He might be a "carnival man," or a cabaret performer, a dancer, an "equilibrist," [2] a marimba bandsman,[3] a "sensational perch artist," [4] a "lightning change artist," [5] a "jazz baby," a saxophonist. He might be the manager of a picture house; he might be in the legitimate.[6] He might even be one of my favorite pair of artists (of whom I think with affection: I have never seen them, but their professional card appears now and then in *Variety*—"Null and Void, The Dippy Daffy Duo").

So I followed him discreetly, to see what might happen.

At Columbus Circle he paused and looked about him rather as though he felt himself in a congenial element. The blue mildness of the night was bright with exciting signs, the ancient

* From *The Romany Stain* by Christopher Morley, copyrighted 1926 by Doubleday, Page and Company, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Publishers.

[1] QUARRY—Object of the chase.

[2] EQUILIBRIST—One who balances himself in unnatural positions.

[3] MARIMBA BANDSMAN—The marimba is a form of xylophone.

[4] SENSATIONAL PERCH ARTIST—Trapeze performer.

[5] LIGHTNING CHANGE ARTIST—One who plays several characters in rapid succession.

[6] LEGITIMATE—The theater of the spoken drama.

one of the full moon seeming rather pallid compared to the electric picture of Socony Oil pouring from a can into a funnel. There was a constant curving flow of skittering taxis, especially the kind that have slatted black panels abaft[7] the windows: these look like little closed shutters and give a sense of secrecy, mystery, and vivid romance. Upon all this my fugitive gazed with a sort of affection; then he turned and stood a minute before the window of Childs' where small gas flames were as blue as violets under the griddle. I supposed that perhaps he was hungry, for he gazed pensively; but perhaps he was also thinking that the restaurant had quaintly changed its sex since afternoon; for now it was bustling with white-clad men instead of the laundered ladies of a few hours ago. He went on to an adjoining florist's window, and there he studied the lilacs, orchids (in their little individual test tubes), lilies of the valley, forsythia, narcissus, daffodils, pussy willows, sweet peas. It was a very springlike window. I saw his eye fall upon the deftly wrapped sheaves of paper inside the shop, where bright colors glimmered through swathes of pale green tissue. These parcels were all addressed; ready to go out, I supposed, to very beautiful ladies.

He passed on (he had lit a pipe, by the way) by the Park Theater, and he cast an observant eye upon that, noting that it was dark. Perhaps he pondered the vicissitudes[8] of the show business. The windows of several haberdashers, all announcing their proximate[9] retirement from traffic, won declensions[10] from his eye: there were some quite lively shirts at $1.85 that seemed nearly to obtain his suffrage.[11] But again I saw him lured by food. A very minute, narrow doggery,[12] intensely masculine in aspect, but with its courteous legend Ladies Invited glossed upon the pane, exhibited a tray of hamburger steak, liberally besprinkled with onion slivers. These he gravely considered.

[7] Abaft—Behind; on the rear quarter.
[8] Vicissitudes—Sudden changes of fortune; ups and downs.
[9] Proximate—Approaching.
[10] Declensions—Downward glances [11] Suffrage—Approval.
[12] Doggery—Eating place of a mean or squalid aspect.

But still he proceeded; and still, in the phrase of Mr. Montague,[13] I "committed myself to his vestiges." [14]

It was the automobile business, next, that drew his attention. Those astonishing windows just south of the Circle plainly afforded him material for thought—places where, in great halls of baronial aspect, on Oriental rugs and marble floors, under little whispering galleries where the salesmen retire to their orisons,[15] America's most shining triumphs are displayed. He was fascinated by the window of U. S. Rubber—where a single tire, mounted on a canary-colored wheel, and an array of galoshes and arctics, are gravely displayed under tall blue hangings and festoons of artificial flowers. Or the Goodrich window, where a huge flattened circlet has the space to itself on a crinkled wealth of purple-green shot silk. Amethystine[16] lights shine through glazed screens behind this monstrous tire: drapes of imitation Spanish moss and enormous vases give the effect of a vaudeville stage set for some juggling act. The automobile business has learned all the tricks of Victorian stage *decor;*[17] perhaps that was why my *Variety* reader was so thrilled. Another window, where the car comes bravely to the aid of the hard-pressed Church ("To Church in Their Chevrolet"—have you seen it?), is even more dramatic. Here the department store lends a hand also, for the modes worn by the figures are from Fifth Avenue. I was rather thrilled when I saw my fugitive halt also in front of the Dame Quickly showroom: a much more businesslike display, where the latest models of the Quickly family exhibit their modest and competent elegance.

But it was most interesting of all to find him striking off Broadway and entering the lobby of the Grenoble Hotel. He peered about the lobby as though he were expecting to meet someone; but I couldn't help suspecting that this was chiefly

[13] Mr. Montague—C. E. Montague, English editor and author.
[14] Vestiges—Tracks or footsteps.
[15] Orisons—Devotions.
[16] Amethystine—Clear purple.
[17] *Decor*—The complete stage setting, including scenery, costumes, and lighting effects.

for the benefit of the clerk at the desk; what he really wanted was a quiet place to sit down and read his *Variety*. At any rate, he occupied the resilient [18] corner of a couch for some time, studiously conning the magazine. I should have liked to tell the clerk behind the counter the reason why the Grenoble is always a special place to me—it was there, I believe, that Rudyard Kipling lay dangerously ill twenty-five years ago. I wonder if the hotel register holds any record of that momentous incident.

Presently—after carefully scanning the columns which tell how much each play took in at the box office last week; perhaps the only positively accurate gauge [19] of New York theatrical tastes; you will learn with surprise, for instance, that one of the leading money-makers is a show called *Abie's Irish Rose*—my subject folded up *Variety* and set forth again. Following, I was pleased to see him stop at Mr. Keyte's bookshop on Fifty-seventh Street; and even more surprised to note that the thing that seemed most to catch his eye was a fine photo of Henry James.[20] He complimented the saleslady upon it, and he bought a book. It was a copy of Sherwood Anderson's [21] *Winesburg, Ohio,* in the "Modern Library."

But it was plain that all this time the idea of food had been loitering agreeably in the back of his mind. I trailed him back to Columbus Circle, and there, to my amusement, he returned straight to the little hash alley where he had admired the meat patties with onions. He went in and sat down at the tiny counter. "Hamburg steak," he said, "and put plenty of onions on it." And then, after a moment, "Coffee with plenty," he added.

"It's plenty of everything with you to-night," said the white-coat, genially.

[18] Resilient—Springy.
[19] Gauge—Measure.
[20] Henry James—American novelist whose minute character analysis and elaborate style have made him the favorite of the few.
[21] Sherwood Anderson—Contemporary novelist who has given us realistic pictures of life in the Middle West.

"Sure, everything but money," remarked this mysterious creature. He propped up his *Winesburg* against the sugar basin and read while he ate.

At this point, fearing that my sleuthing might cause him to become self-conscious, I went thoughtfully away.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(1890—)

His Life Story in Brief

Novelist, poet, essayist, anthologist, columnist, playwright, theatrical manager—there seem to be no bounds to the versatility and enthusiasm of Christopher Morley who, though yet a young man, has made for himself a substantial and unique place in contemporary literature.

The son of gifted parents, Christopher Darlington Morley was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, May 5, 1890. His father is a distinguished mathematician; his mother, a musician, a poet, and (her son insists) a fine cook.

When Christopher was ten, his father resigned his chair of mathematics at Haverford College to accept a similar position at Johns Hopkins University. The family thereupon moved to Baltimore. But Christopher returned to Haverford for his college work, and on graduating in 1910, won a Rhodes scholarship as representative of the State of Maryland.

The next three years he spent in study at New College, Oxford University, an experience which was to deepen and broaden his love of English literature, especially the Elizabethan writers. It was at this period that he enjoyed the similarity between his own name and that of Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's contemporary and predecessor, and allowed his friends to make the most of the parallel.

On his return to America he spent nearly four years with the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co. at Garden City, N. Y., where he is remembered, among other reasons, for his enthusiastic advocacy of the works of William McFee, then just beginning to become known in America.

This was followed by positions on the editorial staffs of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*, and the New York *Evening Post*. Since 1924, however, he has devoted himself entirely to authorship, merely retaining his editorship of "The Bowling Green" in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

The Character of His Work

With the exception of a book of Oxford poems (now out of print), Morley's first published work was *Parnassus on Wheels*, the story of an itinerant bookshop and a quaint, shrewd, bald-headed bookseller. This was so successful as to provoke a sequel—*The Haunted Bookshop.*

Then followed at intervals essays and poems, all characterized by charm, good humor, and a certain individuality which is the reflection of a distinct personality. Books, particularly old books, have always charmed Morley, and he is able to infect his readers with many of his own enthusiasms. These latter may be somewhat inferred from a few of the Morley titles—*Shandygaff* (a brew composed of ale and ginger beer), *Pipefuls, Mince Pie, Tales from a Roll Top Desk, Songs for a Little House,* and *Rocking Horse.*

The Nature of This Essay

"Life," says Morley in *Round Columbus Circle,* "deserves all possible scrutiny." And we are inclined to agree with him after reading this trifle of observation which he has made of real interest to us. How many of us have not speculated upon the identity, the fortunes, and future estate of street car companions? Without introducing any of his own observations—as with perfect freedom he might have done—Morley has played detective, recorded his findings, and given us a segment of life in one of the most interesting sections of one of the most interesting cities in the world.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Note the absence of any lengthy introduction. What do you think the "quarry" looked like? Does Morley need to describe him? Can you visualize some of the essential features of Columbus Circle after reading this essay? Is it possible that the author remained unobserved all this time? Why should he mention details such as the portrait of Henry James, hamburg steak, etc.? Is this essay anything like a short story? Could one be made from it? How would it differ from the essay? Can you point out any particularly apt descriptive words or phrases?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Elevator (Street Car—Office Building, etc.) Acquaintances
Being Followed
On Attending to Other People's Business
The Real Identity of Our "Quarry"
A "Square" (or "Corner") in My Community
My (or Someone Else's) Daily Round

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS *

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THERE are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at nine o'clock in the morning; but these people are stunted and queer.

It is a great mistake. Such crass [1] and breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

The psychological didoes [2] involved in receiving letters and making up one's mind to answer them are very complex. If the tangled process could be clearly analyzed and its component [3] involutions [4] isolated for inspection we might reach a clearer comprehension of that curious bag of tricks, the efficient Masculine Mind.

Take Bill F., for instance, a man so delightful that even to contemplate his existence puts us in good humor and makes us think well of a world that can exhibit an individual equally comely in mind, body and estate. Every now and then we get a letter from Bill, and immediately we pass into a kind of trance, in which our mind rapidly enunciates the ideas, thoughts, surmises and contradictions that we would like to write to him in reply. We think what fun it would be to sit right down and churn the inkwell, spreading speculation and cynicism over a number of sheets of foolscap to be wafted Billward.

Sternly we repress the impulse for we know that the shock

* From *Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley, copyrighted 1919 by Doubleday, Page and Company, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Publishers.

[1] CRASS—Gross; crude; stupid.

[2] DIDOES—Tricks; capers.

[3] COMPONENT—Forming a part of; constituent.

[4] INVOLUTIONS—Complications; entanglements.

to Bill of getting so immediate a retort would surely unhinge the well-fitted panels of his intellect.

We add his letter to the large delta of unanswered mail on our desk, taking occasion to turn the mass over once or twice and run through it in a brisk, smiling mood, thinking of all the jolly letters we shall write some day.

After Bill's letter has lain on the pile for a fortnight or so it has been gently silted [5] over by about twenty other pleasantly postponed manuscripts. Coming upon it by chance, we reflect that any specific problems raised by Bill in that manifesto [6] will by this time have settled themselves. And his random speculations upon household management and human destiny will probably have taken a new slant by now, so that to answer his letter in its own tune will not be congruent [7] with his present fevers. We had better bide a wee until we really have something of circumstance to impart.

We wait a week.

By this time a certain sense of shame has begun to invade the privacy of our brain. We feel that to answer that letter now would be an indelicacy. Better to pretend that we never got it. By and by Bill will write again and then we will answer promptly. We put the letter back in the middle of the heap and think what a fine chap Bill is. But he knows we love him, so it doesn't really matter whether we write or not.

Another week passes by, and no further communication from Bill. We wonder whether he does love us as much as we thought. Still—we are too proud to write and ask.

A few days later a new thought strikes us. Perhaps Bill thinks we have died and he is annoyed because he wasn't invited to the funeral. Ought we to wire him? No, because after all we are not dead, and even if he thinks we are, his subsequent relief at hearing the good news of our survival will outweigh his bitterness during the interval. One of these days we

[5] Silted—Covered.
[6] Manifesto—Declaration; pronouncement.
[7] Congruent—Harmonious; agreeable.

will write him a letter that will really express our heart, filled with all the grindings and gear work of our mind, rich in affection and fallacy.[8] But we had better let it ripen and mellow for a while. Letters, like wines, accumulate bright fumes and bubblings if kept under cork.

Presently we turn over that pile of letters again. We find in the lees[9] of the heap two or three that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed. Bill is still on our mind, but in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way. He does not ache or twinge us as he did a month ago. It is fine to have old friends like that and keep in touch with them. We wonder how he is and whether he has two children or three. Splendid old Bill!

By this time we have written Bill several letters in imagination and enjoyed doing so, but the matter of sending him an actual letter has begun to pall. The thought no longer has the savor and vivid sparkle it had once. When one feels like that it is unwise to write. Letters should be spontaneous outpourings: they should never be undertaken merely from a sense of duty. We know that Bill wouldn't want to get a letter that was dictated by a feeling of obligation.

Another fortnight or so elapsing, it occurs to us that we have entirely forgotten what Bill said to us in that letter. We take it out and con[10] it over. Delightful fellow! It is full of his own felicitous[11] kinks of whim, though some of it sounds a little old-fashioned by now. It seems a bit stale, has lost some of its freshness and surprise. Better not answer it just yet, for Christmas will soon be here and we shall have to write then anyway. We wonder, can Bill hold out until Christmas without a letter?

We have been rereading some of those imaginary letters to Bill that have been dancing in our head. They are full of all sorts of fine stuff. If Bill ever gets them he will know how we love him. To use O. Henry's immortal joke, we have days of

[8] Fallacy—Illusion.
[9] Lees—Dregs; that which settles at the bottom.
[10] Con—Study; regard studiously.
[11] Felicitous—Happily expressed.

Damon and Knights of Pythias[12] writing those uninked letters to Bill. A curious thought has come to us. Perhaps it would be better if we never saw Bill again. It is very difficult to talk to a man when you like him so much. It is much easier to write in the sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticulate[13] when face to face. If Bill comes to town we will leave word that we have gone away. Good old Bill! He will always be a precious memory.

A few days later a sudden frenzy sweeps over us, and though we have many pressing matters on hand, we mobilize pen and paper and literary shock troops and prepare to hurl several battalions at Bill. But, strangely enough, our utterance seems stilted and stiff. We have nothing to say. *My dear Bill,* we begin, *it seems a long time since we heard from you. Why don't you write? We still love you, in spite of all your shortcomings.*

That doesn't seem very cordial. We muse over the pen and nothing comes. Bursting with affection, we are unable to say a word.

Just then the phone rings. "Hello?" we say.

It is Bill, come to town unexpectedly.

"Good old fish!" we cry, ecstatic. "Meet you at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut in five minutes."

We tear up the unfinished letter. Bill will never know how much we love him. Perhaps it is just as well. It is very embarrassing to have your friends know how you feel about them. When we meet him we will be a little bit on our guard. It would not be well to be betrayed into any extravagance of cordiality.

And perhaps a not altogether false little story could be written about a man who never visited those most dear to him, because it panged him to say good-by when he had to leave.

[12] PYTHIAS—A pun upon Damon and Pythias, the classic exemplars of perfect friendship.

[13] INARTICULATE—Incapable of expression.

The Nature of This Essay

"The essay is a mood rather than a form," says Christopher Morley himself in his introduction to the collection which he has assembled under the title, *Modern Essays*. Certainly here is a mood, admirably sustained throughout. The author never becomes too minutely analytical, but he toys with our feeling about correspondence, examines it from all angles, and succeeds in illuminating with rare good humor and much insight how most of us feel about correspondence.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Note the unusual title. Does it attract attention? What is the mood which prevails throughout the essay? Notice the immediacy with which the author announces his position and the general theme of the essay. Point out some of the witty or humorous portions of the essay. Do you notice any unusual words, or words used in new or unusual ways? Do you think that the author is accustomed to "unanswer" letters or not? Do you agree that the efficient Masculine Mind is a "curious bag of tricks?" How about the efficient Feminine Mind? How would a woman—or girl—feel about "unanswering" that letter from Sue? Or would she "unanswer" it? Can you imagine also the "psychological didoes" of the writers of the two or three letters "that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed?" Do you agree that "letters should be spontaneous outpourings?" How many of those we receive could be so characterized? How many of those we write? Have you ever found it difficult to talk to a person because you liked him so much? Can you reconstruct in imagination the talk which passed between Bill and the author when they finally meet.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Letters That Answer Themselves
Concerning an Odious Promptness in Answering Letters
Friendship Promoted by Absence
The Compleat Letter Writer (modern version)
Imaginary Letters
Friendship's Barometer (Identical letters as written two weeks, two months, two years after the receipt of the original)
The Perfect Correspondence

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

HENRY W. NEVINSON

IN mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship glides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-by, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-by to glimmering spires and lighted bastions,[1] dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-by to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous[2] heights! Good-by to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease!

Good-by, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and moldering streets; of ignoble coverts[3] for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-by, New York! I am going home.

Good-by to beautiful "apartments" and "homes." Good-by to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain peak! Good-by to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-by to frequent and well-appointed bathrooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-by to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy! Good-by to shady verandas where rocking-chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the *Saturday Evening Post!*

[1] BASTIONS—Projections.
[2] PRECIPITOUS—Steep; sheer.
[3] COVERTS—Here mean or squallid dwellings.

Good-by, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison; a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water pipes, of washing stands and slop pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the copious meals—the early grapefruit, the "cereals," the eggs broken in a glass! Good-by to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to "sea food," to sublimated viands,[4] to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie" or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice cream, to the coffee, also bland[5] with cream, to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham and eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where cream is seldom seen; the land where mustard grows and whisky flows. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "flivvers"! Good-by to the signal lights upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the red light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon; the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business. Good-by to outside staircases for escape from fire. Good-by to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots! Good-by to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country!

Good-by to miles of advertisements imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's codfish ("No Bones!"), or drink some-

[4] SUBLIMATED VIANDS—Food served in elaborate or novel fashions.
[5] BLAND—Smooth; not stimulating.

body's coffee ("Good to the Last Drop!"), or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-by to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air; while over your head or under your back the baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-Negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship! Good-by to the house that is labeled "One Hundred Years Old," for the amazement of mortality! Good-by to thin woods, and fields enclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse, and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and crossbred words—the land where a dinner jacket is a "Tuxedo," a spittoon a "cuspidor," where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where "vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to a song, means a dangerous female! Good-by to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gapes at a dog straying in his field! Good-by to the land where strangers say, "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older; and where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops. I am going to a land of ancient speech, where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "concud"; where "necessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush, as hedge ditch and rail in the hunting field;

where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement, and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotion, and suspenders are a strictly necessary article of attire. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-by to the weary platitude,[6] accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-by to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric[7] for sustenance! Good-by to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-by to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-by to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous and Radicals show red—where Mr. Gompers[8] is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith[9] would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated[10] and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent;[11] a land where even Coalitions[12] cannot coalesce[13]—where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where

[6] PLATITUDE—Commonplace; trite statement.

[7] RHETORIC—Artificial elegance of language.

[8] MR. GOMPERS—Samuel Gompers, long president of the American Federation of Labor.

[9] MR. ASQUITH—Henry Herbert Asquith, later Lord Oxford, for years leader of the Liberal Party and Prime Minister of England.

[10] EMULATED—Rivaled; imitated.

[11] DIVERGENT—Marked by sharp differences of opinion between political parties.

[12] COALITION—During and after the war it was found necessary in England to form a cabinet made up of representatives of various political parties.

[13] COALESCE—Unite in effective action.

an ancient order is passing away, and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by Lord Chancellors [14] as the very fortifications of security. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-by to the indiscriminating appetite which gulps lectures as opiates,[15] and "printed matter" as literature! Good-by to the wizards and witches who ask to psychoanalyze [16] my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-by to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-by, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home.

[14] Lord Chancellors—The chief judge in England. Here used as a symbol of conservative opinion.

[15] Opiate—Sleep-inducing; soothing.

[16] Psychoanalyze—A certain school of psychologists believes that many desires exist in the subconscious mind and prevent (or inhibit) many of our actions. They are often present in dreams. Freed from these "complexes," or warped attitudes, the individual is able to live a fuller and freer life.

HENRY WOOD NEVINSON

His Life Story in Brief

Mr. Nevinson brings to the authorship of this and other essays a rich background of experience gained as correspondent, editor, and world traveler. He is an Englishman who entered journalism after completing his studies at Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford.

One of the most brilliant of modern war correspondents, he was present at the Greco-Turkish War in 1897, the Boer War, the Russian Revolution of 1905–6, and on all fronts during the World War. He also exposed the Portuguese slave trade in central Africa. His dispatches have always been notable for their candor, courage, and human sympathy.

The accompanying essay was written after Mr. Nevinson had been representing the Manchester *Guardian* at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. It was printed in the London *Nation and Athenaeum,* of which Mr. Nevinson is now an editor, on March 4, 1922, and was much quoted in American newspapers at the time of its first appearance.

The Character of His Work

Although journalism has occupied the greater part of Mr. Nevinson's efforts, he has found time for the publication of a group of ironical short stories called *Original Sinners,* two autobiographical books, *Between the Acts* and *Changes and Chances,* and a volume of serious essays entitled *Essays in Rebellion.*

The Nature of This Essay

As is often the case with members of the same family, surface differences are often more perceptible than fundamental likenesses. Recognizing this fact, Mr. Nevinson has made a catalog of contrasts. It would seem difficult to pack into such small compass all the items which he has enumerated with such candor and good humor. The essay would be notable on that score alone, even if one could afford to overlook—which is decidedly not the case—the effects gained by the use of repetition and refrain, and the rhythmical sweep of the sentences. As an example of unusual style it will well repay study.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Where is the author going? Select words or phrases which make plain his meaning. Does his give his "home" unqualified praise? Or does he see flaws in that as in America? Which things in America do you think he admires and which dislikes? On the whole, what do you think his attitude toward America is? Note especially his description of New York as seen from the ship. What makes it so effective? Can you think of additional features of American life and manners which he might have mentioned as characteristic of us? Aside from those mentioned in the essay, are there other differences of speech and manners between England and America? Do you agree with the author in characterizing England as our "spiritual home"?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Farewell to My Home Town
Farewell to Camp—Cottage—Woods—Shore—Summer Job
Farewell to High School
Farewell to the Movies

SPRING IS HERE

WILL ROGERS

WELL, there has been quite a bit happened since I last communed with you. Spring is coming; I can tell by the Poetry and the Real Estate ads. A Poet exists all year just to get his Poem published in the Spring. Then when he sees it in print he starts getting next Spring's verse all ready. These early Spring Real Estate ads read, "This House is located on the shady banks of a Beautiful stream." Say, if there is a beautiful stream anywhere now the Railroad runs along it and all you have to do is to get run over by a freight train to reach this beautiful stream.

A favorite ad is, "Beautiful Home in heart of the most exclusive Residential District, 5 Master Bedrooms and 9 baths; Owner going to Europe," now let's just take that ad out and dissect it and see what it is.

In a Real Estate man's eye, the most exclusive part of the City is wherever he has a House to sell. The Dog Pound may be on one side and the City Incinerator on the other but it's still exclusive. And it is, too, for it will be the only house in the world so situated.

Five Master Bedrooms! Now, they get that Master junk from English ads where the man may be the master. Still, I don't know why they call all the rooms his. Over here they call them Master Bedrooms but the Wife will pick out the Poorest one for him, and keep the other 4 Good ones for Company.

Now, to the ordinary man on reading that Ad of 9 Baths, that would be an insult to his cleanliness. A Man would have to be awful Busy to support that many Baths, unless, of course,

he neglected some of them. The ad might better have read, "Buy our home and live in a Bathtub." The biggest part of City homes nowadays have more Baths than Beds. So, while they can't always ask the Company to stay all night as they have no place to put them, they can at least ask them to Bathe. So, when you are invited out now, you can always be assured of your private Bath, but you must leave before Bedtime.

When you visit a friend's newly finished Home you will be shown through all the Bathrooms, but when you leave you couldn't, to save your soul, tell where the dining room was. They seem to kinder want to camouflage or hide that nowadays. There is such little eating being done in the Homes now that a dining room is almost a lost art. Breakfast is being served in bed, Dinner at the Cabaret with dancing attached, and lunch—no up-to-date Man would think of going anywhere but to his Clubs for lunch. Besides, didn't he hear a funny one and must get to the Club to bore his alleged friends with it? He will talk everybody's left ear off all day and come home and bite his Wife's off if she asks him to tell her the news.

And then they have such an enlightening custom nowadays. Every body of men who can think of a name have a Club. And is not Congressman Blindbridle, who has just returned from a free Government trip to Bermuda, going to deliver a Message at to-day's Luncheon on "Americanism, Or What We Owe to the Flag"?

Now, as the dining room space has been eliminated to make room for an additional Bath, most of the eating, if one happens to be entertaining at home, is done off The Lap. This custom of slow starvation has shown vast improvement of late. Instead of the Napkins being of Paper, why, they have been supplanted by almost-linen ones with beautiful hemstitching. That's to try and get your mind off the lack of nourishment. As I say, the Napkin is hand sewn but the Lettuce Sandwiches still come from the Delicatessen.

Why, in the good old days, they couldn't have fed you on

your lap 'cause you couldn't have held all they would give you. Now you have to feel for it to find it.

But the Husband does come home some time during the Day or Night, for is not the overhead of his outlay of Baths going on all the time, and shouldn't he be getting home to get some good out of some of them?

It's not the high cost of Living that is driving us to the Poor House—It's the high Cost of bathing. The big question to-day is not what are you going to pay for your plot of ground, but what kind of fixtures are you going to put in your legion of Bathrooms.

The interest on unpaid-for Bathrooms would pay our National Debt.

Now, mind you, I am not against this modern accomplishment, or extravagance, of ours. I realize that these Manufacturers of Fixtures have advanced their Art to the point where they are practically modern Michelangelos. Where, in the old days, an Elephant Hook was almost necessary for a Wife to drag her Husband toward anything that looked like Water, to-day those Interior Bath Decorators can almost make one of those things inviting enough to get in without flinching.

But, in doing so, they have destroyed an American Institution, and ruined the only Calendar that a Child ever had. That was the Saturday Night bath. Nowadays a Child just grows up in ignorance. From the Cradle to the Altar he don't know what day of the week it is. In those good old days he knew that the next morning after that weekly Ear washing he was going to Sunday School. Now he has not only eliminated the Bath on Saturday but has practically eliminated the Sunday School, for neither he nor his Parents know when Sunday comes.

But, in those days, that old Kitchen Stove was kept hot after supper. And not only the Teakettle was filled but other Pots and Pans, and the Family Washtub was dragged up by the Fire, and you went out to the Well, and helped your Pa draw some Water to mix with that hot. While you was doing that, your Ma, if you stayed Lucky and had a Ma up to then, was a getting out all the clean Clothes and a fixing the But-

tons, and a laying out the schedule of who was to be first. And She was the only one could tell just how much hot Water to put in to make it right. And if anybody had to feel of the hot water and get burned it was always her, not you, and she found dirt behind, and in, your Ears that all the highfaluting Fixtures in the World can't find to-day.

Now that was an event. It meant something. It brought you closer together. But now bathing is so common there's No Kick To It. It's just *Bla!!*

The Romans started this Bath Gag; now look what become of them. They used to have the most beautiful Baths, kind of a Municipal Bath, where they all met and strolled around and draped themselves on Marble Slabs. It was a kinder Society event. It compared to our modern Receptions. I have seen some beautiful Paintings of them, but I have yet to see a Scene where a Roman was in the Water. But they did look, oh, just too cunning, sunning themselves out on the Concrete Banks of those Pools. It must have been like visiting our modern Beaches, where no one can swim but the Life Guard, and they don't know that he can as he has never been called on to go in. But, like the Romans, our Girls can arrange themselves in the most bewitching shapes out on the sand, which, after all, must be much more comfortable than the Asphalt that those little Cæsars had to spread themselves over.

If two members of the same household have to use the same Bath, it is referred to now as a Community Tub.

Statistics have proven that there are 25 Bathtubs sold to every Bible.

And fifty to every Dictionary, and 380 to every Encyclopedia.

Proving that, while we may be neglecting the Interior, we are looking after the exterior.

If the Father of our Country, George Washington, was Tutankhamened[1] to-morrow, and, after being aroused from his

[1] TUTANKHAMENED—That looked like a hard one, Will, but we got it after a while. It must mean "disinterred."

Tomb, was told that the American People to-day spend two Billion Dollars yearly on Bathing Material, he would say, *"What got 'em so dirty?"*

WILL ROGERS

(1879—)

His Life Story in Brief

America's court jester and unofficial ambassador of merriment and shrewd common sense—that seems to be the real function of Will Rogers, the cowboy philosopher.

Of Indian ancestry, he was born at Oolagah, Indian Territory, November 4, 1879. He was educated at Willie Hassell School, Neosho, Missouri, and confesses to spending a short time at Kemper Military Academy.

In 1905, he brought his lariat and chewing gum to Hammerstein's Roof Garden, New York, where his career in vaudeville began. With the exception of three years spent in the movies, he has been with the Ziegfeld Follies and other musical shows as featured comedian since 1914. Here he has proved himself a fellow of infinite jest.

In 1925, he toured the country as a lecturer. Since 1923, he has contributed a daily paragraph of comment to the New York *Times,* the only "feature," by the way, exhibited in its staid columns.

In some sense he has taken on the character of a national institution. When Ambassador Morrow began his notable work of establishing more cordial relations between the United States and Mexico, he sent for Lindbergh—and Will Rogers. The local politics of Beverly Hills, California, became front page news all over the country when Will was elected mayor.

He visited Washington, was received by the President, and invited to address the Congress. In similar manner he has entertained the legislatures of several states, feathering his shafts of satire with grins and chuckles which take the sting from the barb. His self-launched boom for the Presidency was taken semi-seriously by many persons who wrote his name on the ballot.

All in all, his position is comparable to that of the jester of former times who, because his wit was so relished, was allowed to score many a shrewd hit off many a highly placed personage.

The Character of His Work

His published work is in the nature of comment on men and measures, and is excellent journalism in that it treats of timely topics much in the public discussion. With all his humor, Will has a strong vein of shrewd common sense which makes him the arch enemy of all kinds of "bunk." Perhaps his most popular work is his *Illiterate Digest.*

The Nature of This Essay

Rambling, discursive, and conversational to a degree, this paper represents the essay in one of its easiest and most informal moments. With a delightfully infectious grin, it proceeds to discourse satirically of the great American exaggeration. One can almost imagine it being said with a slow drawl and a sly twinkle.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

The word "study" seems eminently out of place in connection with this essay, but perhaps a more careful reading will reveal something of the nature of American humor. How much of the humor is due to exaggeration? How much to the unique system of capitalization? To the sentence structure—or lack of it? Is its departure from accepted grammatical forms an element in the humor? Would Will Rogers be as funny without it? Does he retain it—and the pose of illiteracy—deliberately? How much of his popularity is due to it? If possible, compare him with Artemus Ward (who made Lincoln laugh), Petroleum V. Nasby, and other early American humorists. Make a list of pithy sayings ("wise cracks") which seem humorous, even though detached from their setting.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Saturday Night Bath
Poetry in Advertising
The Greatest American Institution Is—
Fiction in Advertising
Poetry in Plumbing
"Statistics Prove—"

THE AMERICAN BOY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OF course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in many exercises, and to develop his body—and therefore, to a

certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the First Century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. To-day, some good critics have asserted that the reverses suffered by the British at the hands of the Boers in South Africa are in part due to the fact that the English officers and soldiers have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift for himself—not to box or

play football. There is, of course, always the risk of thus mistaking means for ends. English fox-hunting is a first-class sport; but one of the most absurd things in real life is to note the bated breath with which certain excellent Englishmen, otherwise of quite healthy minds, speak of this admirable but not over-important pastime. They tend to make it almost as much of a fetish as, in the last century, the French and German nobles made the chase of the stag, when they carried hunting and game preserving to a point which was ruinous to the national life. Fox-hunting is very good as a pastime, but it is about as poor a business as can be followed by any man of intelligence. Certain writers about it are fond of quoting the anecdote of a fox-hunter who, in the days of the English Civil War, was discovered pursuing his favorite sport just before a great battle between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, and right between their lines as they came together. These writers apparently consider it a merit in this man that when his country was in a death grapple, instead of taking arms and hurrying to the defense of the cause he believed right, he should placidly have gone about his usual sports. Of course, in reality the chief serious use of fox-hunting is to encourage manliness and vigor, and keep a man so that in time of need he can show himself fit to take part in work or strife for his native land. When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or football, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls —why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming

in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons—in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horseplay in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the statesman does not excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to

preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practice decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby,* and Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy,* which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called *Captains Courageous,* describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterwards thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called *Stalky & Co.,* a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not

seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Americans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrongdoing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little, while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to everyone else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1858–1919)

His Life Story in Brief

The major energies of Theodore Roosevelt were so constantly occupied in the field of practical politics that it is difficult to think of him as a literary man. And yet his output was considerable and varied.

His public career is too well known to need more than brief review here. Born in New York City October 27, 1858, he received his bachelor's degree from Harvard University in 1876. Being the possessor of a modest competence, he was freed from the necessity of earning a living, and thus could dedicate his life to public service. This he did with characteristic thoroughness.

Having decided to make politics his life work, he was elected a member of the New York State Assembly, and even in that comparatively obscure office gave promise of future greatness. He was in turn member of the United States Civil Service Commission, president of the board of police commissioners of New York City, assistant secretary of the United States Navy, governor of New York State, vice-president, and president of the United States.

Following his retirement from the presidency, he organized and headed an expedition for scientific exploration in Africa. His dissatisfaction with the policies of his successor in office caused him to lead the revolt in the Republican party which brought about the election of Wilson in 1912.

During the early years of the World War he was an outstanding critic of the administration policy, and when at last the United States ranged itself on the side of the Allies, he made an earnest effort to enter active service, as he had in the Spanish-Amrican War. His death came soon after the cessation of hostilities in which his youngest son, Quentin, had offered up his life.

Easily the foremost figure of his age, he played an intense and zestful part in all the events of his lifetime. Despite his absorption in public affairs, he was interested in outdoor life and exploration, history and biography, and various phases of abstract scholarship. His reading covered an enormous range, and contributed to making him the vital and dynamic force which so materially affected American life and thought.

The Character of His Work

His historical volumes entitled, *The Winning of the West,* contain many vivid accounts of the pushing back of the frontier, and are in part inspired by his own ranching experience when he was engaged in winning his way to complete and rugged health. His state papers and public addresses were, of course, numerous, but with the passage of time they come to have less interest. Roosevelt's most popular work is undoubtedly his *Letters to His Children.* Here we get an intimate view of him at work and play—the perfect father, counseling, guiding, and living with his children.

The Nature of This Essay

"Hit the line hard" is a maxim which Roosevelt constantly preached and which he exemplified in the highest degree in his own life. The phrase itself is but one of a number which he coined and which gained universal currency—"the strenuous life," "the big stick," "de-e-lighted" all are part of the picture of the dynamic Roosevelt. In the accompanying essay he sets forth his ideal for the American boy, not alone as a boy, but as a future citizen. His views are typical of the man, and are set forth with all his characteristic directness and vigor.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

If Roosevelt were writing to-day, do you think he would detect—and possibly deplore—an overemphasis on athletics? Or would he approve all that schools and colleges are doing in this respect? What seems to be his idea of the contribution which athletics should make to citizenship? What is his ideal of citizenship? Do you find yourself in complete agreement with it? Can the Roosevelt doctrine be reconciled with the scriptural injunction to "turn the other cheek"? Have you read the books which Roosevelt mentions? If so, do you agree with his judgments of them? Select short, pithy sentences which seem to be characteristic of the author's sentiments and style.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Being a Boy
Ends and Means
Hitting the Line Hard
The Game of Life
Courage
The American Girl
Good Reading
Fair Play
Success
Strength

FIDDLERS ERRANT *

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

MUSICAL adventures largely depend on your instrument. Go traveling with a bassoon [1] or clarinet [2] packet in your trunk, and romance will pass you by. But far otherwise will events shape themselves if you set forth with a fiddle.

The moment I turned my back upon the humdrum flute and embraced the 'cello, that instrument of romance, things began happening thick and fast in a hitherto uneventful life. I found that to sally forth with your 'cello couchant [3] under your arm, like a lance of the days of chivalry, was to invite adventure. You tempted Providence to make things interesting for you, up to the moment when you returned home and stood your fat, melodious friend in the corner on his one leg—like the stork, that other purveyor of joyful surprises.

One reason why the 'cellist is particularly liable to meet with musical adventures is because the nature of his talent is so plainly visible. The parcel under his arm labels him FIDDLER in larger scare caps than Mr. Hearst ever invented for headlines. It is seen of all men. There is no concealment possible. For it would, indeed, be less practicable to hide your 'cello under a bushel than to hide a bushel under your 'cello.

* By permission of Robert Haven Schauffler. The substance of this essay was incorporated into Mr. Schauffler's book, *Fiddler's Luck*, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 1920.

[1] BASSOON—Wind instrument of the double reed variety with a compass of three octaves.

[2] CLARINET—Wind instrument consisting of a bell-mouthed tube with a single reed.

[3] COUCHANT—Lying down; sideways.

The non-reducible obesity [4] of this instrument is apt to bring you adventures of all sorts; wrathful sometimes, when urchins recognize it as a heaven-sent target for snowballs; or when adults audibly quote Dean Swift's asinine [5] remark, "He was a fiddler and therefore a rogue." Absurd, sometimes, as when the ticket chopper in the subway bars your path under the misapprehension that you are carrying a double bass; [6] and when the small boys at the exit offer you a *Saturday Evening Post* in return for "a tune on that there banjo." But more often the episodes are pleasant, as when your bulky trade-mark enables some kindred spirit to recognize you as his predestined companion on impromptu adventures in music.

I was at first almost painfully aware of my 'cello's conspicuousness because I had abandoned for it an instrument so retiring by nature that you might carry it till death in your side pocket, yet never have it contribute an unusual episode to your career. But from the moment when I discovered the exaggerated old fiddle in the attic, slumbering in its black coffin, and wondered what it was all about, and brought it resurrection and life—events began. I have never known exactly what was the magic inherent [7] in the dull, guttural, discouraged protests of the strings which I experimentally plucked that day. But their songs without words or music seemed to me pregnant with promises of beauty and romance far beyond the ken of the forthright and obvious flute. So then and there I decided to embark upon the delicate and dangerous enterprise of learning another instrument.

It was indeed delicate and dangerous because it had to be prosecuted [8] as secretly as sketching hostile fortifications. Father must not suspect. I feared that if he heard the demonic groans of a G string in pain, or the ghoulish whimperings of a

[4] OBESITY—Stoutness.
[5] ASININE—Stupid.
[6] DOUBLE BASS—Bass viol; violone.
[7] INHERENT—Native to.
[8] PROSECUTED—Pursued.

manhandled A, he would mount to the attic, throw back his head, look down upon me through those lower crescents of his spectacles which always made him look a trifle unsympathetic, and pronounce that baleful [9] formula: "My son, come into my study!" For I knew he labored under the delusion that I already "blew in" too much time on the flute, away from the companionship of All Gaul,[10] *enteuthen exelaunei,*[11] and Q. E. D.[12] As for any additional instrument, I feared that he would reduce it to a pulp at sight, and me too.

My first secret step was to secure a long strip of paper to be pasted on the finger board under the strings. It was all pock-marked [13] with black dots and letters, so that if the music told you to play the note G, all you had to do was to contort your neck properly and remove your left hand from the path of vision, then gaze cross-eyed and upside down at the finger board until you discovered the particular dot labeled G. The next move was to clap your finger tip upon that dot and straighten out your neck and eyes and apply the bow. Then out would come a triumphant G—that is, provided your fingers had not already rubbed G's characteristically undershot lip so much as to erase away the letter's individuality. In that case, to be sure, all your striving for G might result only in C after all.

It was fascinating work, though. And every afternoon as the hour of four, and father's "constitutional" [14] approached, I would "get set" like a sprinter on my mark in the upper hall. The moment the front door closed definitely behind my parent I would dash for the attic and commence my cervical [15] and ocular [16] contortions. It was dangerous, too. For it was so

[9] BALEFUL—Woeful.
[10] ALL GAUL—The reading of Cæsar's *Commentaries*.
[11] *Enteuthen exelaunei*—A phrase much used in Xenophon's *Anabasis*, the text used in the second year of the course in Greek.
[12] Q. E. D.—Here a symbol for the study of geometry.
[13] POCK-MARKED—Marked in a manner similar to the scars left by small-pox.
[14] CONSTITUTIONAL—Daily walk for the benefit of one's constitution.
[15] CERVICAL—Pertaining to the neck.
[16] OCULAR—Pertaining to the eye.

hard to stop betimes [17] that one evening father made my blood run cold by inquiring, "What were you moaning about upstairs before dinner?" I fear that I attributed these sounds to travail [18] in Latin scholarship, and an alleged sympathy for the struggles of the dying Gaul.

The paper finger board was so efficacious [19] that in a week I felt ready to taste the first fruits of toil. So I insinuated [20] a pair of musical friends into the house one afternoon, to try an easy trio. They were a brother and sister who played violin and piano. Things went so brilliantly that we resolved on a public performance within a few days, at the South High School. Alas, if I had only taken the supposed rapidity of my progress with a grain of attic salt! But my only solicitude was over the problem how to smuggle the too conspicuous instrument to school, on the morning of the concert, without the knowledge of a vigilant father. We decided at last that any such attempt would be suicidal rashness. So I borrowed another boy's father's 'cello, and, in default of the printed strip, I penciled under the strings notes of the whereabouts of G, C, and so forth, making G shoot out the lip with extra decision.

Our public performance was a *succès fou*,[21]—that is, it was a *succès* up to a certain point, and *fou* beyond it, when one disaster followed another. My fingers played so hard as to rub out G's lower lip. They quite obliterated A, turned E into F, and B into a fair imitation of D. These involuntary revisions led me to introduce the very boldest modern harmonies into one of the most naïvely traditional strains of Cornelius Gurlitt. Now, in the practice of the art of music one never with impunity pours new harmonic wine into old bottles. The thing is simply not done.

Perhaps, though, we might have muddled through somehow,

[17] BETIMES—In good season; early.
[18] TRAVAIL—Toil; labor.
[19] EFFICACIOUS—Productive of results.
[20] INSINUATED—Introduced gently, or artfully.
[21] *Succès fou*—Wild success.

had not my violinist friend, during a rest, poked me cruelly in the ribs with his bow and remarked in a coarse stage whisper, "Look who's there!"

I looked, and gave a gasp. It might have passed for an excellent rehearsal of my last gasp. In the very front row sat—father! He appeared sardonic[22] and businesslike. The fatal formula seemed already to be trembling upon his lips. The remnants of B, C, D, and so forth suddenly blurred before my crossed eyes. With the most dismal report our old bottle of chamber music blew up, and I fled from the scene.

"My son, come into my study."

In an ague[23] I had waited half the evening for those hated words; and with laggard step and miserable forebodings I followed across the hall. But the day was destined to end in still another surprise. When father finally faced me in that awful sanctum,[24] he was actually smiling in the jolliest manner, and I divined that the rod was going to be spared.

"What's all this?" he inquired. "Thought you'd surprise your old dad, eh? Come, tell me about it."

So I told him about it; and he was so sympathetic that I found courage for the great request.

"Pa," I stammered, "sometimes I think p'raps I don't hold the bow just right. It scratches so. Please might I take just four lessons from a regular teacher so I could learn all about how to play the 'cello?"

Father choked a little. But he looked jollier than ever as he replied, "Yes, my son, on condition that you promise to lay the flute entirely aside until you have learned *all* about how to play the 'cello."

I promised.

I have faithfully kept that promise.

[22] Sardonic—Grim.
[23] Ague—A chill or state of shaking.
[24] Sanctum—Room for personal use.

II

Fiddlers errant are apt to rush in where angels in good and regular practice fear even to tune up. One of the errant's pet vagaries [25] is to volunteer his services in orchestras too good for him. Not long after discovering that I would need more than four lessons to learn quite all there was to know about the 'cello—in fact, just nine months after discovering the coffin in the attic—I "rushed in." Hearing that *The Messiah* was to be given at Christmas, I approached the conductor and magniloquently [26] informed him that I was a 'cellist and that, seeing he was he, I would contribute my services without money and without price to the coming performance.

With a rather dubious air my terms were accepted. That same evening at rehearsal I found that the entire bass section of the orchestra consisted of three 'cellos. These were presided over by an inaudible, and therefore negligible, little girl, a hoary sage who always arrived very late and left very early, and myself. I shall never forget my sensations when the sage, at a crucial point, suddenly packed up and left me, an undeveloped musical Atlas,[27] to bear the entire weight of the orchestra on one pair of puny shoulders. Under these conditions it was a fearful ordeal to read at sight "The Trumpet Shall Sound." The trumpet sounded, indeed. That was more than the 'cello did in certain passages! As for the dead being raised, however, that happened according to program.

After this high-tension episode, I pulled myself together, only to fall into a cruel and unusual pit which the treacherous Handel dug for 'cellists by writing one single passage in that unfamiliar alto clef which looks so much like the usual tenor clef that before the least suspicion of impending disaster dawns, you are down in the pit, hopelessly floundering.

[25] Vagaries—Whims.
[26] Magniloquently—Pompously.
[27] Atlas—The fabled giant who held the world on his shoulders.

I emerged from this rehearsal barely alive; but I had really enjoyed myself so much more than I had suffered, or made others suffer, that my initial impulse to rush at sight into strange orchestras now became stereotyped [28] into a habit. Since then what delightful evenings I have spent in the old Café Martin and in the old Café Boulevarde where my 'cellist friends in the orchestras were ever ready to resign their instruments into my hands for a course or two, and the leader always let me pick out the music!

III

Fiddlers errant find that traveling with a 'cello is almost as good—and almost as bad—as traveling with a child. It helps you, for example, in cultivating friendly relations with fellow passengers. Suppose there is a broken wheel, or the engineer is waiting for Number 26 to pass, or you are stalled for three days in a blizzard—what more jolly than to undress your 'cello and play each of those present the tune he would most like to hear, and lead the congregational singing of "Dixie," "Tipperary," "Drink to me only," and "Home, Sweet Home"?

But this is only the bright side. In some ways traveling with a 'cello is as uncomfortable as traveling, not only with a baby, but with a donkey. Unless indeed you have an instrument with a convenient hinged door in the back so that you may pack it full of pajamas, collars, brushes, MSS, and so forth, thus dispensing with a bag; or unless you can calk up [29] its F holes and use the instrument as a canoe on occasion, a 'cello is about as inconvenient a traveling companion as the corpse in Stevenson's tale, which would insist on getting into the wrong box.

Some idea of the awkwardness of taking the 'cello along in a sleeping car may be gathered from its nicknames. It is called the "bull fiddle." It is called the "dog house." But, unlike either bulls or kennels, it cannot safely be forwarded by freight or express. The formula for Pullman travel with a 'cello is as

[28] Stereotyped—Fixed; made permanent.
[29] Calk up—Stop up the crevices.

follows. First ascertain whether the conductor will let you aboard with the instrument. If not, try the next train. When successful, fee the porter heavily at sight, thus softening his heart so that he will assign the only spare upper berth to your baby. And warn him in impressive tones that the instrument is priceless, and on no account to touch it. You need not fear thieves. Sooner than steal a 'cello, the light-fingered would button his coat over a baby white elephant and let it tusk his vitals.

I have cause to remember my first and only holiday trip with the Princeton Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs. My function being to play solos and to assist the Mandolin Club, I demanded for the 'cello an upper berth in the special car. But I was overwhelmed with howls of derision and assurances that I was a very fresh soph indeed. The first night, my instrument reposed in some mysterious recess under a leaky cooler, where all too much water flowed under its bridge before the dawn. The second night it was compressed into a straight and narrow closet with brushes and brooms, whence it emerged with a hollow chest, a stoop, a consumptive quality of voice, and the malady known as *compressio pontis*.[30] Thereafter it occupied the same upper with me. Twice I overlaid it, with well-nigh fatal consequences.

Short-distance travel with a 'cello is not much more agreeable. In trolleys you have to hold it more delicately than any babe, and be ready to give a straight-arm to anyone who lurches in your direction, and to raise it from the floor every time you jolt over cross tracks or run over pedestrians, for fear of jarring the delicate adjustment of the sound post. As for a holiday crush downtown, the best way to negotiate it with a 'cello is to fix the sharp steel end pin in place, and then, holding the instrument at charge like a bayonet, impale those who seem most likely to break its ribs.

After my full share of such experiences, I learned that it is better for fiddlers errant to leave their instruments at home and live on the country, as it were, trusting to the fact that

[30] *Compressio pontis*—Compression of the bridge.

they can beg, borrow, or rent some kind of fiddle and some sort of chamber music almost anywhere, if they know how to go about it.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

(1879—)

His Life Story in Brief

"The moment I . . . embraced the 'cello, that instrument of romance, things began happening thick and fast in a hitherto uneventful life," declares Mr. Schauffler in the essay which you are still chuckling over.

But he does himself too little justice.

Born in Brünn, Austria, April 8, 1879, of American missionary parents, he spent a year at Northwestern University, took his A.B. degree at Princeton in 1902, where, as he has suggested, the 'cello was an important extra-curricular activity, and later studied at the University of Berlin. In music he was a pupil of Steindel, Schroeder, and Hekking.

He has been musical editor of *The Independent,* special correspondent of *Collier's Weekly* in Italy and Greece, of *The Century* and *The Outlook* in Germany, and the author of books of travel. In 1906, he was decorated by the Queen of Italy as the winner of the national tennis championship doubles, and also took part in the Athenian Olympic games.

His title of "fiddler errant" is not merely honorary, for from 1906 to 1909 he was a member of the Grasse Trio, his wife, Katharine de Normandie Wilson, and the blind violinist, Edwin Grasse, being the other members. He is also an amateur sculptor, having exhibited in the National Sculpture Society's exhibition.

But the calendar of events would be incomplete without mention of his war service. He was commissioned as second lieutenant in infantry November 27, 1917, and after serving as instructor in the Officers' Training School at Camp Meade, he landed in France as first lieutenant with the 79th Division July 15, 1918.

He took part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and was severely wounded before Montfaucon. On his recovery he acted as assistant general staff officer with the 79th Division, and later was on detached service at advanced general headquarters in Germany from February to April of 1919.

All in all, it would seem that his decision to embrace the 'cello has been productive of momentous consequences.

The Character of His Work

The acclaim with which the accompanying essay was greeted on its first publication suggested to the author its enlargement and publication in book form. It accordingly now forms part of *Fiddlers Luck* in which further musical adventures are delightfully set forth. He has also dealt collaterally with this subject in *The Musical Amateur*. Of his poems, the best known is probably *Scum of the Earth,* in which he flames forth in defense of the immigrant.

The Nature of This Essay

The essence of rich experience as passed through a delightful personality—this is the chief charm of the accompanying essay. Though seemingly so rambling and discursive, the essay has a very definite form. The humor, sometimes sly, sometimes hilarious; the abounding gusto with which the adventures are related; and the rich musical background which adorns, but never obtrudes upon the essay are qualities which will bear careful study.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you think the adventures related in this essay might have happened to anyone? Or was there something in the author's attitude and personality which invited them? Is it possible that the author might have had as good a time with the flute? If you play an instrument, have you ever experienced any of the sensations related by the author? Select passages which especially appeal to you, either because of their humor, their charm of wording, or the sentiments which they express.

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

I Join an Orchestra
Adventures with the Saxophone—Flute—Violin—Bass Drum, etc.
My First Recital
On Possible Fates for Saxophonists
The 'Cello in Four Lessons
Meditations on Practicing a Musical Instrument

HOW THE LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL ARE OPERATED

(*From the Scientific American*)

The mechanism which operate the ponderous locks at Gatun, Miraflores and Pedro Miguel in the Panama Canal, is quite unlike anything used elsewhere in the world. Heretofore it has been the practice to distribute a large operating force practically along the full length of the locks in a canal. Such a force is difficult to coördinate into an efficient operating system. Moreover, the enormity of the Panama locks made it highly desirable that all operations should be centralized. The flight of locks at Gatun, for example, extends over a distance of 6,152 feet, and the principal operating machines are distributed over a distance of 4,115 feet.

The Isthmian Canal Commission decided that the locks must be electrically controlled from some central station in each case, because thus the number of operators, the operating expense, and the liability to accident could be reduced. Great electrical control boards have therefore been especially invented which are installed at Gatun, Miraflores and Pedro Miguel—control boards which are so ingeniously conceived and constructed that a single man, who need never see the ships which are passing through the canal, opens and closes lock gates weighing many tons and governs the course of thousands and thousands of gallons of water.

How the Locks are Arranged

Before we can understand how this is done, we must explain how the locks themselves are constructed and what is the character of the lock machinery to be controlled.

As readers of the *Scientific American* know, the lock chambers are 1,000 feet long. At each end of a lock chamber, so-called "mitering gates" are to be found, which consist of two massive leaves pivoted on the lock walls and which operate independently of each other. Immediately beyond each pair of mitering gates at each end of a lock chamber a duplicate pair of mitering gates is to be found. These are guard gates. Lastly, still other mitering gates open and close within the lock chamber itself. These, which are called "intermediate mitering gates," are used to divide the 1,000-foot locks into smaller compartments when vessels of short length are to be handled. Thus much water is saved. All the mitering gates, when closed, are clamped tightly together by a device called a "miter forcing machine."

In front of all the mitering gates which are exposed to the upper lock level and also in front of the guard gates at the lower end are chain fenders. These chains are taut when the gates behind are closed and are lowered when the gates are opened for the passing of a ship. The chains are raised and lowered by a method similar to that followed in hydraulic elevators, with the additional feature that if a ship approaches the gate at a dangerous speed and runs into the chains, the chain is paid out in such a way as to stop the ship gradually before it reaches the gates. Two motors lower the chains for the passage of a vessel and raise it again after the vessel has passed. One motor drives the main pump supply water under pressure, and the other operates a valve which controls the direction of movement of the chain. These two operations are combined in one, each motor being stopped automatically by a limit switch when the motor has performed its function.

How the Water Flows from Lock to Lock

The locks are filled and emptied by three culverts, one in the middle wall and one in each side wall. The flow of water is controlled by what are known as "rising stem valves." These valves are located in the culverts at points opposite each end of each lock, so that the culvert can be shut off at any desired

point for filling a lock with water from above, or upstream, or for emptying it by allowing it to flow out and down to the next lock. Lateral culverts conduct the water from the main culverts under the lock chambers and up through openings in the lock floors.

The rising stem valves are installed in pairs, and each pair is a duplicate. Moreover, each culvert is divided into two parallel halves at these valves by a vertical wall. This arrangement reduces the size of each valve, so that it may be more easily operated. Even then, each valve measures 8 by 18 feet and is raised and lowered by a 40 horse power motor requiring one minute for complete closing. One pair of duplicates is left open as a guard or reverse pair; the other pair is used for operating, so that in case of an obstruction in the culvert or of an accident to the machinery the duplicate pair can be used.

At the upper ends of the culverts at the side walls, the duplication is accomplished by three valves in parallel, called the guard valves. Their service is exactly similar to that of the rising stem valves, except that three valves in parallel in this case must conform with the same laws as the two in parallel in the other case.

The culvert in the middle wall must serve the locks on both sides, and to control this feature, cylindrical valves are placed in the lateral culverts that branch out on each side. There are ten of these on each side of the culvert at each lock.

At the upper end of each set of locks, there are two valves in the side walls for regulating the height of water between the upper gates and upper guard gates, as it is desired to maintain the level of the water between these gates at an elevation intermediate between that of the lake above and that of the upper lock is not at the same level as the lakes. These valves are called the auxiliary culvert valves.

Electrical Control Boards and Indicators

Five hundred motors operate the lock mechanism. The electrical control boards which control all the many motors,

valves, and pumps were designed and built at Schenectady, New York, from specifications prepared under the supervision of Mr. Edward Schildhauer, electrical and mechanical engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission, ably assisted by Engineers C. B. Larzelere, W. R. McCann, and others, and will long be used as models of skilled and painstaking engineering in which every contingency was foreseen and all the safeguards installed that expert engineers could suggest.

The control boards for each lock are to be found in control houses located on the middle walls at points which afford the best view of the locks, although this view is not depended upon to know the position of the gates or other apparatus. The control boards are approximately operating minatures of the locks themselves.

In designing the indicators efforts were made to represent the actual machines, the operations of which were to be indicated. For example, the chain fender index consists of a small aluminum chain representing the larger chain of the lock itself.

The Interlocking System which Prevents Mistakes

In order to make it necessary for the operator to maneuver the control switch handles always in a certain order, corresponding with a predetermined sequence of operation of the lock machinery, and to prevent the operator in control of one channel from interfering with the machinery under jurisdiction of the operator controlling the other channel, an elaborate interlocking system has been devised.

The limitations of space forbid an elaborate description of this wonderful interlocking mechanism. The interlocking system is essentially a bell crank mechanism, connecting the shaft of the control switch directly to a movable horizontal bar, forming one of many such bars in an interlocking rack below the control board.

There is also an interlocking combination that is used in connection with the intermediate gates which divide the locks into

short sections. This arrangement is fitted with a Yale lock and key, so that the intermediate gates can be used only when the attendant has unlocked the combination, this also being subject to the general interlocking system. Certain valves are used to cross fill between locks. These also are interlocked, so that they can be operated only in proper order and combination to equalize the water between a pair of locks and save water which would otherwise be wasted. This cross filling consists in allowing water from one lock which is full to flow into a lock by its side in the other channel until the level of the water is the same in both locks, thus using a portion of the water over again.

How a Vessel is Locked Through

Let us now take a vessel through a set of locks: It proceeds into the lock forebay either under its own power or that of a tug, and comes to a full stop. It then proceeds under the power and control of six electric locomotives—two forward to take it along, one on each side, and two others astern, one on each side, to keep the vessel in the middle of the waterway and to stop it when it has reached the proper point, and to prevent it from moving forward too rapidly.

After the vessel comes to a full stop in the forebay, its position is given by the towing master to the switchboard attendant who, by moving a control switch lever, causes the lowering of the fender chain and the miniature fender chain on the control board after the lock gate is in the proper position.

Now the vessel advances into the lock by means of the electric locomotives. The fender chain is raised and then the massive gates are shut behind, the miniature control board gates in the meantime indicating this movement. When the water on opposite sides of the gates in front of the vessel has been raised or lowered, as the case may be, until the water on both sides is at the same level, as shown on the water level indicators on the control board, these gates are opened and the boat is pulled into the next compartment.

The Scientific American

The *Scientific American* is a monthly magazine published in New York City. Mr. Orson D. Munn is editor. The magazine is published to meet the demand for scientific knowledge along lines of new developments and inventions. It uses no fiction, and the articles run from 20 to 2000 words. It covers all the latest advancement in pure and applied science, and any interesting developments throughout the world. It is profusely illustrated and has a strong industrial and scientific appeal.

The new developments and improvements of the radio, automobiles, ships and submarines, airplanes and zepplins, of chemistry and astronomy, of new inventions, appliances, or attachments, are all carefully and adequately explained. The articles are entertaining as well as interesting.

Other magazines of this same type are *Popular Mechanics, Popular Science Monthly,* and *Science and Invention.*

The Nature of This Essay

Not infrequently the essayist undertakes to make clear an intricate operation, to explain a process, or to outline a method. In an age which is becoming increasingly complex and scientific, such writing is immensely valuable, and finds a ready response from grateful readers. The accompanying essay is an excellent example of simple, direct, and clear explanation—without undue technicality—of an intricate operation and the marvelous mechanism of its control.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you understand the necessity for canal locks and the manner in which they are constructed and operated? If so, can you explain them to such of the class as do not understand them? What were the conditions at Panama which necessitated this elaborate system of control? Can you visualize the size of these locks? Can you make their size clear to the rest of the class by means of comparisons? Can you reconstruct in imagination the detail of the control board? Could you picture it to others, by word or drawing, or both?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Locks on the Barge Canal (or any other)
How the Panama Canal Was Constructed
How Pulp Paper (or any other product) Is Made
The Story of Rayon
How Sound Pictures Are Made
Making Photographic Film

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN SPEECH

(From "Casual Essays of *The N. Y. Sun*")

Is a pancake fried or baked, or simply cooked? Is it after all really a pancake and not rather a griddle cake, a flannel cake, a buckwheat or a flapjack? What is a doughnut? When you tear your trousers on a sharp point is the first word you instinctively apply to the rectangular rent, trappatch, barndoor, or wee-wary, as says the New Englander, or is it winklehawk or nicklehawk, as New Yorkers say? What do you mean by dingbats? How widespread is the use of the shinny? Such are the problems set by the American Dialect Society in Part VIII of its *Notes,* which will be published in a few days.

Three distinct recipes for the preparation of doughnuts are promulgated by the society. Dough, raised with yeast, sweetened and spiced, cut into cubes, which, when fried in a deep vessel with hot fat, become round lumps, forms the doughnut of Connecticut. By substituting soda or saleratus for yeast, and cutting the paste into circles or twists, you have the doughnut of Massachusetts, which the Dutch settler calls the clykock and others the cruller; while the native of Connecticut distinguishes between the twisted biled cake and the round jumble. If merely unseasoned dough be used, you have the fried bread of Massachusetts, called on Cape Cod seventy-fours, and elsewhere, it seems, doughnuts. The dingbat has had an adventurous career. Starting as a ball of dirt on the legs of sheep in Vermont, it becomes a smart spank to the northern New Englander, a squabble, a flying missile, and money to the Maine lumberman, the biscuit of the New England boarding school, while in Georgia it has turned to a mother's kiss, and you may say of the girl you admire: "She is a regular dingbat."

It must not be inferred that culinary[1] and domestic matters alone engross the society's attention, though it is at home that the careless words and phrases are most likely to be used which deviate[2] from literary forms, but have passed from mouth to mouth since man first spoke. This part of *Dialect Notes* contains no less than six hundred new words and usages, collected throughout the land, some poetical, many picturesque, and all curious and interesting.

In the Tennessee mountains, streams flowing from the east are sunrise waters, a mule that you can trust is a confidential mule, a railroad train is a smoke wagon, a kiss is a smouch, cheese is a plural with a singular chee, sugar is sweetening, but molasses is long sweetening, a man subject to fits is fitified, and very much is a heap sight, or a good few, or some several, or way yander. A man points to a hillside and tells you that he "lives on yon coast" and has a "good scope of land"; he greets you with "How do you come on?" and asks you to "come in and rest your hat." A toothbrush to him means a snuff stick, ill means cross, juberous timid, fisty mean, popular stylish, his past tenses are fotch and holp and seed and squoz and swole; he tells you that "sickness is mighty interruptin'," that it is "a gosh wet spell," and "hit's too-my-goodness cold," that he has "the beatenest boy and talkenest old woman you ever see," and that that young flirt is "tryin' to git a chaw on a feller."

The sty-bake or stay-at-home Jersey matron coosters or potters around the house, calls her preserves do-ups, pork spack, her husband, if need be, a lobscouse or loper, meaning a worthless fellow. She sides up or cleans up or goes strulling, wasting time about the village, but she cares not a Dutch cuss about going down country, that is, to New York City.

From the shores of Newfoundland come some timely words; lolly is the ice and snow in the water near the shore, slob is soft snow, swatch a hole in the ice; a person thoroughly chilled says he is just scrammed. Though to the fisherman a

[1] Culinary—Pertaining to the kitchen or cookery.
[2] Deviate—Depart from.

sleet storm is a silver thaw and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore is rote, his improperly baked bread is dunch, the material for his fish balls is huggerum buff, unfair behavior is hunkersliding, and a quid of tobacco is old sojer.

Coof is the name for an off-islander in Nantucket, on Mt. Desert the summer visitor is a rusticrata, a stupid Vermonter is a dodunk, a goober grubber digs peanuts in Tennessee. When a man is confused he is mommixed in Kentucky, he is muxed up in Otsego county, galleyied in New Bedford, stodged in Indiana, and wuzzled in central New York. "I don't hurt for it," means "I don't care" in Mississippi, while "I don't mind it a bit" implies terror in North Carolina, where a great calamity is scandalous. The sunset is day-down on the Virginia coast. A man has large money in Cincinnati, he has scuds of it in Missouri, and a session of it in Georgia. When a Terre Haute citizen is sullen he is putchiky, and if too weak to get out of bed is on the lift, while a pawky Ohioan is one in poor health, and a mentally weak Kentuckian is slack twisted. Hogo is a strong smell in New Hampshire, where a severe storm is a tan toaster. Missouri slush is sposh. Green corn remains roast'n ear in Florida even when it is canned, and there a cow may give birth to a yearling.

But why go so far afield in search of picturesque English when we have it all around us in New York State? The society has hardly touched the mine of linguistic richness under its hand in this city. We are told, to be sure, that in fashionable boarding houses we may be requested to tum the butter, that our water-men say that a schooner is wung out when she sails wing and wing, and that drug for drew and scrope for scrape may be heard among us. But what are these to the "geeswax Christmas" and the "I'll be ding-swizzled and hornswaggled" by which our rulers up the State express their amazement? The farmers of Orange and Sullivan counties have the reprehensible[3] practice of making their maple syrup by melting the sugar; this they call alamagoozleum. On Staten Island, splendid is galop-

[3] Reprehensible—Blameworthy.

tious, tit-bits are manavelins, and to turn is to tarve. Patchogue says noink and suink for nothing and something. In the northwestern part of the State when two young hearts begin to beat as one they are said to be sacmuljugated. The Ithacan on entering the house hangs up his shock, his hat and coat. The Otsego thief when caught looks meeching or guilty, even when he has stolen a mere smitch, a very small quantity. Quarter eagles must be more common in the central part of the State than in the city, for they are still known as twenty-shilling pieces, and silver dollars as hard-tack. There slouchy is loplolly, sticky is tacky, you are bushed when you are tired, you change off when you move, you go large when you are extravagant, you pronounce hoax as a dissyllable, you pooster about when you are fussy, you are in a yang when in a hurry, and when violent you do things kabang, kachunck, kaflop, kaslam.

It would be a cause for regret if these picturesque reflections of life were lost to the world. We look forward with interest to the Dialect Society's investigations into the various styles of New Yorkese.

THE NEW YORK *SUN*

(1833—)

Until the age of standardization brought about the group ownership of newspapers, each might be said to have had a definite individuality, expressed not alone in type face and make-up, but also in the character of its contents and the manner in which those contents were displayed and commented upon.

Of all the newspapers in the country *The Sun* (it did not even need to be called *The New York Sun*) was most distinctive. Under the able editorship of Charles A. Dana and the brilliant staff which he gathered about him, *The Sun* was witty, urbane, sometimes unduly sarcastic, but always interesting. It created a new type of news story which now goes by the name of "human interest story," sketches of otherwise unregarded little incidents and persons which appealed to the common humanity of its readers and which *The Sun* often raised to the dignity of literature.

This policy was also carried over from the news columns to the editorial pages. Along with weighty discussions of public men and measures, *The Sun* often printed little essays of the sort here presented —wise, witty, urbane, scholarly without being dull, and informal without being vapid. Of their kind they are classics. Aside from the present selection, perhaps the ones most deservedly remembered are: *The Oldest Living Graduate, Words That Laugh and Cry,* and *Is There a Santa Claus?*

The Nature of This Essay

Statistics, tables, and reports make proverbially musty reading. But here is an essay which has been made from a scholarly report, of interest presumably chiefly to the specialist—and it is interesting! What is the secret? Probably it may be found in the careful selection of details, in arrangement which never seems studied, even though we know that it must have been carefully planned, and an informal manner which gives it the air of an easy chat with a friend. The whole essay is an example of the very best type of journalism, in which knowledge is popularized without distortion or exaggeration.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Perhaps for some of the objects mentioned in this essay you are familiar with another term not given here. Make a list of words or expressions which you think are used locally. Compare your list with those of other members of the class. Which do you think are poetical, picturesque, or just odd? Are there any which you dislike? Can you explain your reactions to these words? Is it desirable that everyone everywhere shall use the same words for identical objects? Have you ever had the experience of being misunderstood because you did not talk in the local idiom?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Vulgar Tongue
"Thy Speech Betrayeth Thee"
Dialect Stories
Curiosities of School Speech
Schoolmarm English
Slanguage
Words That Sing—Laugh—Cry—Soothe—Irritate, etc.

THE COWARDICE OF YOUTH

(From the London *Times*)

Youth is admitted to be careless and cruel, but indulgence is claimed for these failings on the strength of courage. We see youth as gay and dashing; we imagine it in bright armor, forcing its way through thickets where knowledge and patience lie tangled, conquering with its virgin sword giants and blatant beasts whom experience is afraid to attack.

Youth is not afraid, we say; youth does not know what the dangers are, and the dangers melt away before its splendid ignorance. Safe conventions, the public order, accommodation and adjustment—of these youth knows nothing. It is sufficient for itself, and needs no bolstering with the down or sheltering with the screens which we of middle age, bruised and wary after our encounters with life, have constructed for our comfort. If we have any faith in man, we enjoy, with a kind of submissive fondness, the din made by "the younger generation knocking at the door." It is going to bundle us out of our comfortable habitation; but then how fine a place it is going to make of it! Youth will clear away our dusty, musty furniture, and throw the windows wide and flood the old house with air and light! Youth will blunder, of course, but its blunders will be noble blunders; youth is insensitive and hard; but we are glad to pay that price for its high confidence, its gay courage.

Such is the common view. It has the authority of tradition, and no one begins to doubt its truth until he begins to look straight at the youth of his acquaintance. Then he will be fortunate if he does not meet with cases in which it appears romantic, and (unlike most romance) the flat opposite of the truth. A schoolboy or an undergraduate has his intellectual and emotional confidence. Under the shadow of medieval walls, under

the care of medieval institutions, he will hold, or at least pronounce—and sometimes for so long as a month on end—opinions so "advanced" as to amuse his teachers and frighten his parents. There is nothing to prevent his doing so, and no courage is needed to make a brave show of independence. Take the same hothead after he has been for a year or two in the world, and it too often happens that you will find no trace of the courage of youth. Too often it is the young men who cling for safety to the accepted opinion and the comfort of public order; the young men who dread the exceptional in circumstance and character, who sneer at experiment, and would see the world "run" according to the norm of the bricklayer, which is the slowest work of the slowest worker. And no doubt there is every excuse for them. Impatient of restraint, and contemptuous of educational tradition, they flung out into a world that was to make easy way for them; and after one tussle they found themselves scuttling for protection to the rear of the slow-moving main army. And there, unable to boast of courage, they will boast of their prudence and appeal to the wisdom of numbers.

It must not be supposed that their case is hopeless. Theirs will never be the greatness of the few who are brave from birth till death, and, as life goes on, add to courage and gaiety the sympathy and understanding of experience. But they will, if they are not terrified out of spiritual existence, some day be middle-aged; and in the middle-aged men who have kept their faith lie the courage and purpose of the world. The middle-aged man knows what youth can never know—what it is that he wants for himself and for society. He knows his own strength and his own weakness, which he has learned whether he would or not. Amid moral and social man's array of adjustments and accommodations with reality, amid his means of protection against the truth, he has made up his mind which are most preserving and which are not. And, unless he has the misfortune to be among those who are born sneerers, the middle-aged man, finding his enthusiasm grow with his experience, can afford a pitying smile for youth's general claim to courage.

THE LONDON *TIMES*

Like nearly all newspaper workers, the author of *The Cowardice of Youth* must remain anonymous. But the paper which, in a sense, gave it utterance is known and read wherever Englishmen congregate. First issued on January 1, 1785, although it was not given its present name until three years later, it has become, by virtue of its long and honorable career, a British institution, as substantial and respectable as the monarchy or the Bank of England. In the purveying of news it has been at once enterprising and reliable, while its views on public questions have been set forth with such vigor and earnestness as to earn it the nickname of "The Thunderer." For all its interest in questions of moment, it always has space for the letter of protest and, as here, for the discussion of questions which, while entirely apart from the news of the day, nevertheless must appeal to the thoughtful and reflective.

The Nature of This Essay

It is often the office of the essayist, particularly in the newspaper editorial, to expose the fallacy of a popular belief. Having set forth the common opinion, he proceeds to demolish it, either by witty sally, or crushing blows of logic and reason. In this case the author is temperate in his attack, but he is firm in his stand, and is likely to convince us, even against our will.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

After reading this essay for the first time, what is your reaction? Do you agree with the author? Do you disagree? Or do you merely incline one way or the other? What do you find in your own experience or that of your friends to support your view? In the experience of your older brothers, sisters, or friends? What do we mean by courage or cowardice? Can you give examples to support your definition? In whom does the author believe the courage and purpose of the world lie? Does this surprise you? Would you agree at first? After thinking it over? What, according to the author, does the middle-aged man know? Is it valuable? Can it not be acquired earlier? Would it be possible for our educational system, if it were organized with this in mind, to teach courage to youth?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Courage of Youth
A New Definition of Courage
Wanted—A New Education
Popular Fallacies
Conservatism of High School Students
The Necessity of the Radical

SOUNDS

Henry D. Thoreau

My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow footpath led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, johnswort and goldenrod, shrub oaks and sand cherry, blueberry and groundnut. The sumach grew luxuriantly about the house, pushing up through the embankment which I had made, and growing five or six feet the first season. Its broad pinnate [1] tropical leaf was pleasant though strange to look on. The large buds, suddenly pushing out late in the spring from dry sticks which had seemed to be dead, developed themselves as by magic into graceful green and tender boughs, an inch in diameter; and sometimes, as I sat at my window, so heedlessly did they grow and tax their weak joints, I heard a fresh and tender bough suddenly fall like a fan to the ground, when there was not a breath of air stirring, broken off by its own weight. In August, the large masses of berries, which, when in flower, had attracted many wild bees, gradually assumed their bright velvety crimson hue, and by their weight again bent down and broke the tender limbs.

As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy [2] of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart [3] my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge [4] is bending under the

[1] Pinnate—Feather-like.
[2] Tantivy—Impetuous rush.
[3] Athwart—Across, especially obliquely.
[4] Sedge—Reeds, or marsh grass.

weight of the reedbirds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half-hour I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge, conveying travelers from Boston to the country.

The Fitchburg Railroad[5] touches the pond about a hundred rods south of where I dwell. I usually go to the village along its causeway,[6] and am, as it were, related to society by this link. The men on the freight trains, who go over the whole length of the road, bow to me as to an old acquaintance, they pass me so often, and apparently they take me for an employee; and so I am. I, too, would fain be a track repairer somewhere in the orbit of the earth.

The whistle of the locomotive penetrates my woods summer and winter, sounding like the scream of a hawk sailing over some farmer's yard, informing me that many restless city merchants are arriving within the circle of the town, or adventurous country traders from the other side. As they come under one horizon, they shout their warning to get off the track to the other, heard sometimes through the circles of two towns. Here come your groceries, country; your rations, countrymen! Nor is there any man so independent on his farm that he can say them nay. And here's your pay for them! screams the countryman's whistle; timber like long battering-rams going twenty miles an hour against the city's walls, and chairs enough to seat all the weary and heavy-laden that dwell within them. With such huge and lumbering civility the country hands a chair to the city. All the Indian huckleberry hills are stripped, all the cranberry meadows are raked into the city. Up comes the cotton, down goes the woven cloth; up comes the silk, down goes the woolen; up come the books, but down goes the wit that writes them.

While these things go up other things come down. Warned by the whizzing sound, I look up from my book and see some tall pine, hewn on far northern hills, which has winged its way over the Green Mountains and the Connecticut, shot like an

[5] Fitchburg—Now part of the Boston & Maine railroad system.
[6] Causeway—A raised path across wet ground.

arrow through the township. And hark! here comes the cattle train bearing the cattle of a thousand hills, sheepcotes, stables, and cow-yards in the air, drovers with their sticks, and shepherd boys in the midst of their flocks, all but the mountain pastures, whirled along like leaves blown from the mountains by the September gales. The air is filled with the bleating of calves and sheep, and the hustling of oxen, as if a pastoral[7] valley were going by.

But the bell rings, and I must let the cars go by:

> What's the railroad to me?
> I never go to see
> Where it ends.
> It fills a few hollows,
> And makes banks for the swallows,
> It sets the sand a-blowing,
> And the blackberries a-growing.

but I cross it like a cart path in the woods. I will not have my eyes put out and my ears spoiled by its smoke and steam and hissing.

Now that the cars are gone by and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the distant highway.

Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, a vibration of the universal lyre,[8] just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting

[7] Pastoral—Rural.

[8] Lyre—A stringed instrument of the harp variety used by the ancient Greeks.

to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I was sometimes serenaded, who might be straying over hill and dale; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap [9] and natural music of the cow.

Regularly at half-past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridgepole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

When other birds are still, the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty. Yet I

[9] CHEAP—Common; ordinary.

love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape nightwalked the earth, and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating [10] their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies [11] in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then—*that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and—*bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype [12] and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being—some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness—I find myself beginning with the letters *gl* when I try to imitate it, expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous, mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls [13] and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, *Hoo hoo hoo, hoorer hoo;* and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

Late in the evening, I heard the distant rumbling of wagons over bridges—a sound heard farther than almost any other at night—the baying of dogs, and sometimes again the lowing of

[10] Expiating—Atoning for.
[11] Threnodies—Songs of mourning.
[12] Stereotype—Cast in a mold.
[13] Ghouls—Demons who rob graves and feed on corpses.

some disconsolate cow in a distant barnyard. In the meanwhile all the shore rang with the trump of bullfrogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient winebibbers and wassailers,[14] still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch[15] in their Stygian[16] lake—if the Walden nymphs will pardon the comparison, for though there are almost no weeds, there are frogs there—who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor, and become only liquor to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation and waterloggedness and distention. The most aldermanic,[17] with his chin upon a heart-leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps,[18] under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in his turn repeats the same down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.

I am not sure that I ever heard the sound of cockcrowing from my clearing, and I thought that it might be worth the while to keep a cockerel for his music merely, as a singing bird. The note of this once wild Indian pheasant is certainly the most remarkable of any bird's, and if they could be naturalized

[14] WASSAILERS—Revelers.
[15] CATCH—Snatch of a song; a round.
[16] STYGIAN—Pertaining to the Styx, in classic mythology the river of the underworld.
[17] ALDERMANIC—Like an alderman; portly.
[18] CHAPS—Jaws.

without being domesticated, it would soon become the most famous sound in our woods, surpassing the clangor of the goose and the hooting of the owl; and then imagine the cackling of the hens to fill the pauses when their lords' clarions [19] rested! No wonder that man added this bird to his tame stock—to say nothing of the eggs and drumsticks. To walk in a winter morning in a wood where these birds abounded, their native woods, and hear the wild cockerels crow on the trees, clear and shrill for miles over the resounding earth, drowning the feebler notes of other birds—think of it! It would put nations on the alert. Who would not be early to rise, and rise earlier and earlier every successive day of his life, till he became unspeakably healthy, wealthy, and wise?

This foreign bird's note is celebrated by the poets of all countries along with the notes of their native songsters. All climates agree with brave Chanticleer. He is more indigenous [20] even than the natives. His health is ever good, his lungs are sound, his spirits never flag. Even the sailor on the Atlantic and Pacific is awakened by his voice; but its shrill sound never roused me from my slumbers. I kept neither dog, cat, cow, pig, nor hens, so that you would have said there was a deficiency of domestic sounds; neither the churn, nor the spinning wheel, nor even the singing of the kettle, nor the hissing of the urn, nor children crying, to comfort one. An old-fashioned man would have lost his senses or died of ennui [21] before this. Not even rats in the wall, for they were starved out, or rather were never baited in—only squirrels on the roof and under the floor, a whip-poorwill on the ridgepole, a blue jay screaming beneath the window, a hare or woodchuck under the house, a screech owl or a cat owl behind it, a flock of wild geese or a laughing loon on the pond, and a fox to bark in the night. Not even a lark or an oriole, those mild plantation birds, ever visited my clearing. No cockerels to crow nor hens to cackle in the yard. No yard!

[19] Clarions—Trumpets with clear, shrill tones.
[20] Indigenous—Living naturally in a place.
[21] Ennui—Weariness.

but unfenced nature reaching up to your very sills. A young forest growing up under your windows, and wild sumachs and blackberry vines breaking through into your cellar; sturdy pitch pines rubbing and creaking against the shingles for want of room, their roots reaching quite under the house. Instead of a scuttle or a blind blown off in the gale—a pine tree snapped off or torn up by the roots behind your house for fuel. Instead of no path to the front yard gate in the Great Snow—no gate—no front yard—and no path to the civilized world.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

(1817—1862)

His Life Story in Brief

"He knew the country like a fox or bird and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. . . . Under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants; in his pocket his diary and pencil, a spyglass for birds, microscope, jackknife and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave shrub oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or squirrel's nest. . . . His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with a microscope, heard as with an ear trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard."

So wrote Emerson of his friend and disciple, Henry David Thoreau, who, after being long unregarded, is coming to be recognized as one of the most original geniuses American literature has produced, and certainly one of her foremost nature writers.

Of mingled French and Scotch ancestry, Thoreau was a native of Concord and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1837. He continued his father's business of making and selling lead pencils, taught school for a time, surveyed land, and also lectured occasionally. In him sturdy New England independence early developed into individualism and eccentricity. At one time he refused to pay his poll tax on account of the government's tolerance of slavery. He accordingly spent one night in jail until, unknown to Thoreau, the tax was paid by friends.

Here Emerson came to visit him. To his inquiry, "Henry, why are you here?" Thoreau returned an instant, "Waldo, why are you *not* here?"

His acquaintance with Emerson had begun early. He was for a

time a member of Emerson's household in the character of general handy man, and during Emerson's visit to England in 1847 Thoreau occupied his house and took charge of his affairs.

"A man is rich," declared Thoreau, "in proportion to the number of things that he can afford to let alone." In support of this theory he built himself a cabin on the shore of Walden Pond, and here for two years he lived, cultivating potatoes, corn, and beans sufficient for his subsistence, recording his observations of natural phenomena, and transcribing from his journal the narrative of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. He did not discard human society, but made frequent trips to his home in Concord, and often received visitors at his hut.

The narrative of this experience he published in 1854 under the title of *Walden* or *Life in the Woods*. It reveals Thoreau at his best. Little regarded in his own time, it has become an American classic.

Thoreau, ever a restless soul, made excursions to the Maine woods, to Canada, and to Cape Cod. Of these he has left us copious records in his *Journal*, published in its entirety in 1906 in fourteen volumes. In his forty-fifth year he died at his home in Concord of tuberculosis, probably contracted by exposure.

The Character of His Work

To his own generation Thoreau was an egotist, a poser, an eccentric reformer who sentimentalized about nature. To-day he is recognized as none of these, but a positive, original force in our American literature.

He was not a scientist, patiently collecting facts and trying to discover general laws. Rather he was a poet in love with Nature, lost in perpetual awe and wonder, and ever anxious to pass beyond the bounds of ordinary experience, and learn those half-divined secrets which Nature so jealously guards.

"I was always conscious," he writes in his *Journal* on February 21, 1842, "of sounds in Nature which my ears could not hear, that I caught but a prelude to a strain. She always retreats as I advance. Away behind and behind is she and her meaning. Will not this faith and expectation make itself ears at length? I never saw to the end, nor heard to the end, but the best part was unseen and unheard."

To him Nature was of value only as it furnished a message for humanity. "I went to the woods," he insists, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

The Nature of This Essay

An extract from *Walden*, this essay shows us Thoreau in his character of interested observer and careful recorder of natural phenomena. Its charm lies in its minute detail, its faithful observation, its evident first hand knowledge of the material which it presents. It reveals, too, something of the author's preference for Nature over the works of man. It shows him earnestly trying to know Nature in her various moods, by night as well as day. And it proves, too, that description at its best is not a thing of strained and forced verbiage, but largely a matter of seeing and hearing, and then setting down in simple and exact words one's first-hand impressions.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Does the first paragraph suggest much in the way of sound? What is your impression? What sound is mentioned? Why is it so impressive? In the second paragraph an effect of movement is gained. Show how. Again a single sound is mentioned. What do you think Thoreau meant by saying "he would fain be a trackwalker somewhere in the orbit of the earth"? What does the railroad mean to the author? Have you ever listened to various bells ringing, especially at a distance? What does Thoreau mean by a "vibration of the universal lyre"? What sound does evening bring? If you have ever heard the whippoorwills singing, perhaps you can tell the effect it had upon you. Notice Thoreau's interpretation, or translation, of the screech owl's wail. What does he call these birds? Of what is he reminded by the hooting owl? If you have had an experience similar to his, would you agree with his descriptions and characterizations? Do you find any touch of humor in the essay? Select the words or phrases which show this. Could you describe from the hints given in the essay Thoreau's hut on Walden Pond? List the sounds he mentions in the essay. Which seem to you to be most vividly reported?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

Sounds in School (Before School—After School)
Sounds from the Open Window
Night Sounds (As Heard from Bed—the Cellar—Outdoors, etc.)
Sounds at Dawn
Winter Sounds
Spring Sounds
Summer Sounds

THE PUP-DOG

Robert Palfrey Utter

Any dog is a pup-dog so long as he prefers a rat, dead or alive, to chocolate fudge, a moldy bone to sponge cake, a fight with a woodchuck to hanging round the tea table for sweet biscuit. Of course he will show traits of age as years advance, but usually they are physical traits, not emotional. For the most part dogs' affections burn warmly, and their love of life and experience brightly, while life lasts. They remain young, as poets do. Every dog is a pup-dog, but some are more so than others.

Most so of all is the Irish terrier. To me he stands as the archetype[1] of the dog, and the doggier a dog is, the better I like him. I love the collie; none better. I have lived with him, and ranged the hills with him in every kind of weather, and you can hardly tell me a story of his loyalty and intelligence that I cannot go you one better. But the collie is a gentleman. He has risen from the ranks, to be sure, but he is every inch the gentleman, and just now I am speaking of dogs. The terrier is every inch a dog, and the Irish is the terrier *par excellence*.[2]

The man who mistakes him for an Airedale, as many do, is one who does not know an Irishman from a Scot. The Airedale has a touch of the national dourness;[3] I believe that he is a Calvinist[4] at heart, with a severe sense of personal responsibility. The Irish terrier can atone vicariously[5] or not at all

[1] Archetype—Original pattern or model.
[2] *Par excellence*—Preëminent; superior above others.
[3] Dourness—Sourness of aspect.
[4] Calvinist—The followers of John Calvin formed one of the strictest and most austere of the Presbyterian sects.
[5] Vicariously—By means of another.

for his light-hearted sins. The Airedale takes his romance and his fighting as seriously as an *Alan Breck*.[6] The Irish terrier has all the imagination and humor of his race; he has a rollicking air; he is whimsical, warm-hearted, jaunty, and has the gift of blarney.[7] He loves a scrimmage better than his dinner, but he bears no malice.

His fellest[8] earthly foes,
Cats, he does but affect to hate.

The terrier family is primarily a jolly, good-natured crowd whose business it is to dig into the lairs of burrowing creatures and fight them at narrow quarters. The signal for the fight is the attack on the intrusive nose. You can read this family history in the pup-dog's treatment of the cat. The cat of his own household with whom he is brought up he rallies with good-humored banter, but he is less likely to hurt her than she him. He will take her with him on his morning round of neighborhood garbage pails, and even warm her kittens on his back as he lies in the square of sunshine on the kitchen floor, till they begin to knead their tiny claws into him in a futile search for nourishment; then he shakes them patiently off and seeks rest elsewhere. He will chase any cat as long as she will run; if she refuses to run, he will dance round her and bark, trying to get up a game. "Be a sport!" he taunts her. "Take a chance!" But if she claws his nose, she treads on the tail of his coat, and no Irish gentleman will stand for that.

Similar are his tactics with human creatures. First he tries a small bluff to see if he can start anything. If his victim shows signs of fear, he redoubles his effort, his tail the while signaling huge delight at his success. If the victim shows fight, he may develop the attack in earnest. The victim who shows either fear or fight betrays complete ignorance of dog nature, for the ini-

[6] Alan Breck—A Scotch Highlander in Stevenson's *Kidnaped*.
[7] Blarney—Flattery.
[8] Fellest—Deadliest.

tial bluff is always naïvely [9] transparent; the pup-dog may have a poker face, but his tail is a rank traitor. A nest of yellow jackets in a hole in the ground challenges his every instinct. He cocks his ear at the subterranean buzzing, tries a little tentative excavation with cautious paw. Soon one of the inmates scores on the tip of his nose, and war is declared in earnest. There are leaping attacks with clashing of teeth, and wildly gyrating [10] rear-guard actions. Custom cannot stale the charm of the spot; all summer, so long as there is a wing stirring, hornets shall be hot i' the mouth.

The degree of youth which the pup-dog attains and holds is that of the human male of eleven or twelve years. He nurses an inextinguishable quarrel with the hairbrush. His hatred of the formal bath is chronic, but he will paddle delightedly in any casual water out of doors, regardless of temperatures and seasons. At home he will sometimes scoff at plain, wholesome food, but to the public he gives the impression that his family systematically starve him, and his dietetic experiments often have weird and disastrous results. You can never count on his behavior except on formal occasions, when you know to a certainty that he will disgrace you. His curiosity is equaled only by his adroitness in getting out of awkward situations into which it plunges him. His love of play is unquenchable by weariness or hunger; there is no time when the sight of a ball will not rouse him to clamorous activity.

For fine clothes he has a satiric contempt, and will almost invariably manage to land a dirty footprint on white waistcoat or "ice-cream pants" in the first five minutes of their immaculacy. He is one hundred per cent motor-minded; when he is "stung with the splendor of a sudden thought," he springs to immediate action. In the absence of any ideas he relaxes and sleeps with the abandon of a jute [11] doormat.

Dog meets dog as boy meets boy, with assertions of superi-

[9] NAÏVELY—Artlessly.
[10] GYRATING—Revolving around a central point.
[11] JUTE—Fiber.

ority, challenge, perhaps fight, followed by friendship and play. No wonder that with pup-boys the pup-dog is so completely at one; his code is their code, and whither they go he goes—except to school. With September come the dull days for him. No more the hordes of pirates and bandits with bandanas and peaked hats, belts stuck full of dirks and "ottermaticks," sweep up and down the sidewalk on bicycles in open defiance of the law, raiding lawns and gardens, scattering shrieking tea-parties of little girls and dolls, haling them aboard the lugger in the next lot and holding them for fabulous ransom. There is always someone who will pay it with an imposing check signed "Theodore Wilson Roosevelt Woodrow Rockefeller." He prances with flopping ears beside the flying wheels, crouches in ambush, gives tongue in the raid, flies at the victims and tears their frocks, mounts guard in the cave, and shares the bandits' last cookie.

But when the pirates become orderly citizens, his day begins after school and ends with supper. With his paws on the window sill, his nose making misty spots on the glass, he watches them as they march away in the morning, then he makes a perfunctory round of the neighborhood, inspecting garbage pails and unwary cats. After that there is nothing to do but relax in the September sunshine and exist in a coma till the pirates return and resume their normal functions, except for his routine attempt to intimidate the postman and the iceman. Perhaps he might succeed some happy day; who knows?

The pup-dog in the open is the best of companions; his exuberant vitality and unquenchable zest for things in general give him endless variety. There are times, perhaps, when you see little of him; he uses you as a mobile base of operations, and runs an epicycloidal [12] course with you as moving center, showing only a flash of his tail on one horizon or the flop of his ears on the other. You hear his wild cries of excitement when he starts a squirrel or a rabbit. By rare luck you may be called in time to referee a fight with a woodchuck, or once in a happy

[12] EPICYCLOIDAL—In circles moving on the circumference of a fixed circle.

dog's age you may see him, a khaki streak through the underbrush, in pursuit of a fox.

At last you hear the drumming of his feet on the road behind you; he shoots past before he can shift gears, wheels, and lands a running jump on your diaphragm by way of reporting present for duty. Thereafter he sticks a little closer, popping out into the road or showing his tousled face through the leaves at intervals of two or three hundred yards to make sure that you are still on the planet. Then you may enjoy his indefatigable industry in counting with his nose, his tail quivering with delight, the chinks of old stone walls. You may light your pipe and sit by for an hour as he energetically follows his family tradition in digging under an old stump, shooting the sand out behind with kangaroo strokes, tugging at the roots with his teeth, and pausing from time to time to grin at you with a yard of pink tongue completely surrounded by leaf mold. You may admire his zeal as inspector of chipmunks, mice, frogs, grasshoppers, crickets, and such small deer.[13] Anything that lives and tries to get away from him is fair game except chickens. If round the turn of the road he plumps into a hen convention, memories of bitter humiliations surge up within him, and he blushes, and turns his face aside. Other dogs he meets with tentative growling, bristling, and tail wagging, by way of asserting that he will take them on any terms they like; fight or frolic, it is all one to him.

You cannot win his allegiance by feeding him, though he always has his bit of blarney ready for the cook. He loves all members of the family with nice discrimination for their weaknesses: the pup-boy who cannot resist an invitation to romp; the pup-girl who cannot withstand begging blandishments of nose and paw, but will subvert[14] discipline and share food with him whenever and wherever she has it. He will welcome with leapings and gyrations any one of them after a day's absence or

[13] Deer—Here used in its original generalized sense of small animals.
[14] Subvert—Corrupt.

an hour's, but his whole-souled allegiance is to the head of the house; his is the one voice that speaks with authority; his the first welcome always when the family returns in a group. That loyalty, burning bright and true to the last spark of life, that unfailing welcome on which a man can count more surely than on any human love—indeed, there is no secret in a man's love for a dog, however we may wonder at the dog's love for the man. Let Argos and Ulysses[15] stand as the type of it, though to me it lacks something of the ideal, not in the image of the dog, but in the conduct of the man. Were I disguised for peril of my life, and my dog, after the wanderings and dangers of many years, lifted his head and knew me and then died, I think no craft could withhold my feelings from betraying me.

"Dogs know their friends," we say, as if there were mystery in the knowledge. The password of the fraternity is not hidden; you may hear it anywhere. It was spoken at my own hearth when the pup-dog, wet with autumn rain, thrust himself between my guest and the andirons and began to steam. My guest checked my remonstrance. "Don't disturb him on my account, you know. I rather like the smell of a wet dog," he added apologetically. The word revealed a background that made the speaker at once and forever my guest-friend. In it I saw boy and dog in rain and snow on wet trails, their camp in narrow shelter, where they snuggle together with all in common that they have of food and warmth. He who shared his boyhood with a pup-dog will always share whatever is his with members of the fraternity. He will value the wagging of a stubby tail above all dog-show points and parlor tricks. He will not be rash to chide affectionate importunity, nor to set for his dog higher standards than he upholds for himself. Do you never nurse a grouch and express it in appropriate language? Do you never take direct action when your feelings get away with you? When the like befalls the pup-dog, have ready for him such sym-

[15] Argos and Ulysses—Argos, the faithful dog of the wandering Ulysses, recognized his master even though the latter was disguised.

pathy as he has always ready for you in your moods. Treat him as an equal, and you will get from him human and imperfect results.

You will never know exactly what your pup-dog gets from you; he tries wistfully to tell you, but leaves you still wondering. But you may have from him a share of his perennial pup-hood, and you do well to accept it gratefully whenever he offers it. Take it when it comes, though the moment seems inopportune. You may be roused just as you settle for a nap by a moist nose thrust into your hand, two rough brown paws on the edge of your bunk, a pair of bright eyes peering through a jute fringe. Up he comes, steps over you, and settles down between you and the wall with a sigh. Then, if you shut your eyes, you will find that you are not far from that place up on the hill—the big rock and the two oaks—where the pup-boy that used to be you used to snuggle down with that first old pup-dog you ever had.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

(1875—)

His Life Story in Brief

As professor of English at Amherst and the University of California, Mr. Utter has no doubt discoursed at certain seasons of the art of writing. In the accompanying essay, however, as in others from his pen, he makes the doing seem as easy as the knowing what were good to do.

Born in Olympia, Washington, November 23, 1875, Mr. Utter received his A.B. degree from Harvard University in 1898. After a varied experience, including editorial work on the *Youth's Companion,* reporting on the New York *Evening Post,* ranching in New Mexico, and acting as instructor in English at Harvard, he took his Ph.D. degree from Harvard and went to Amherst College where he remained thirteen years as instructor and associate professor of English.

In 1919, he was chairman of the department of English in the A. E. F. University organized after the Armistice at Beaune, France. Following this he became associate professor of English at the University of California. Since 1923, he has been a full professor at that institution.

The Character of His Work

Dr. Utter has published various professional volumes: *Guide to Good English, Everyday Words and Their Uses,* and *Everyday Pronunciation.* It is Mr. Utter, however, who is the author of many magazine articles and essays, some of which he has collected under the title, *Pearls and Pepper.*

The Nature of This Essay

The wide and generous fraternity of dog lovers—and that includes most of us—will find this essay wise, charming, and witty. Wise in its knowledge of pup-dog psychology; charming in its tender recollection of the boy we used to be and the dog we used to have; and witty in its delicate allusiveness and the neatness and effectiveness of its language. If, by some remote chance, there be any who are not dog lovers, they are counseled against reading this essay—that is, if they wish to retain their present misguided viewpoint.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Do you share the author's point of view about dogs? If not, does he convince you, either wholly or in part? Does he do it by arguing with you, pitying you, or by some other means? What is his purpose in writing this essay? Does anything in this essay remind you of your dog, or any dog of your acquaintance? Can you verify from this experience anything that the author says? Can you disprove any of his statements? What, according to the author, makes a dog a pup-dog? How does a pup-dog treat his animal friends; his human friends? Why is he especially an out-door companion? To whom is he especially devoted?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

My Pup's Friends
Dogs I Have Known
Dog vs. Pup-Dog
"The Collie Is a Gentleman"
Wonder What a Dog Thinks About
Dog Days vs. School Days
Stray Dogs
Bull Dogs
My Dog
Cats
Our Cat
A Howling Success

WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS? *

Henry van Dyke

It was the little lad that asked the question; and the answer also, as you will see, was mainly his.

We had been keeping Sunday afternoon together in our favorite fashion, following out that pleasant text which tells us to "behold the fowls of the air." There is no injunction[1] of Holy Writ less burdensome in acceptance, or more profitable in obedience, than this easy out-of-doors commandment. For several hours we walked in the way of this precept,[2] through the untangled woods that lie behind the Forest Hills Lodge, where a pair of pigeon hawks had their nest; and around the brambly shores of the small pond, where Maryland yellowthroats and song sparrows were settled; and under the lofty hemlocks of the fragment of forest across the road, where rare warblers flitted silently among the tree tops. The light beneath the evergreens was growing dim as we came out from their shadow into the widespread glow of the sunset, on the edge of a grassy hill, overlooking the long valley of the Gale River, and uplooking to the Franconia Mountains.[3]

It was the benediction hour. The placid air of the day shed a new tranquility over the consoling landscape. The heart of the earth seemed to taste a repose more perfect than that of common days. A hermit thrush, far up the vale, sang his vesper hymn; while the swallows, seeking their evening meal, circled above the river fields without an effort, twittering softly, now and then, as if they must give thanks. Slight and indefinable

* From *Fisherman's Luck* by Henry van Dyke, reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

[1] Injunction—Precept; direction.

[2] Precept—Following this instruction.

[3] Franconia Mountains—In northern New Hampshire.

touches in the scene, perhaps the mere absence of the tiny human figures passing along the road or laboring in the distant meadows, perhaps the blue curls of smoke rising lazily from the farm-house chimneys, or the family groups sitting under the maple trees before the door, diffused [4] a sabbath atmosphere over the world.

Then said the lad, lying on the grass beside me, "Father, who owns the mountains?"

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken all together would cover the whole Franconia range of hills.

"Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence, "I don't see what difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

They lay stretched out before us in the level sunlight, the sharp peeks outlined against the sky, the vast ridges of forest sinking smoothly toward the valleys, the deep hollows gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little foothills standing out in rounded promontories [5] of brighter green from the darker mass behind them.

Far to the east, the long comb of Twin Mountain extended itself back into the untrodden wilderness. Mount Garfield lifted a clear-cut pyramid through the translucent air. The huge bulk of Lafayette ascended majestically in front of us, crowned with a rosy diadem of rocks. Eagle Cliff and Bald Mountain stretched their line of scalloped peaks across the entrance to the Notch. Beyond that shadowy vale, the swelling summits of Cannon Mountain rolled away to meet the tumbling waves of Kinsman, dominated by one loftier crested billow that seemed almost ready to curl and break out of green silence into snowy foam. Far down the sleeping Landaff valley the undulating [6] dome of Moosilauke trembled in the distant blue.

[4] DIFFUSED—Spread.

[5] PROMONTORIES—Lofty headlands.

[6] UNDULATING—Wavy.

They were all ours, from crested cliff to wooded base. The solemn groves of firs and spruces, the plumed sierras[7] of lofty pines, the stately pillared forests of birch and beech, the wild ravines, the tremulous thickets of silvery poplar, the bare peaks with their wide outlooks, and the cool vales resounding with the ceaseless song of little rivers—we knew and loved them all; they ministered peace and joy to us; they were all ours, though we held no title deeds and our ownership had never been recorded.

What is property, after all? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

A gallery of great paintings adorns the house of the Honorable Midas Bond, and every year adds a new treasure to his collection. He knows how much they cost him, and he keeps the run of the quotations at the auction sales, congratulating himself as the price of the works of his well-chosen artists rises in the scale, and the value of his art treasures is enhanced. But why should he call them his? He is only their custodian.[8] He keeps them well varnished, and framed in gilt. But he never passes through those gilded frames into the world of beauty that lies behind the painted canvas. He knows nothing of those lovely places from which the artist's soul and hand have drawn their inspiration. They are closed and barred to him. He has bought the pictures, but he cannot buy the key. The poor art student who wanders through his gallery, lingering with awe and love before the masterpieces, owns them far more truly than Midas does.

Pomposus Silverman purchased a rich library a few years ago. The books were rare and costly. That was the reason why Pomposus bought them. He was proud to feel that he was the possessor of literary treasures which were not to be found

[7] SIERRAS—Ranges of hills.
[8] CUSTODIAN—Caretaker; keeper.

in the houses of his wealthiest acquaintances. But the threadbare Bücherfreund,[9] who was engaged at a slender salary to catalogue the library and take care of it, became the real proprietor. Pomposus paid for the books, but Bücherfreund enjoyed them.

I do not mean to say that the possession of much money is always a barrier to real wealth of mind and heart. Nor would I maintain that all the poor of this world are rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. But some of them are. And if some of the rich of this world (through the grace of Him with whom all things are possible) are also modest in their tastes, and gentle in their hearts, and open in their minds, and ready to be pleased with unbought pleasures, they simply share in the best things which are provided for all.

I speak not now of the strife that men wage over the definition and the laws of property. Doubtless there is much here that needs to be set right. There are men and women in the world who are shut out from the right to earn a living, so poor that they must perish for want of daily bread, so full of misery that there is no room for the tiniest seed of joy in their lives. This is the lingering shame of civilization. Some day, perhaps, we shall find the way to banish it. Some day, every man shall have his title to a share in the world's great work and the world's great joy.

But meantime it is certain that, where there are a hundred poor bodies who suffer from physical privation, there are a thousand poor souls who suffer from spiritual poverty. To relieve this greater suffering there needs no change of laws, only a change of heart.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap the harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleaning left for all mankind? The

[9] BÜCHERFREUND—Friend of books; book lover.

most that a wide principality can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of goldenrod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment [10] of delight.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

How foolishly we train ourselves for the work of life! We give our most arduous and eager efforts to the cultivation of those faculties which will serve us in the competitions of the forum and the market place. But if we were wise, we should care infinitely more for the unfolding of those inward, secret, spiritual powers by which alone we can become the owners of anything that is worth having. Surely God is the great proprietor. Yet all His works He has given away. He holds no title deeds. The one thing that is His, is the perfect understanding, the perfect joy, the perfect love, of all things that He has made. To a share in this high ownership He welcomes all who are poor in spirit. This is the earth which the meek inherit. This is the patrimony [11] of the saints in light.

"Come, laddie," I said to my comrade, "let us go home. You and I are very rich. We own the mountains. But we can never sell them, and we don't want to."

[10] Increment—Gain.
[11] Patrimony—Inheritance.

HENRY VAN DYKE

(1852—)

His Life Story in Brief

Poet and preacher, essayist and diplomat, professor of literature—Henry van Dyke has had a distinguished career in which he has displayed high ability in many fields.

He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1852, and was educated at Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary. After his ordination to the Presbyterian ministry, he held pastorates in a number of churches until he was called to the chair of English literature in Princeton University.

Following the example of several of his predecessors in seeking literary men for important diplomatic posts, President Wilson in 1913 appointed Dr. van Dyke as minister to the Netherlands. His service had hardly begun before the World War broke out. During the trying years of American neutrality Dr. van Dyke administered his office with conspicuous success, although his sympathies were engaged on the side of the Allies. In 1917, he resigned his office and returned home to resume his professional and literary work.

The Character of His Work

Dr. van Dyke's stirringly patriotic poem, *America for Me,* is universally known, and his gentle and beautiful story of *The Other Wise Man* is read and loved wherever the Christmas feast is kept. His essays, collected under the titles, *Fisherman's Luck* and *The Blue Flower* are equally appreciated by the thoughtful. Throughout all his work there runs a thread of high moral purpose and spiritual enlargement.

The Nature of This Essay

Someone has said that "an essay may preach, but it must never be a sermon." Presumably the thought was that it must never become mere doctrine and exhortation. In the accompanying essay Dr. van Dyke is very far from penning a "sermon." In addition to giving us a series of beautiful and vivid pictures of the grandeur of the White Mountain peaks, the author has presented to us with high-minded earnestness and sincerity a profound moral truth.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

What is the answer to the question propounded by the little boy? What, in the author's opinion, is the true measure of success? Do you agree? Why? Which things can we most truly own? Is there any suggestion in this essay as to the fitting use of our leisure? From this essay could you guess the author's occupation? His interests? Do you enjoy his description of the Sunday afternoon? Does it recall any similar afternoon in your experience?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

My Possessions
Possession of Things vs. Possession by Things
Who Owns the High School
Out-of-doors Commandments

MARY WHITE

William Allen White

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet farther on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gayly north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a high-school boy friend—and she waved at him,

but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered, and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless, little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men. Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollic; persiflage [1] was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole [2] and metaphor.[3] She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out of doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad,

[1] Persiflage—Banter; light raillery.
[2] Hyperbole—Exaggeration.
[3] Metaphor—An implied comparison.

one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child, with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draft of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged high-school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date" nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great, spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids"—gave her great pleasure. Her

zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw, jam, cakes, preserves, oranges, and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic;[4] she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the high school. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy[5] to those who she thought could remedy the evil.

The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony."[6] But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her high-school class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my

[4] Cynic—One without faith in human nature.
[5] Harpy—Here probably nuisance.
[6] Testimony—Public confession of a spiritual experience.

hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill's Harvard classmen—Heavens, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love," from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated [7] if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant [8] movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's *Symphonie Pathetique,* which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the high school.

That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her high-school principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-by.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul in her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

[7] DEPRECATED—Modestly disowned.
[8] POIGNANT—Affecting.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

(1868—)

His Life Story in Brief

William Allen White is at home in Emporia, Kansas, but his powers are by no means circumscribed by the limits of city or state. Novelist, short story writer, biographer, editor, and writer on many public questions, he has come to be a national figure of sturdy Americanism.

He was born in Emporia, and has always lived there. In popular estimation he is its first citizen. After graduating from the University of Kansas, he became in 1895 the proprietor and editor of the *Emporia Daily Gazette*. With this as his mouthpiece he has frequently made America listen.

Apart from his editorial duties, he has done important public services on many occasions. In August, 1917, he was sent to France as an observer for the American Red Cross; in 1919, he was a delegate to the Russian Conference at Prinkipo. He is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Woodrow Wilson Foundation.

The Character of His Work

In his novels, *A Certain Rich Man* and *In the Heart of a Fool*, Mr. White has helped to interpret the small town from pioneer days to the present. His short stories, also, have caught the speech and manners of the Middle West with singular exactness. In *The Court of Boyville* he has given us an insight into the heart of youth. He has also practiced biography in his *Life of Woodrow Wilson* and *Life of Calvin Coolidge*, and autobiography in *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*, an account of his war experiences in company with Henry Allen, former governor of Kansas.

The Nature of This Essay

Comment on the accompanying essay seems clumsy and feeble. Of its kind it is superlative. Without a single note of false sentiment, with tugging at the heartstrings, the bereaved father has here set down an honest and faithful portrait of a vibrant and eager personality. In her life Mary White was perhaps known to hundreds; in her death she will be known and loved by incalculable thousands.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

Notice the studiously calm manner of this essay, its avoidance of any obvious appeal to sympathy, even though written under the stress of an overwhelming emotion. Does the author attempt to characterize Mary White, or does he merely tell about her in detail and let us complete the picture? If you were asked what kind of girl Mary White was, how would you respond? After reading the essay do you feel that you know her? What do you think she looked like? Is she your ideal of the "popular" girl? Is the correction of the Associated Press report prompted by anything more than the newspaper man's habit of accuracy? If so, by what? Does the essay give you a picture of Emporia as well as of Mary White? Point out passages which tell something of life in a small community? Did the community contribute anything to Mary White's development, or would she have been the same girl had she been reared in a large city? Was she at all unusual in that, although she rejoiced in the out-of-doors, she also liked to read? What do you think of her literary tastes? Do they tell you anything about her? Note the adjectives which describe the "carloads of 'kids'." Does it often happen that a high school girl has the poor "always with her?" Do you recognize the allusion in the phrase? Was she "queer" in her indifference to clothes? How do you explain it? can you understand her "passion not to grow up, to be a child?" Do many high school students share it? Did you know that the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is an essay? If you were to read it as one, would it seem different to you? Note the range of Mary White's friendships as revealed by the list of the pallbearers at her funeral. Does that, too, tell you anything about her? This selection was written for publication in the Emporia Gazette. Would it have been at all different had it been intended for a wider audience?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

My Dad
Mother
Brother and Me
Personality Plus
"My Best Pal—and Severest Critic"

Lincoln Memorial, Hodgenville, Ky.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WOODROW WILSON

(Address Given at the Formal Acceptance of the Lincoln Memorial, Built Over the Log-Cabin Birthplace at Hodgenville, Ky., September 4, 1916)

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste,[1] renders

[1] CASTE—Rigid divisions of society.

fealty [2] to no monarch or master or any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic [3] and benignant [4] sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of, that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar [5] of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

[2] FEALTY—Loyalty.
[3] CATHOLIC—Broad; inclusive.
[4] BENIGNANT—Kindly; gentle.
[5] FAMILIAR—Attendant.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating [6] and all-pervasive [7] virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

[6] PERMEATING—Penetrating.
[7] ALL-PERVASIVE—Wide-spread.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying [8] thoughts.

[8] Deploying—Spreading out, as in formation.

I have come here to-day, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln—he stands in need of none—but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal [9] fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of loving hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute [10] these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

[9] Vestal fire—The Vestal Virgins in ancient Rome had the duty of keeping always alive the sacred fire on their altars.
[10] Transmute—Change from one substance into another.

WOODROW WILSON

(1856–1924)

His Life Story in Brief

Though the final judgment on the work of Woodrow Wilson must be left to the years, it may be doubted whether any political leader ever so effectively spiritualized a gigantic conflict or spent himself in the service of a loftier ideal than that which actuated the war president of the United States.

He had already made a distinguished career as an educator before his political career began. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. After beginning his college work at Davidson College, North Carolina, he received his degree from Princeton University in 1879. He studied law at the University of Virginia and practiced his profession in Atlanta, Georgia, until he entered Johns Hopkins University for graduate work in political science.

After receiving his Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins in 1886, he became associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr. He held similar chairs at Wesleyan and Princeton, until in 1902 he was elected president of Princeton. In this position he instituted notable reforms in campus life which were carried out against the opposition of some alumni and undergraduates.

He then entered political life and in 1910 was elected governor of New Jersey, a Democratic triumph in a state normally Republican. In this office he attracted national attention and in 1912 was nominated and elected president.

For two years his administration was characterized by much progressive legislation. The remainder of his first term and all of his second term were devoted to the all-absorbing problems of the World War.

From the beginning President Wilson had striven for a just and lasting peace. At the conclusion of hostilities he himself headed the American delegation to the Peace Conference where he was successful in establishing the League of Nations, an instrument which he believed would prevent the recurrence of another world conflagration.

Opposition developed to the peace treaty and the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. The President decided to tour the country in advocacy of his peace plan, but was stricken with an illness from the effects of which he never fully recovered. On February 3, 1924, nearly three years after his retirement to private life, he passed from the scene in which he had played so prominent a part.

The Character of His Work

Before his entry into political life, Wilson had achieved a considerable reputation by the publication of his volumes on *The History of the American People* and *Constitutional Government in the United States.* His literary reputation, however, will undoubtedly rest upon his state papers and war addresses where his felicitous phrasing gave perfect expression to the loftiest ideals of humanity and justice.

The Nature of This Essay

Written to commemorate a particular occasion, this essay seeks to find something of universal significance in the specific event which called it forth. While democracy is in the crucible of a world-shaking event, the author takes the occasion to affirm not only his faith in it as a way of living together, but also the challenge which its preservation makes to every man and woman who enjoys its benefits. The calm, but passionately earnest style should occasion profitable study.

Suggestions for the Study of This Essay

What is Wilson's conception of democracy as revealed at the beginning of the essay? Note the adjectives with which he characterizes Lincoln. Are they appropriate? Why is the memorial a place "alike of mystery and of reassurance?" What does the author mean by saying that he feels that Lincoln was permanently at home nowhere? Do you know the source of the quotation, "in his habit as he lived?" And can you recognize the allusion in the phrase, "the heart of his mystery?" Do you think of Lincoln as a "lonely and brooding spirit?" Do you picture of him with which you are familiar give that impression? Do his writings? Is there any other illustration of the "terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs. . . . for a nation as well as for individuals?" In the light of history do you think that Wilson was consciously speaking in a prophetic strain when he uttered the final sentence of this address? What, in your judgment, are the "commands of democracy?" What do you think President Wilson meant when he coined the famous phrase, "to make the world safe for democracy?" Compare this address of Wilson's with a more or less similar one by Lincoln, *The Gettysburg Address.* What differences do you note? Are there any similarities?

Suggestions for Essays of Your Own

The Significance of the Class Gift
The True Nature of Commencement
The School Democracy
"Rightly To Be Great Is——"

ON THE READING OF ESSAYS

I

Do you ever like to be by yourself?

Do others enjoy your conversation?

Are you in turn a good listener, getting pleasure out of hearing the experiences and ideas of others?

Does your own life seem to you very humdrum and uneventful, yielding you nothing worth communicating to others?

Do persons, things, or events ever set in motion for you a train of thought in which you speculate on their general qualities; their relationship to other experiences; their value, utility, or significance in a busy and crowded world?

No, this is not an advertisement for a correspondence course in the development of personality, but merely an invitation to join a conversation club whose members are interesting persons with something significant to say.

For the reading of a group of essays, such as are included in this volume, is in effect an informal meeting with a company of distinguished persons who know how to talk. Their lives may have the hairbreadth quality of adventures in far countries, or be bounded in the nutshell of home, kindred, office, and community. The really significant thing about them is that they like to play with their minds, to romp with ideas, to explore the world of fact, fancy, and opinion. Hence they write essays.

An essay is, then, an attempt to put on paper some meditations on a chosen subject which interest the author, and for which he solicits the interest of the reader. It may be written as a letter, a public address, an editorial, a magazine article, or a book review. The form is nothing; the spirit everything. All that we require of the essayist is that he follow a train of thought to something like a conclusion, and that along the way he point out to us some new ideas. He may lead us by a devious and rambling path, but, if he keep the mood which attracted us to him, we shall vote him delightful company, and part from him with regret.

Consequently, the essay is, more than any other form of literature—with the possible exception of lyric poetry—the full revelation of the personality of the author. He may speak to us in the first person or the third; he may address us directly or be seemingly unconscious of our presence. He may air his personal prejudices, or sift some of ours. He may treat of habits, tendencies, movements, or morals. But before

he has finished, he has, consciously or unconsciously, told us something of himself. From this cross-section of his mind, we are able, in some sense at last, to reconstruct the whole man.

So it is that without ever going to British Guinea we can see William Beebe gliding through the sounds and scents of the jungle night. And there is really no difficulty about conjuring the picture of the vast bulk of Mr. Chesterton lying in bed while the myriads of vagrant fancies play hide and seek through his nimble brain. Nor is there anything unfamiliar about that slight figure of Lafcadio Hearn in the bow of the river steamboat, straining his myopic half-vision to catch for us the full glory of a Mississippi sunrise. No sound sequence is needed for us to hear the lazy drawl of Will Rogers as his shrewd native humor talks to us from the printed page.

But then Michel de Montaigne, father of the modern essay, summed it all up in the Preface to his *Essais,* first published in 1580, when he said, "It is myselfe I pourtray."

II

Obviously, the word "study" has a somewhat harsh connotation in connection with the essay. There are, however, certain obligations laid upon the reader corresponding to those imposed upon anyone who adds himself to a friendly circle in which there is much good talk.

The first of these is to give attentive hearing to what is being said. The rôle of the reader is too frequently thought of as a passive one, an attitude of almost challenging the author to interest or entertain us. There must be a readiness to listen, a willingness to hear. That is the true social attitude.

One reserves, of course, his privilege of dissent and discussion. And it is remarkable how stimulating the best conversation can be. Ideas of which we were previously unaware come thronging for expression; challenge, question, and comment hang trembling on our lips. We search our own experience for incidents to parallel or confute the statements which have been made. And, somewhat to our own surprise, we realize that we have taken a worthy part in the conversation, and get a glimpse of the fun to be had in playing with one's mind.

III.

To translate all this into terms of the classroom, what should be our procedure?

First, of course, read the essays. Come to them with the expectation that you will find something worth your time and effort. After the first

reading, try to sum up the thought or mood of the essay. Do you find yourself in complete agreement?

The class discussion, of course, will clear up any doubtful points, and increase the pleasure of the reading by the sharing of experience. Here we may test the value of our own opinions, if they are at any point in conflict with those presented in the essays.

A second reading of the essays will now serve to call attention to several features which could not be previously examined with profit. Apart from the thought which he has expressed, what is the total effect at which the author has aimed? Does he plan merely to amuse us, or does he intend to inform, instruct, or exhort? Or is he simply trying to evoke a mood which we may share? Personalities exhibit marked differences, and the essay faithfully reflects each one.

We may then turn to a more minute examination of the means by which these effects are achieved. Notice the opening sentences of each essay. Are they calculated to arrest and hold our attention? Do they do this by being elaborately wrought, or are they simple, direct, and vigorous? Are some of these statements challenging? Do they immediately set the mood for the essay?

Observe particularly how the essayist goes from the general to the particular, or from the particular to the general, or perhaps does both with a wave-like effect of thought within a single essay. Mankind has always been interested in mankind, but the essayist will use an incident to point a moral, or else adorn a tale with the thoughts which it suggests. Frequently he will do both.

IV

And finally, a word about the technical means of expression—words, sentences, paragraphs. Just as only those who have practiced finger exercises can truly appreciate the genius of a Rachmaninoff or a Kreisler, so full understanding of the quality of writing can come only to those who have analyzed the means of its technical perfection, or, best of all, have themselves attempted what it achieves with such seemingly effortless ease.

So it will be well to examine with some care the vocabulary of our essayists. It may be stated at once that the words used were not selected at random, but only with a nice sense of their appropriateness to the work they are called upon to do. Investigators have assured us that the average grammar school graduate uses only about five hundred words. He, of course, knows many more, but mental laziness sets boundaries to his expression and constricts his thinking. While no one can profit permanently by learning long lists of words, it is certainly true

that one may learn much by thoughtful observation of another's mastery, and more or less conscious assimilation of striking usages.

For the study of sentences one must read aloud. Here the ear needs cultivation as well as the eye. Sentence rhythm is a delicate business of balance and symmetry. All this, of course, is in addition to mere formal correctness, beyond which no one can tell another how to write a sentence. To achieve real distinction, one must develop a consciousness of rhythms, compare his patterns with the best models, and practice rigorous revision.

Of all forms of literature, the essay perhaps comes nearest to the kind of writing which most of us will do throughout life. Hence it affords a delightful field for profitable exploration and practice. At the end of each essay is appended a list of suggested topics. It is never intended that the students shall be restricted to such lists, but that they shall serve merely as an indication of the kind of writing which should prove profitable in connection with this study.

Many topics within the experience of high school students will undoubtedly be suggested by the reading of these essays. They will be within the range of their living and thinking, and while owing much, perhaps, to the stimulation of a more mature and richer style, will nevertheless be the product of the student's heart and mind. Such writing should be both profitable and pleasurable.

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SELECTED POEMS

ROBERT BROWNING

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SELECTED POEMS

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"DE GUSTIBUS—"

The title means, "concerning tastes." The words come from a familiar quotation: *de gustibus non est disputandum*—There is no disputing about tastes.

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,
By a cornfield side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say—
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,

4. Cornfield—A field of grain.
4. Poppies—In Europe poppies grow wild amid the grain.
5. Hazel—Hazel wood.
5. Coppice—Cluster of trees.
9. Draw yourself up . . . moon—Step into the shadow.

And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the bean flowers' boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a seaside house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, forever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl barefooted brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news to-day—the king
Was shot at, touched in the liver wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:

16. Apennine—The mountains of central Italy. Florence, in which Browning lived a number of years, is in the foothills of the Apennines.
21. Farther South—In the vicinity of Naples.
22. Cicala (sĭ-kä'lå)—The cicada, locust.
31. Frescoed—A kind of ornamental painting done on plaster. Italian houses are frequently frescoed both inside and out.
32. Blisters—Places where the plaster has "blistered."
36. Liver wing—The right arm.
37. Bourbon—The kings of Naples before the unification of Italy were of the Bourbon line.

—She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

38. Felons—The wrongdoers.
40. Queen Mary—Mary I of England (1516–58).
42. Calais—The last of the English possessions on the continent. Mary's foreign policy lost Calais to France.
43. The loss of Calais, which she called "the chief jewel of my realm," grieved Mary I greatly, and hastened her death. She is reported to have said that if her heart were opened there would be found written there the word Calais.

CAVALIER TUNES

The name "Cavalier" was given to a supporter of King Charles I in the Great Rebellion, or Puritan Revolution of 1642–49. The term has reference to the dashing, gay, spirited, cavalier qualities of the King's men, of whom Sir Byng is a good illustration. By all means, read these poems aloud.

I Marching Along

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

2. Crop-headed—Refers to the practice among the Puritans of cutting the hair short. The crop-headed Parliament is the so-called Long Parliament of 1640, composed mostly of Puritans. It was this parliament which deposed the King and preferred charges against him.
4. Rogues—A contemptuous allusion to the Puritans.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—
Chorus.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Cho.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
Cho.—*March we along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

7. PYM—John Pym, leader of the opposition to the King in the House of Commons.

7. CARLES—Churls, boors, low fellows.

8. PARLES—Speeches.

10. PASTY—The Cavaliers are invariably represented as being good livers—lovers of the table and the cup.

14. HAMPDEN—John Hampden whose refusal to pay the ship-money tax was the beginning of widespread opposition to King Charles's policies.

14. AND HIS OBSEQUIES' KNELL SERVE, ETC.—That is, "and may the bell which tolls for his obsequies also serve for the obsequies of Hazelrig" and the others.

15. HAZELRIG—Sir Arthur Hazelrig, an opponent of King Charles.

15. FIENNES—William Fiennes, Lord Saye, another opponent of Charles I.

15. YOUNG HARRY—Sir Henry Vane, the younger. An English Puritan, sometime governor of Massachusetts, and leader of the opposition in Parliament after the death of Pym.

16. RUPERT—Prince Rupert, a royalist general.

II Give a Rouse

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
Cho.—*King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
Cho.—*King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

17. Kentish and Loyalists—In Kent, during the war, feeling was much divided. In 1648, a widespread insurrection was organized in Kent in behalf of Charles I.
21. Pricks on—Urges on, prompts.
21. Pestilent—Vexatious, troublesome.
23. Nottingham—In 1642 when the King broke with Parliament he set up his standard at Nottingham.
26. Who'll do him—Who'll pledge him, or toast him.
28. Give a rouse—This is a drinking song. The title means "Let's give, or drink, a rouse." A rouse is a glass or bumper of liquor.
30–34. These lines make allusion to the extravagance of the King in making presents to his favorites.
38. Quaff—Drink, toast.
39. Old fool—The boy's father, the present speaker.

III Boot and Saddle

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens the blue from its silvery gray.
Cho.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
Cho.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away.*"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
Cho.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counselors; what counsel they?
Cho.—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

41. Noll's—Old Noll was a nickname for Oliver Cromwell, commander of the Puritan army.
52. Gallants—Cavaliers.
52. Lay—Song.
55. Flouts—Predicate of Castle Brancepeth.
55. Roundheads—The Puritans, so called because of their short hair.
55. Castle Brancepeth—This castle is an imaginary one.
56. Fay—Faith. The meaning is: There is one there who laughs at the Roundheads, saying, "Good fellows, etc." The completing of the remark is left to the reader's imagination. In the first line of the following stanza we are told that this "who" is the wife of the cavalier. Perhaps her words if completed would be: "Good fellows . . . by my fay, my husband has started with a troop which will make short work of you."

THE LOST LEADER

Browning had in mind the poet Wordsworth, who as a young man had been a strong sympathizer with the French Revolutionists and with the democratic movement in England. As Wordsworth grew older he grew conservative; perhaps he was shocked, as many liberals of his day were, at the excesses of the French. He opposed in his age many of the reforms he had advocated in his youth. Browning, who was a liberal, saw in Wordsworth's "regular face about an event to deplore." When this poem was published in 1845, Browning was 33 and Wordsworth 75.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!

1. A HANDFUL OF SILVER—The reference is to a pension of £300 granted Wordsworth by the Conservative Government in 1842. The language is intentionally suggestive of the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas for the betrayal of Christ.

2. RIBAND TO STICK ON HIS COAT—The reference is to the insignia or decoration worn by the Poet Laureate. Wordsworth was made laureate in 1843.

3. ONE GIFT—Worldly wealth.

4. ALL THE OTHERS—That is, freedom to write as we please.

5. THEY, WITH THE GOLD TO GIVE—The Conservative Government, the representative of the rich and powerful of the earth.

5. DOLED HIM OUT SILVER—Gave him only a pitifully small pension.

7. The meaning is: Had we known that it was money he wanted, how gladly should we have given him all our little store (copper).

8. Purple is a sign of honor or distinction. The meaning of the line is: Though we could confer upon him only small honor (rags), nevertheless he could have felt pride in his heart. The implication is that he must feel but little pride in the great honors given him in exchange for his desertion of the cause of liberalism.

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mind and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freeman
—He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod.
One more devils'-triumphs and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

10. Desired no approval of our work but his.

13. SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, BURNS, SHELLEY—British poets. Browning implies that all these men were liberals and sympathizers with "the people." This is hardly true, however, of Shakespeare.

15. VAN—The front.

19. QUIESCENCE—That is, his content with the old order of things.

26. That is, we should never feel sure of him, and having to suspect him would be painful to us and to him.

30. MENACE OUR HEART—That is, risk ourselves in the fight instead of spending our energies trying to win him back to us.

31. THEN LET HIM RECEIVE THE NEW KNOWLEDGE—Let him find out for himself in the course of time that we are right.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

Ghent is a city in Belgium. Aix is Aix-la-Chapelle, a city in Germany, just across the Belgian frontier. The poem is not founded on any historical incident. There is, of course, a suggestion about the poem of the wars which devastated the Low Countries in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteeth centuries. Browning says of the origin of the poem, "I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse, York, then in my stable at home."

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right.
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near

1–2. JORIS AND DIRCK—The companions of the rider who tells the story.
3. WATCH—The guardsmen of the watch.
5. POSTERN—The gate.
9. GIRTHS—The band which holds the saddle to the horse.
10. PIQUE—Pommel.
11. CHEEK STRAP—That is, he slackened the bit by letting out the cheek strap. All these things which the rider did made the horse more comfortable—the better adjustment of the saddle and the easing up on the bit.
12. ROLAND—The name of the horse.

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

14. Lokeren (lō'kĕr-ĕn)—This and the other towns mentioned below are between Ghent and Aix.
15. Boom (bōme).
16. Duffeld (dü-fĕlt').
17. Mecheln (měk'ĕ-lĕn)—Better known as Malines.
19. Aershot (är'skŏt).
26. Pricked out on his track—Pointed forward in the direction of the road.
27. One eye's black intelligence—Browning's way of saying "one intelligent black eye." Roland kept an eye on his master. The eye rolled back showed the "white."
29. Spume—Foam.
30. Fierce—Drawn back, hence having a fierce aspect.
31. Hasselt (häs'ĕlt).
31. Stay spur—Ease up or cease the gallop.
32. Roos—The name of Dirck's exhausted mount.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

38. Looz (lōz). Tongres (tôngr).
41. Noll's—Old Noll was a nickname for Oliver Cromwell, commander Charlemagne is buried.
44. Croup—Rump.
49. Buff coat—A military coat of buff leather.
50. Jack boots—Heavy top boots reaching above the knee.
59. Burgesses—Citizens of the town.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

The poem voices the longing of the poet for England. He is in Italy where Browning spent much of his time.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

5. Brushwood sheaf—That is, the cluster of brushwood about the base of the tree.
6. Bole—Trunk.
7. Chaffinch—A European song bird.
10. Whitethroat—A common name for the whitethroat warbler.
13. Spray—Twig, branch. The twig bends beneath the weight of the thrush.
13. Edge—End.
19. Little children's dower—Nature's gift to little children.
20. This gaudy melon flower—The poet as he writes has his eye on a melon flower, perhaps, in his garden in Italy.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

This poem was "inspired by the sight from the sea, of Cape Trafalgar and Gibraltar, both objects of patriotic pride to an Englishman; the one associated with the naval victory gained by the English fleet, under Nelson, over the combined French and Spanish fleets; the other, England's greatest stronghold."—Corson, *Introduction to Browning*.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

1. Cape Saint Vincent—A headland at the southwest extremity of Portugal. Off this cape the British under Admiral Jervis defeated a Spanish fleet February 14, 1797.

2. Cadiz Bay (kā'dĭz)—A bay in southern Spain, the scene of a number of British naval successes. In 1587, Sir Francis Drake boldly entered the bay and destroyed a Spanish fleet which was being prepared for the invasion of England. In 1596, the town was captured and sacked by the English, and in 1800 it was bombarded by Nelson, the victor at Trafalgar.

3. Trafalgar (trá-făl'gàr, the English pronunciation)—A headland south of Cadiz, at the western entrance to the Strait of Gibraltar. Off Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, Nelson defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets, putting an end to the naval power of Napoleon.

4. Note the picture in the first four lines, especially the color effects.

5. Here and here did England help me—Browning, who was a liberal, thinks of England as the champion of free institutions and political liberty. "Here and here"—These words indicate that Browning had in mind as he wrote the British victories at Cadiz, Cape Saint Vincent, and Trafalgar, first over Spain in the Sixteenth Century and finally, over Napoleon in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. He thinks of all these as victories for freedom of thought and for political liberty.

7. Jove's Planet—Jupiter.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

The speaker is one of Napoleon's veterans. He is relating the incident in camp sometime afterwards, possibly to a group of young recruits. The poem is a good illustration of Browning's method. All the introduction there is is in the first line; then follows a vivid picture of the Emperor in a characteristic pose. The incident is presented swiftly and dramatically, and in a way that makes the reader feel the force of the personal devotion to their commander and the love of glory which made Napoleon's soldiers invincible.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound

1. RATISBON (răt'ĭs-bŏn)—The Bavarian city of Regensburg. Here in 1809 the French defeated the Austrians.
4. STORMING DAY—The day on which the attack was made.
7. PRONE—Bent forward.
8. OPPRESSIVE—Weighed down.
5–9. These lines describe a characteristic pose of Napoleon.
11. LANNES (lán)—One of the ablest and bravest of Napoleon's generals. He was a plain, blunt man, and greatly beloved by the Emperor. He was killed shortly after the battle of Ratisbon.
13. BATTERY SMOKES—The smoke of the guns. Napoleon made much use of artillery.

Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him." The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

20. Suspect what?
27. MARSHAL—Marshal Lannes.
28. ANON—At once, soon.
29. FLAG BIRD—The eagle at the top of the staff.
29. VANS—Wings.
34–35. AS SHEATHES A FILM—As a film sheathes, etc.

HERVE RIÉL

This poem is the retelling of a story of the rescue of a French fleet by a simple Breton fisherman. Browning first heard the story in Brittany where he was wont for a number of years to go for the autumn.

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;

Title. Hervé Riel (ĕr-vā′rē-ĕl′).

1. Hogue—La Hogue, a roadstead on the east side of the peninsula of Cotenin in France, not to be confused with Cape de la Hague on the same peninsula. The naval battle referred to was fought between the combined English and Dutch fleets and the French fleet in the war which Louis XIV brought against England in an attempt to put King James II back on the throne after the English had expelled him.

4. Porpoises—The dolphin, or sea hog. A species of small whale from five to eight feet long. They are generally seen in schools. When pursued by greater fish they swim "helter-skelter" and often leap from the water.

4. Shoal—A number, several.

5. St. Malo (sän mä-lō)—A fortified seaport of Normandy. The harbor is dry at low tide, but at high tide will admit ships.

6. Rance (räns)—A river, at the mouth of which St. Malo is situated.

8. Damfreville—Marquis d'Amfreville (dŏn′f′r-vĕl)—A French naval officer who commanded the vanguard at La Hogue.

Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have the ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

14. CAN AND WILL—Can and will take us.
17. STARBOARD, PORT—On the right and left.
21. WITH FLOW AT FULL—At high tide.

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to complete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

30. Plymouth Sound—The English naval base on the Channel.
43. Pressed—Drafted, forced to serve. 43. Breton—Native of Brittany.
43. Tourville—Count de Tourville (tōōr-vēl′). Admiral of the fleet, and Damfreville's superior. De Tourville was later made a Marshal of France.
44. Croisickese (krwä-sēk-ēz′)—A native of Le Croisic, a seaport town.
46. Malouins (mal′ōō-ans)—People or citizens of St. Malo.
47. Soundings—The reference is to the method of measuring the depth of water by sounding. For details see an encyclopedia.

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

48. Swell—A long, rolling, undulation of the sea.
49. Offing—Deep water.
49. Grève—(grāv)—A small village at the mouth of the Rance.
49. Disembogues (dĭs-ĕm-bōgz′)—To empty.
53. Solidor—Called "rampired Solidor" at line 92 below—a fortification

Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!

75. That is, as if its narrow passage were as wide and as deep as the ocean.
79. Spar—A general term for mast, yard, boom, etc., on a ship.
89. Rake—Bombard, as used here. The accurate meaning is to fire lengthwise of a ship.

Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

124. Bell Aurore (bĕl ō'rôre)—The beautiful Aurora.
129. Head in white and black—A figurehead. Not even a fishing smack has been named for the man who saved a fleet.
132. Bore the bell—Won the prize.
135. Louvre (lōōv'r)—That is, the pictures of heroes on the walls of the Louvre, which is the great national museum and art gallery at Paris.

PHEIDIPPIDES

The incident upon which the poem is based occurred during the wars waged by the great Persian King Darius against the Greeks. It is given by the Greek historian Herodotus as follows: "The generals . . . dispatched a herald to Sparta, one Pheidippides, an Athenian, who was a courier by profession, one who attended to this very business. This man, then, as Pheidippides himself said and reported to the Athenians, Pan met near Mount Parthenion, above Tegea; and Pan, calling out the name of Pheidippides, bade him ask the Athenians why they paid no attention to him, who was well inclined to the Athenians, and had often been useful to them, and would be so hereafter."

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, coequal in praise
—Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever—O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I call!

Title: PHEIDIPPIDES (fī-dĭp′pĭ-dēz)—Lines 100–104 are spoken by Pheidippides.

2. DÆMONS (dē′-mŏnz)—Spirits.

3. THEE—Pan. See line 8 below.

3. PATRON—Guardian.

4. ZEUS (zūs)—Chief of the Greek gods; "father of the gods and of men."

4. HER OF THE ÆGIS AND SPEAR—Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom. She is represented, like the Roman Minerva, as carrying shield (ægis) and spear. Ægis is pronounced ē′jĭs.

5. YE OF BOW AND BUSKIN—Artemis, the same as the Roman Diana, the goddess of the hunt, represented as carrying a bow and wearing buskins. A buskin is a kind of laced boot.

5. YOUR PEER—That is, Pan.

7. LEAVE PASTURE AND FLOCK—Pan watched over flocks and herds.

8. POTENT—Powerful.

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no specter that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves' tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all and some—
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

9. Archons (är'kŏnz)—The chief magistrates of Athens.

9. Tettix (tĕt'tĭks)—The cicada. Here used to refer to a golden clasp ornamented with a representation of the cicada. "Before the Persian Wars the men of Athens wore their hair long, either gathered in a kind of knot on the top of the head, where it was held in place by a gold brooch (tettix), or hanging at the back like a queue."—Gulick.

11. Crowned with myrtle—A great honor among the Greeks.

18. Slaves' tribute—The Persian custom of demanding that a subject king or people send earth and water as a sign of submission.

19. Eretria (ĕ-rē'trĭ-ȧ)—A small city north of Athens, first attacked by the Persians, and burned.

20. Hellas—Greece.

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must'!"

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come—does Athens ask aid—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds

25–27. There was ever envy, suspicion, and jealousy between Athens and Sparta.

31. THUNDER, THOU ZEUS—Zeus was sometimes called "the Thunderer." His weapon was the thunderbolt.

31. ATHENE (ă-thē′nē)—See note to line 4. Athene was the patron deity of Athens.

32. PHOIBOS (fē′bŭs)—Phebus Appolo, the sun god.

32. ARTEMIS (är′tĕ-mĭs)—See note to line 5 above.

33. OLUMPOS (ō-lĭm′pŭs)—A high mountain in Thessaly, believed by the Greeks to be the abode of the gods.

33. NO BOLT—That is, Zeus did not thunder as a sign to the Spartans.

35. PRECIPITATE—Hasty.

35–40. These lines give the substance of the reply of the Spartans.

37–40. According to Herodotus, the Spartans "resolved indeed to assist the Athenians; but it was out of their power to do so immediately, as they were unwilling to violate the law; for it was the ninth day of the current month, and they said they could not march out on the ninth day, the moon's circle not being full. They therefore waited for the full moon."

In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens—except for that sparkle—thy name, I had moldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back
—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay—I bid you cease to enwreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a slave!

41. ATHENS—EXCEPT FOR THAT SPARKLE—The name of Athens, spoken by the Spartans, stirred him to action.

44–45. The Greeks people "hillock and plain, wood and stream" with deities.

47. FILLETED VICTIM—Animals sacrificed by the Greeks wore fillets, or garlands, on their heads.

47. FULSOME—That is, the libation poured in honor of the gods.

47. LIBATION—A ceremony of pouring wine or oil, often in connection with a burnt sacrifice.

49. OAK AND OLIVE AND BAY—Wreaths or "crowns" of oak leaves, wild olive, and bay (laurel) were given the victor in the short foot race at the national games. At Olympia the prize was a laurel crown.

Rather I hail thee, Parnes—trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebus, thus I obey—
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on, of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
Ivy dropped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at the mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat thighs grand I saw.

52. Parnes (pär'nēz)—A mountain near Athens.
60. Right—That is, I went to the right.
61. Fosse (fŏs)—The fissure mentioned in line 60.
62. Erebus (ĕr'ē-bŭs)—The gloomy region of the nether world through which souls passed to Hades.
66. Ivy dropped wanton—The ivy hung down carelessly upon him touching his head.

"Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
"How is it—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat God saith:
When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat thigh to greaved thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!'

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!' "
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear
—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—whatever it bode)
"While, as for thee" . . . But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.

73. FANE—Temple, shrine.

77. GOAT GOD—Pan was sometimes represented as having the ears and head of a goat; sometimes his limbs only were those of a goat. See line 69 above. He was popularly believed to be the cause of any sudden and causeless fear—hence the word *panic*. The Athenians believed that it was Pan who caused the sudden panic of the Persians at Marathon.

78. SO MUCH AS STREWS NOT THE SOIL—That is, with the exception of those left dead on the battle-field.

80. GREAVED-THIGH—Armored thigh.

Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my road:
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed—what gift is promised thyself?
Tell it us straightway—Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow—
Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then—no Athens to save—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave—
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees—recount how the God was awful yet kind,

88. Guerdon (gûr'dŭn)—Reward.
89. Miltiades (mĭl-tī'ă-dēz)—The Athenian general at Marathon.
96. Release from the racer's toil—All Pheidippides asks is to be released from his duty as messenger or runner and be permitted to fight.

Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—
so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried, "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down
his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel
field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs
through,
Till in he broke. "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine
through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of
salute
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing in-
deed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever—the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom
a god loved so well;
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was
suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his
meed.

105. MARATHON—The plain of Marathon where the battle took place.
106. AKROPOLIS (ȧ-krŏp′ō-lĭs)—The citadel of Athens where the civic and religious life of the city centered. Here sat the Archons.
109. THE SPACE—26 miles, 385 yards. The long-distance foot race called the marathon takes its name from the battle, and its length from the space covered by Pheidippides. 109. FENNEL FIELD—Marathon.
116. BEAR THE FACE—Look at without fear. 120. MEED—Reward.

MY LAST DUCHESS

(Ferrara)

The speaker is the Duke of Ferrara, a city in Italy. The setting is the ducal palace. The Duke is speaking to an ambassador who has come to negotiate a marriage between the Duke and the daughter of some neighboring Count. The time is during the Renaissance in Italy, say in the Fifteenth Century. The Duke and the ambassador have finished their business, and are about to descend the great staircase. The Duke pauses to draw aside the curtain hanging before the portrait of his last duchess.

This is one of the most successful of Browning's dramatic monologues. (See *Suggestions for Studying Browning.*) No description of the Duke is given us, yet in his speech he reveals his character completely. He admires the picture and treasures it for its qualities as a consummate work of art, yet he shows no whit of feeling for the woman who was his last duchess. It will be helpful if the appropriate comment on the temper of the Italian Renaissance in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* can be read in connection with this poem.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

3. Frà—Italian for brother. Many of the Italian painters of the Renaissance were monks.

5. The Duke offers the ambassador a chair.

6. By design—That is, for the purpose of concealing the name of the real painter. Frà Pandolf is a fictitious name. The Duke's purpose in concealing the name of the painter is implied in lines 6–12. The expression on the Duchess' face is such as to give rise to the surmise that she loved the painter. If such were the case, the Duke's pride would dictate that he conceal the name of the man.

But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill

16–19. The Duke throws out as an explanation for the "spot of joy" the tactful compliments to the Duchess's beauty in the remarks of the painter. He implies his contempt for a woman in the Duchess's position who would be affected by the compliments of such an ordinary person as a portrait painter. See lines 19–20.

23–31. The Duke describes an eager soul that delighted in life.

27. OFFICIOUS—Impertinent, one who should have minded his own business.

32–34. What characteristics of the Duke are suggested by this remark?

34. WHO'D . . . TRIFLING—That is, who would lower himself to explain to such a person that her conduct was vulgar?

In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

36. WHICH I HAVE NOT—Does he have skill in speech?

41. SET HER WITS—That is, argued.

42–43. I CHOOSE NEVER TO STOOP—What characteristic is indicated?

45. I GAVE COMMANDS—Hiram Corson once asked Browning if he meant that the Duke gave commands that the Duchess be put to death. "Yes," Browning said, "I meant that the commands were that she should be put to death," and then he added after a pause, "or he might have had her shut up in a convent."

47. The Duke intimates that the ambassador has looked at the picture long enough.

48. THE COMPANY—Possibly the Count and his daughter.

48–51. The Duke says that knowing the Count's reputation for doing things in a magnificent way, he has no fear that the latter will refuse the dowry which he, the Duke, wishes, and then he adds that it is, of course, not the wedding gift which he wants but the Count's fair daughter. Do you believe him?

53. The ambassador has stepped back to let the Duke precede him, but the latter condescends to treat him as an equal.

54. NEPTUNE—That is, a statue of Neptune, the ancient god of the sea.

56. CLAUS OF INNSBRUCK—An imaginary artist.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality)

The speaker is, as the complete title indicates, an Italian person of quality—an impoverished nobleman, perhaps, who is giving voice to his preference for the city. In so doing, however, he gives us so many attractive glimpses of life in the country in a villa "stuck like the horn of a bull just on a mountain-edge" that we rather envy him.

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!

2. City square—Browning lived from 1848–61 in an old house, the Casa Guidi (kä'sȧ gwē'dė), which looked out upon the Piazza S. Felice, a city square in Florence, Italy.

4. Something to see—The poem reflects Browning's own delight in life. See the biographical sketch of Browning.

4. By Bacchus—In Roman mythology Bacchus was the god of wine. The expression here is a mild oath.

12. White as curd—Because built of white stone, which looks the whiter in the Italian sunlight.

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights:
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills oversmoked behind by the faint gray olive trees.
Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish tails, that prance and paddle and pash

20. Oversmoked—The faint gray olive trees, which cover the hills about Florence, look like "a smoke upon the hills."
27. Foambows—The miniature rainbows in the spray from the fountain.
28. Pash—To strike a blow.
28–29. The horses with curling fishtails are sea horses, fabulous animals with the body of the horse and the tail of a fish. The lady atop her conch

Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church bells begin:
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;

is Venus. The fountain depicts Venus being drawn ashore in a great shell, or conch, by sea horses. According to one Greek myth Venus sprang from the sea foam and was drawn to the island of Cyprus in the manner here depicted. During the Renaissance subjects from classical mythology were frequently employed by the painters and sculptors of Florence.

33. Corn—Grain.

34. Thrid—Thread the stalks.

34. Stinking hemp—After being cut, hemp is spread on the ground so that the gums which hold the fibers together may rot.

35. Cicala—Locust.

37. I spare you the months of the fever and chill—That is, I won't tell you about the cold months.

39. Diligence—Stage coach. This poem was published first in 1855.

41. Lets blood—Letting blood was formerly a common remedy for many ailments

Or the Pulcinello trumpet breaks up the market beneath
At the post office such a scene picture—the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover" (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."

42. PULCINELLO TRUMPET—Pulcinello, (pōōl'chē-nĕl-lō), a fat, short, hump-backed character in Italian puppet shows, corresponding to Punch in a Punch and Judy show. The trumpet is that blown to announce the play.

42. BREAKS UP THE MARKET BENEATH—That is, the people in the market place below leave their buying and selling to see the scene play.

43. AT THE POST OFFICE—The play was given in the square before the post office.

44–50. In these lines the speaker voices the thrill which he gets from the "news" on the official bulletin board. Here one might see the announcement of the execution of three men whose crime was trying to bring about popular government—"liberal thieves" the speaker calls them, for he is no sympathizer with democracy. Above it is a letter from the Archbishop reprimanding perhaps those who have liberal sympathies. And below the announcement is the proclamation, bearing the coat of arms of the Duke, declaring some new law. Or it may be that there is to be found posted here a poem (sonnet), the margin of the manuscript decorated with a flowery drawing, dedicated to some clergyman whom the writer thinks is as great as Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Saint Jerome, and Cicero, all rolled into one.

47. SONNET—A verse form of 14 lines. It was introduced into English poetry from the Italian.

47. DON—A title of respect.

48. DANTE, BOCCACCIO, AND PETRARCA—Famous names in Italian literature. Saint Jerome was one of the early Church Fathers and a famous preacher. Cicero was a great orator of ancient Rome.

48–50. These two lines are quoted from the sonnet. Line 49 says that the Reverend Don So-and-so even has a touch of Saint Paul about him. In line 50 we learn that the occasion of the sonnet in his praise is a series of six Lent lectures.

50. UNCTUOUS—Fervid.

Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

51. PROCESSION—A religious procession in which the image of the Virgin was borne through the streets.

52. SEVEN SWORDS—Emblematical of the seven sorrows of the Virgin.

56. TAX UPON SALT—The line refers to the practice of levying an import duty upon salt and oil brought into the city.

55–58. These four lines constitute a digression on the high cost of living in the city. In line 59 the speaker returns again to his description of the holy procession.

60. PENITENTS—Those undergoing penance for their sins.

62. FOR THE BETTER PREVENTION OF SCANDALS—That is, to guard against ribaldry and mischief on the part of the spectators.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

In Browning's day Italy was split into a number of small states, each under a different sovereignty. It was not the unified country with one government which it is to-day. The states of Lombardy and Venetia were ruled by Austria whose policy was to prevent the formation of a strong unified Italy. The Austrian rule was maintained by force of arms and an elaborate police system. Patriotic Italians who wished to see their country free from Austrian domination were frequently obliged to flee into exile to save their lives. England, the friend of free institutions, was the favorite asylum of these exiled patriots. In this poem such an exile is speaking.

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her bloodhounds through the countryside,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace—
I made six days a hiding place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fireflies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay

1. THEY—The Austrians.
4. BLOODHOUNDS—Soldiers and military police.
5. INSTANT—Closely pressing.
11. SINCE CHARLES WAS LOST—That is, lost to the cause of Italian freedom. Charles had been won over by the Austrians.
16. SIGNAL FIRES—Fires lighted to indicate that the patriot was still at large.

Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles' miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest

18. Cress—A plant of the same family as our common watercress. It grows in damp places.
19. Metternich (mĕt-ĕr-nĭk')—Minister of foreign affairs for Austria from 1809–48. He was a bitter enemy of political liberty and democracy.
19. Our friend—An irony.
20. Miserable end—That is, his desertion of the cause.
24. Maize—Grain.
38. Apart—After the rest had gone on. See line 43 below.
41. Crypt—Hiding place.
42. While she stripped a branch off—She concealed her action in picking up the glove by stripping a branch from the bush.

With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.
An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,

46. IT WAS FOR ITALY—He feared for Italy, when he reflected that it was necessary for the girl to conceal her action lest some of her countrymen should be false enough to betray her.

56. NO TEMPTATION TO BETRAY—That is, tell her nothing which would present a temptation to her to betray him.

69. AND BE YOUR DEATH—That is, the State will be your death if it is found out that you have helped me escape.

And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived

74. Padua (păd′ū-à)—A city in Venetia.
75. Duomo (dwō′ mō)—Cathedral.
76. Tenebræ (tĕn′ē-brē)—Matins and lauds for the last three days of Holy Week, usually sung in the afternoon or evening.
77. Third confessional—Many of the clergy were active patriots.
86. Our mother—Italy.

The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the seashore;
I left and never saw her more.
How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—ought
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands. And next
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used

127. NEW EMPLOYERS—The Austrians. Charles was evidently a spy for the Austrian police.

To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

138. TURNING WISE—A piece of sarcasm. His former companions are taking a practical course and for reasons of convenience are reconciling themselves to Austrian rule.

139. "FREEDOM GROWS LICENSE"—Some justified their submission to Austria by saying, "Freedom leads to excess anyway." Others said: "Haste breeds delay"—that is, "We favor liberty, but it doesn't do any good to hasten matters."

141. PREMATURE—That is, beginnings made before the people are ready for liberty.

152. SPINDLE MADE . . . DUST—Browning had in mind the spindle used in hand spinning, one end of which rested on the ground.

THE PATRIOT

(An Old Story)

The speaker is a patriot who risked everything to give his fellows "the sun" of freedom. He first describes the joy of his city upon his return after his efforts have been successful. We are left to infer that the tyranny to which he put an end has once more revived, and that the people, having now, after the brief course of a year, forgotten his former service, can think only of his real or fancied mistakes. He is being led to execution, and those who once acclaimed him, now stone him. The poem is an imagined experience. Although founded upon no historical incident, it can be illustrated repeatedly from history. Browning possibly had in mind some man who had succeeded temporarily in resisting the Austrian power in Italy. He denied that the poem applied to Arnold of Brescia (brā'shä) sometimes identified with *The Patriot.* Read this poem in connection with *The Italian in England.*

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterwards, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

2. Myrtle—Emblematic of honor.

There's nobody on the housetops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

17. PALSIED FEW—The aged.
19. SHAMBLES' GATE—The gate outside which executions took place.
21. MORE THAN NEEDS—That is, the rope is unnecessary. He goes willingly to his death, since the people no longer wish to be free.

PIPPA'S SONG

(FROM *Pippa Passes*)

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

The poem is a retelling of a well-known legend of the Middle Ages. According to tradition the Pied Piper's visit to Hamelin was made in 1284. The poem was written for the eldest son of William Macready, a famous actor of Browning's day. The boy was confined to the house by illness. Browning wrote the poem to amuse the boy and give him a subject for illustrative drawings.

I

HAMELIN TOWN's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

1. HAMELIN—(hăm'ĕ-lĭn)—The present town of Hameln.
2. BRUNSWICK—One of the German states.
2. HANOVER—(hän'ō-vĕr)—Hameln is about twenty-five miles from the city of Hanover.
3. WESER (vā'zĕr)—One of the principal rivers of north Germany.
15. SPRATS—Herring.

And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy,
"And as for our Corporation—shocking
"To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
"For dolts that can't or won't determine
"What's best to rid us of our vermin!
"You hope, because you're old and obese,
"To find in the furry civic robe ease?
"Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
"To find the remedy we're lacking,
"Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in Council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
"I wish I were a mile hence!

23. Noddy—Simpleton.
24. Corporation—The aldermen of the city.
25. Ermine—In the Middle Ages the facings of official robes were often lined with ermine.
26. Dolts—Stupid persons.
28. Obese—Corpulent, fat.
37. Guilder—(gĭld'ẽr)—A common German coin of the Middle Ages.

"It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
"I'm sure my poor head aches again,
"I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat!
"Anything like the sound of a rat
"Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat, from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as if my great-grandsire,

51. GREEN AND GLUTINOUS—Modify turtle (soup). Glutinous means thick.

"Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,
"Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
"By means of a secret charm, to draw
"All creatures living beneath the sun,
"That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
"After me so as you never saw!
"And I chiefly use my charm
"On creatures that do people harm—
"The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
"And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe
To match his coat of the selfsame cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
"In Tartary I freed the Cham,
"Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
"I eased in Asia the Nizam
"Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:

78. Newt—Commonly called lizard.
79. Pied—Mottled with various colors, as described in lines 81–82.
87. Vesture—Garb.
89. Tartary—The empire of the Grand Cham in Asia.
89. Cham (kăm)—The reference is to the Grand Cham of Tartary, a romantic figure in the tales of travel of the Middle Ages.
91. Nizam (nĭ-zăm′)—Another half-fabulous Asiatic monarch who appealed to the romantic imagination of the Middle Ages.

"And as for what your brain bewilders,
"If I can rid your town of rats
"Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One! fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by the tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

102. Adept (ă-dĕpt')—One who is highly proficient in some given thing.

Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill note of the pipe
"I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
"And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
"Into a cider press' gripe:
"And a moving away of pickle tub boards,
"And leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
"And a drawing the corks of train oil flasks,
"And breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
"And it seemed as if a voice
"(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
"Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
" 'The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
" 'So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
" 'Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!'
"And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
"All ready staved, like a great sun shone
"Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
"Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
"—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

126. COMMENTARY—An account of his experiences. The word is used here in the same sense as in Cæsar's *Commentaries*.
128. TRIPE—A part of the stomach of a cow, used as an article of food.
131. BOARDS—The boards used to cover the tubs.
133. TRAIN OIL—Whale oil.
136. PSALTERY—A musical instrument.
138. DRYSALTERY—The store of a drysalter who is one who deals in dried and salted meats, pickles, etc.
139. NUNCHEON—A light luncheon between meals.
141. SUGAR PUNCHEON—A great cask or hogshead.
142. STAVED—Broken open.
144. BORE ME—Bore into me.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
"Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
"Consult with carpenters and builders,
"And leave in our town not even a trace
"Of the rats!" when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
"We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
"And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
"So friend, we're not the folks to shrink
"From the duty of giving you something to drink,
"And a matter of money to put in your poke;
"But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
"Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
"Besides, our losses have made us thrifty.
"A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

158. CLARET, MOSELLE (mō-zĕl'), Vin-de-Grave (văn'-dĕ-gräv), Hock (hŏk) —Names of wines.
160. BUTT—Cask.
160. RHENISH (rĕn'ĭsh)—Wine from the vineyards along the Rhine.
169. A MATTER OF MONEY—That is, a reasonable amount.
169. POKE—Pouch, or pocket.

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
"I've promised to visit by dinner time
"Bagdad, and accept the prime
"Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
"For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
"Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
"With him I proved no bargain driver;
"With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
"And folks who put me in a passion
"May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How!" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
"Being worse treated than a cook?
"Insulted by a lazy ribald
"With idle pipe and vesture piebald!
"You threaten us, fellow! Do your worst;
"Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;

177. Bagdad—A city in the present kingdom of Iraq celebrated in story for its association with the famous Caliph Harun-al-Rashid (Aaron the Just).
177. Prime—That is, the first dish.
179. Caliph (kā'lĭf)—The title of the successors of Mohammed.
180. Scorpions—Large venomous spiders.
182. Stiver—A Dutch coin worth about two cents.
185. Brook—Endure.
187. Ribald—A coarse jester.
188. Piebald—Of mottled colors, pied.

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
And all the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosom beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;

214. On the rack—That is, in torture. The rack was an instrument of torture used in the Middle Ages.

220. Koppelberg Hill—The name of the mountain into which the piper led the children.

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
"He's forced to let the piping drop,
"And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
"I can't forget that I'm bereft
"Of all the pleasant sights they see,
"Which the Piper also promised me:
"For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
"Joining the town and just at hand,
"Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
"And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
"And everything was strange and new;
"The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
"Their dogs outran our fallow deer,
"And honey bees had lost their stings,
"And horses were born with eagles' wings:
"And just as I became assured
"My lame foot would be speedily cured,
"The music stopped, and I stood still,
"And found myself outside the hill,

227. Portal—Door.
237. Bereft—Deprived.
246. Fallow—Yellowish brown. The term is used to make the distinction between the *fallow* and the red deer.

"Left alone against my will,
"To go now limping as before,
"And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at an easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him,
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and the year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
"On the Twenty-second of July,
"Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—

257. BURGHER'S PATE—Townsman's head.
258. TEXT—Matthew, 19: 24. "And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
Of which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or free from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

290. TRANSYLVANIA—The *country beyond the forest,* a picturesque region of Hungary.
291. ALIEN—Strange.
296. TREPANNED—Trapped.
300. WILLY—Willy Macready, the boy for whom Browning wrote the poem.

INSTANS TYRANNUS

This poem was suggested to Browning by one of the odes of the Roman poet Horace from which the title words come. The sense of the ode is that the man who is just and upright of purpose is not shaken from his resolute will by the mob's unjust laws nor by the tyrant of the moment (*instans tyrannus*), nor by any of the misfortunes of life. In this poem, the speaker, to whom Browning gives the name Instans Tyrannus, is the personification of Fate, Destiny, Circumstance, Time—whatever you wish to call it—the power which wars against the soul of man, and from whom God alone is a refuge and ever present help in time of trouble.

I

Of the million or two, more or less
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

II

I struck him, he groveled of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate:
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As his lot might be worse.

3–4. For some reason, I know not what, one man of the two million seemed to me to have less spirit than the rest—to be a worm.

5–10. He took the blow with resignation.

III

"Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand!
For obscurity helps him and blots
The hole where he squats."
So, I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! Gold and jewels I threw,
Still he couched there perdue;
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon's best spilth;
Still he kept to his filth.

IV

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, did I press:
Just a son or a mother to seize!
No such booty as these.
Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me in person or pelf
What he owes me himself!
No: I could not but smile through my chafe:

11. That is, I said to myself, "Would he oppose me if he had a more exalted opinion of himself? Is not his resignation due to the fact that he perhaps thinks himself of no consequence anyway?"

16. Inveigle—That is, to induce him to hold a more exalted opinion of his worth by making him rich.

18. Perdue—In his humble manner.

19–20. That is, tried to make him love life so intensely that he would oppose his fate.

21. Cates—Dishes.

21. Spilth—Drink.

22. Filth—Used figuratively to mean his lowly resignation to his fate.

23. I wondered next if he had kith or kin through whom I might strike at him.

For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Through minuteness, to wit.

V

Then a humor more great took its place
At the thought of his face,
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain.
And, "no!" I admonished myself,
"Is one mocked by an elf,
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the small turns the great
If it vexes you—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the king?
Though I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!"

VI

So, I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creephole, with never a break,
Ran my fires for his sake;
Overhead, did my thunder combine

35. A HUMOR—A humor to pity him and cease persecuting him.
41. NO—I decided not to yield to my humor; I could not permit myself to be mocked (set at naught) by an elf.
44. GRAVAMEN—The essence of an action.
45. THE LION . . . FOOT—That is, the lion, who obeys but an instinct, or the law of circumstance.
49. THAT IS THE THING—That is, there's the point, or gravamen, of the matter.

With my underground mine:
Till I looked from my labor content
To enjoy the event.

VII

When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend"?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, I was afraid!

58. UNDERGROUND MINE—Earthquake. Horace says of the just and upright man, "Though the whole sphere of the heavens should break and fall to pieces, the ruins would reveal him fearless."
63. MARGE—Horizon.
64. TARGE—Shield.
65. BOSS—The boss is a device on a shield.
70–71. Browning's application of Horace's idea is that neither Time, Fate, nor Circumstance can overwhelm the God-fearing man.

SERVICE

(FROM *Pippa Passes*)

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

ONE WORD MORE

(To E. B. B.)

This poem dedicated to E. B. B., that is, to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poet's wife, is an expression of his great love for her. See the biographical sketch of Robert Browning.

I

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together:
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

II

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,

2. NAMING ME . . . FINISHED—This poem was originally appended to the collection of poems called *Men and Women*.

3. LOVE—The author is here addressing his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

5. RAFAEL (răf'ĭ-ĕl)—A famous Italian painter (1483–1520). He was the chief of the Madonna painters. Over fifty are ascribed to him.

5. CENTURY—A hundred.

5. SONNETS—A sonnet is a verse form, originally Italian.

7. DINTED—Imprinted; that is, written.

8. ELSE HE . . . MADONNAS—That is, the pencil he used for naught else but to draw Madonnas. In many instances Rafael drew only the sketch, or cartoon, for the painting, leaving his pupils to do the coloring.

9. THESE—The Madonnas.

11. IT—The volume containing the century of sonnets.

Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

III

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

IV

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure book and loved it.
Guido Reni, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

17. That is, Rafael's cheek *which* her love had turned a poet's.

19. That is, *And* be taken to his beating bosom by it. Browning means that through this volume addressed to the woman Rafael loved, one would come into contact with the soul of the man rather than through his pictures. In his sonnets he would be expressing himself as a man, not as an artist.

22–24. The references are to well-known Madonnas by Rafael.

22. San Sisto (sän sēs'to)—The reference is to the Sistine Madonna, so called, since it was painted for the Church of San Sisto (St. Sixtus), at Piacenza.

22. Foligno (fō-lēn'yō)—So called, because in the background of the picture is the city of Foligno being struck by a thunderbolt.

24. The reference is to the Madonna known as "La Belle Jardiniere." The picture shows a cluster of lilies in the right foreground. It now hangs in the Louvre (loov'r), the great national museum at Paris.

27. Guido Reni (gwē'do rā'ne)—An Italian painter (1575–1642) into whose hands the volume came.

29. Bologna (bō-lōn'yä)—The Italian city in which Guido died.

V

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper, "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he—"Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
Says the poet—"then I stopped my painting."

VI

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

32. Dante (dän'tā)—Dante Alighieri (1265–1321), a great Italian poet, and one fo the greatest poets of all time. His great work is the *Divine Comedy,* a poem in three parts: *Inferno* (Hell), *Purgatory,* and *Paradise.* The poem recounts Dante's visit to the three regions.

33. Beatrice—Beatrice Portinari, the woman whom Dante loved. Dante said of her, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." In the *Divine Comedy,* Dante meets Beatrice in *Paradise.* She represents divine revelation.

35–41. These lines are not to be read literally. The reference is to Dante's seeing in Inferno some of the great Florentines of his time, where they were undergoing torment for deeds which their power on earth enabled them to do without fear of punishment here.

45–49. The meaning is that while he was painting there came to him suddenly ideas which demanded immediate expression—ideas involving "people of importance"; and he would leave his painting to write.

VII

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance:"
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

VIII

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,

50–52. See the note to lines 19–20.

57. Bice (bē'cha)—A familiar form for Beatrice.

58. What of . . . picture?—That is, what is my point in speaking of Rafael's sonnets and Dante's picture?

59. Artist—The term "artist" as here used includes the writer as well as the painter and sculptor.

61. (Ah, the prize!)—A parenthetical expression, not necessary to the sense of the lines. The prize, of course, is the love of the woman for whom he would "put to proof art alien" to his own. See lines 66–72.

61. To find his love a language—That is, to find a language in which to express his love.

63. Using nature . . . others—That is, trying to express his love naturally, not artistically, and employing for the purpose not his own special gift, but the art form in which some other man was gifted. For example, Rafael in trying to express himself naturally chose to try poetry—the special gift of Dante. Why an artist should choose not to express himself through his own special gift is answered in IX, X, and XI below. Browning raises this very question with the word "Wherefore?" in line 73 below.

66. Proper dowry—His own peculiar gift.

Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

IX

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,
Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
While he smites, how can he but remember,
So, he smote before, in such a peril,
When they stood and mocked—"Shall smiting help us?"
When they drank and sneered—"A stroke is easy!"

69. ALIEN—An art not his own.

71–72. For example, both Rafael and Dante wished to know the joy which the ordinary man has in giving expression to the love he feels. To gain this joy, they "left the artist," and "missed the artist's sorrow." By "artist's sorrow" Browning means this: If Dante, for example, had expressed his love in poetry, no matter how sincere and how full of feeling his poem might have been, men might have said, "Oh, well, it is true that the poem expresses a great and unusual love, but then, you must expect such a great poet to express himself that way. It doesn't follow that his love was anything more than the ordinary." In other words, the "artist's sorrow" is having to face the remark that it is not the man himself but the artist who is speaking.

73. WHEREFORE—See note to line 62 above. The answer to the question is given in the rest of the line—Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement! The meaning is that it is the way of the world to belittle the thing a man does as a result of some special gift. The world says, "Oh, well, it's easy for him to do that. He has a gift for that sort of thing."

74. HE—Browning makes the experience of Moses with the Israelites an illustration of the statement that Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement. To understand the illustration read Chapters 15, 16, and 17 of *Exodus*. Under the leadership of Moses, the Israelites had come out of Egypt, and his special gift of leadership had saved them repeatedly from destruction, yet they were always murmuring against him, and belittling the great things which he did for their benefit.

76–78. The meaning is that even the great and unselfish benefactor of a people, at the very moment when he is doing the thing which will make his name remembered forever, may perhaps feel the resentment, which it is but human (mortal) nature to feel, at the ingratitude of those whom he is benefiting, knowing very well that they will say: "Oh, we don't owe him anything. It was easy for him to help us. Why shouldn't he?"

When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,
Throwing him for thanks—"But drought was pleasant."
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;
Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture.
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—
"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite and save us?"
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—
"Egypt's flesh pots—nay, the drought was better."

81–84. The remarks in quotation marks are not quoted from the Bible. They are what Browning imagines that those who found fault with Moses must have said.

85. Old memories—That is, memories of ingratitude on former occasions. The meaning of lines 85–87 is that Moses, for example, must have found little joy saving the people from thirst, for he knew from previous experience with them that they would belittle his act and fall to faultfinding all too soon.

85–89. It should be remembered that Browning is using Moses as an illustration of the attitude of the public toward any man with some unusual gift. There should be a discussion here to bring out the fact that these lines are of general import, and that they answer the question why Dante chose to paint and Rafael chose to write his sonnets.

88–89. O'er-importuned—Importune means to urge persistently. The Bible says that "the people did chide with Moses, and said, 'Give us water that we may drink.'" In other words they "o'er-importuned" him. Moses was much out of patience with their perpetual complaining, and Browning implies that his "o'er-importuned brows" must have frowned in impatience and perhaps disgust when he commanded (gave the "mandate") the water to gush forth, and that instead of smiting the rock in a ceremonious manner, he perhaps struck carelessly, or somewhat angrily because he was conscious that the people would only regard his deed as only an ordinary thing.

90. An ancient wrong—The old memories. See line 85.

91. Phalanxed—Assembled, crowded.

92. Another imagined remark. Browning implies that the people at first said, "How can you save us? You're but an ordinary man like the rest of us." Then, afterwards, they said, "We aren't any better off than we were. We are still in the desert. We should have stayed in Egypt anyway."

95. Egypt's flesh pots—Flesh pot is an old term for a kettle. "And the children of Israel said unto them (Moses and Aaron), Would to God we had died by the hands of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full."

X

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
Theirs, the Sinai forehead's cloven brilliance,
Right arm's rod sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

XI

Did he love one face from out the thousands,
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely
Were she but the Ethiopian bondslave,)
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert;
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

XII

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,

96. The meaning is that the general run of people will not believe that a man is extraordinary unless he does things in striking and spectacular manner.

97. THEIRS—That is, they are only impressed by such things as the Sinai forehead's cloven brilliance, etc. 97. See *Exodus* 19: 18 and 20: 18.

98. IMPERIAL FIAT—The grandiloquent command.

99. The meaning is that he who leads man dare not act as an ordinary man himself; else men will say, "He's no different from the rest of us." Browning implies that people are not so much impressed by a man's extraordinary powers as they are by the ceremony and grand style in which he may exercise it. For example, it was the earthquake on Sinai which impressed the Israelites rather than the law of Moses.

100. HE—Moses. 101. JETHRO—The father-in-law of Moses.

103–108. The reference is to a practice of the desert. In cases of extreme necessity a camel will be killed and the pouch in which the animal carries its reserve of water opened. Browning here repeats the thought he has previously expressed. Moses, he opines, must not have found any great joy in causing the water to gush from the rock. He would have known more personal joy in giving his life, like the camel, to save the woman he loved—were she Jethro's daughter or only an Ethopian bondslave.

109. Browning now makes application of what he has said of Dante, Rafael, and Moses to his own case. He wishes to express his love for his wife, and he implies that he should like to do something other than poetry, but he feels that he has but the one gift—his one "attainment."

110. YOU—His wife.

Make you music that should all express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you,
Other heights in other lives, God willing:
All the gifts from all the heights, you own.
Love!

XIII

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Takes these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hairbrush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal marge with flowerets.

112. My attainment—See note to line 109 above.

115. Other heights . . . willing—If God is willing, I shall perhaps be able to in some other life to rise to some other height of artistic accomplishment.

117–118. Browning says that although he is denied resource to another art in which to express his love, a semblance of such resource is available to him—he can write a poem in a manner different from his accustomed manner. The distinction (shade) is not great, but love will sense it and appreciate it.

121. The meter of his poem is different from that he had ever used. He meant the poem to be unique in this respect.

122. Fresco—A type of painting suited to large wall surfaces. In lines 122–26 Browning compares himself to a fresco painter, accustomed to the use of a large brush and great strokes, who, to express his love, attempts painting in oil, which requires a smaller brush (hairbrush) and a more minute stroking (less liberal hand). He is proud to make his hand subservient to a different technique in painting, and to cramp his spirit and crowd all his message in the little space, say, of the margin on the leaves of his lady's missal.

126. Missal—A book containing the service of the mass. "Illuminated" or decorated missals are among the most beautiful specimens of hand-illustrated books of the Middle Ages. The student should see the pictures of illuminated books in an encyclopedia, such as the *Brittanica*.

He who blows through bronze, may breathe
through silver,
Fitly serenade a slumberous princess.
He who writes, may write for once as I do.

XIV

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth—the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep me fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

127. He . . . silver—The meaning is that one, accustomed to blow through some loud instrument such as a trumpet, may to serenade a princess breathe through some more delicately toned instrument.

130. Gather men and women—The reference is to the fifty poems. See lines 1–2 above.

132–133. Browning refers here to his favorite artistic form—the dramatic monologue, of which *My Last Duchess* is an excellent example.

134–135. My joys . . . and fears—The dramatic monologue in which the character imagined alone speaks gives Browning no opportunity to express his own joys and sorrows. In this poem he will speak himself in his own person, but he can hardly tell all his joys, sorrows, etc. All that he can say is, "I am mine and yours." The rest of his poems and of his characters are all men's, that is, done for the public at large.

137–139. Karshish (Karshook), Cleon, Lippo, Roland, Andrea, are characters "naming poems" in the book *Men and Women*. Norbert is a character in *In a Balcony*.

138. In my true person—That is, not in my accustomed manner through another character as in my dramatic monologues.

144. The meaning is, Though the speech be poor, the significant thing after all is how I speak.

XV

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hairbreadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish,

XVI

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?
Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—

145. Not . . . self—The meaning is: I am not writing because you do not already know me, yet I am somewhat like the moon which we all know on one side. (We never see but one side of the moon. Why?)

145. Lo!—Consider, take for example.

146. Here in London—The poem is dated London, 1855. We see the moon now in London; we saw it recently in Florence. It is the same moon, but changed. We have seen it thrice transfigured. First we saw it when it was new, when it drifted over Fiesole. Then we saw it full over Samminiato. Now we see it waning over London (lines 154–57).

148. Imbrued—Stained. Is this a vivid picture?

149. Fiesole (fyĕ′zō-lā)—A picturesque town on the hills above Florence.

151. Samminiato (säm-mē′ne-ä-tō)—San Miniato, a city southwest of Florence.

154. Impoverished—Waning. See note to line 146.

159. Nay—That is, there is something noteworthy in it.

161. Old mythos—See the Greek myth of *Endymion*.

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?
Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

XVII

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure—the sight were other,

164. Zoroaster—An ancient Persian philosopher in whose plan the moon was a symbol.
164. Terrace—The terraced roof of his house.
165. Galileo—An Italian astronomer of the Middle Ages.
165. Turret—The tower from which he made his observations.
166. Homer—The great epic poet of ancient Greece.
166. Keats—John Keats (1795–1821), an English poet, author of a poem called *Endymion.*
173–180. The reference is to *Exodus* 24: 9–11. 9. Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel: 10. And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his [its] clearness. 11. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God and did eat and drink.

Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!

XVIII

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you—yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

XIX

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

R. B.

189. My moon of poets—Elizabeth Barrett Browning was also a poet, esteemed by her own generation above her husband. In line 190, Browning refers to the fact that from earth we never see but one side of the moon. His wife's poetry is the side of her soul which she shows to the world. The world does not see the other side which she shows only to him—the side described in lines 197–98.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812–1889)

ROBERT BROWNING was fortunate in being born to circumstances which permitted him to follow his inclinations. His father, who held a position in the Bank of England, was a man of some means; moreover he sympathized with his son's inclination to poetry. He himself as a young man had cherished literary ambitions, but his father, also a bank clerk, was a practical, matter-of-fact man who did not look with favor upon literature as a career. The poet's father had, therefore, gone unwillingly into banking, but his real interests lay among books. He was an ardent collector of old and curious volumes, which he had bound with a number of blank leaves at the end for the notes which he found pleasure in making. When Robert Browning as a boy showed a tendency toward poetry, his father, remembering his own thwarted desires, encouraged his son to follow his bent.

Browning's education was most unusual. He owed little of it to schools. His early training came from his father who read him the tales of Troy, sang him to sleep with lyrics from the Greek poet Anacreon, or taught him Latin grammar by twisting it into grotesque rhymes. From his mother, a woman of gentle nature and simple, earnest religious faith, whom Carlyle called "The true type of a Scottish gentlewoman," Browning inherited a love for drawing and music and a faith that remained steadfast in an age of doubt. As he grew older he educated himself from his father's rich store of books. He attended a school in the neighborhood for four years, from 1822–1826, had a French tutor from the age of fourteen to sixteen, and in his eighteenth year attended some Greek lectures at London University. This was the extent of his schooling, yet he was one of the best educated men of his day. He mastered Latin and Greek and the modern languages. It is said that his favorite reading on the train was a Greek play. He understood music and played the piano well. He had a laboratory fitted up in his house and studied chemistry. He acquired a wide knowledge of history and of art, and possessed more than average ability at drawing. Nor was his physical education neglected. He had expert instruction in fencing and boxing, he was at home on a horse at full gallop, and he was especially fond of dancing.

One of Browning's pronounced characteristics was an intense interest in life. In his poetry it is to be seen in his ability to enter understandingly into such widely varying characters as the Duke in *My Last Duchess,* the Italian person of quality in *Up at a Villa—Down in the City,* the patriot in *The Italian in England,* and Pheidippides in the poem by that name. He can give us vivid glimpses of the English or Italian country-

side as he does in *Home Thoughts from Abroad* and in *Up at a Villa—Down in the City,* in a splendid picture of sunset at sea as he does in *Home Thoughts from the Sea,* but his interest is primarily in men and women and in the issues of life.

Browning began writing poetry early. His sister Sarianna remembered that while he was a very little child he would walk round and round the dining room table telling off the scansion of verses with his fingers. By the time he was twelve he had composed a number of poems, somewhat after the style of the poetry of Byron and tried to find a publisher who would bring them out. In 1833, when he was twenty-one, his first published poem, *Pauline,* appeared. He paid the printer with £150 given him by his aunt. Not a single copy of the poem was sold.

It was indeed fortunate for Browning that he did not have to depend upon poetry for a living. Recognition from the general public was slow in coming. *Paracelsus,* published in 1835, met with little better success than *Pauline;* but it did win recognition in literary circles, where its author was looked upon as a man of genius of whom great things might be expected. It led, moreover, to a connection with the great actor Macready, for whose son Browning wrote *The Pied Piper.* For Macready, Browning wrote a number of plays particularly *Strafford* and *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon.* Although these plays, for the most part, met with success on the stage, they were not well received by the reading public.

In 1838, in order to study the background for his poem *Sordello,* Browning made his first trip to Italy. On this voyage, as the ship neared Gibraltar, he wrote *Home Thoughts from the Sea.* During his stay in Italy *Home Thoughts from Abroad* was written. The trip home was made overland through Austria, Germany and Belgium. Between Aix-la-Chapelle and Ghent he passed through the towns of which he gave us glimpses in *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

Among the literary folk who read and admired Browning was Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet of distinction, who in her lifetime enjoyed a favor with the public far greater than Browning did. An appreciative reference to Browning in one of her poems led to an acquaintance and marriage. Miss Barrett was believed at the time to be a hopeless invalid. Her father was a peculiar man, who not only opposed his daughter's marriage, but in his misguided religious zeal seemed actually to be hastening her end. Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were married without the consent of the father and without his knowledge, September 12, 1846. Mr. Barrett not only refused thereafter to see his daughter again, but returned all her letters unopened. Shortly after their marriage, Browning took his wife to Florence, where with the exception of brief excursions to London, Paris, and various Italian cities, they lived until

Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. Marriage and Italy gave Elizabeth Barrett a new lease on life. Their life together was a singularly happy one. Browning's love for his wife finds expression in a number of his poems, particularly in *One Word More.*

These fifteen years in Italy saw the maturing of Browning's genius. Italy itself was an inspiration to him. He was wont to say of Italy, "It was my university." Here he wrote most of the poems published in the volume *Men and Women,* to which *One Word More* was appended, including *Up at a Villa—Down in the City, Instans Tyrannus, The Patriot,* and *"De Gustibus—."*

After his wife's death in 1861, Browning returned to England. He never visited Florence again. He took up his residence in London, where after the death of his father in 1866, his sister Sarianna presided over his household. For many years he avoided Italy, and spent his winters either in Switzerland or in Brittany, where he found material and inspiration for a number of his poems, especially *Hervé Riel.*

As Browning's fame increased, he was seen more and more in society. He was a splendid conversationalist, and much sought after. "Everyone wished him to come and dine; and he did his utmost to gratify everybody. He said everything; read all the notable books; kept himself acquainted with the leading contents of the journals and magazines; conducted a large correspondence; read and translated Euripides and Æschylus; knew all the gossip of the literary clubs, salons, and the studios; was a frequenter of afternoon tea parties; and then, over and above it, he was Browning; the most profoundly subtle mind that has exercised itself in poetry since Shakespeare." Tennyson, who shunned society and loved retirement, said of Browning that he would die in a dress-suit.

The fame and recognition which had been denied him in his earlier years came with interest in his later days. He was honored by Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, he was made a governor of London University, and asked to stand for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow and of St. Andrews. In 1861 there was formed the Browning Society for the study of his works. Poets dead and gone have frequently been the objects of such societies, but Browning alone in the history of our literature seems to have been so honored in his lifetime.

Most of Browning's work was done in the years after the death of his wife. To this period of his life belongs his masterpiece *The Ring and the Book.* He wrote constantly. He regarded twenty-five or thirty lines a good day's work.

Browning was a man to whom life was a great adventure, and one which never lost its zest. He drank life to the lees and at all times enjoyed greatly, both with those that loved him, and alone. His tempera-

ment was eager and sanguine. He was insatiably curious and interested in everything. Throughout his long life, he knew nothing of illness, and enjoyed an unusually robust and vigorous physique.

In 1878 he began to return to Italy, going for the autumn to Asolo or Venice. "One day [in 1887] he caught a bad cold walking on the Lido in a bitter wind; and with his usual vehement energy declined to take any proper care of his throat. Instead of staying in, he set out for long tramps with friends, constantly talking in the raw autumn air. In order to prove to his son that there was nothing the matter with him, he ran rapidly up three flights of stairs [he was then 77 years old] . . . His impulsive rashness proved fatal. Bronchitis with heart trouble finally sent him to bed, though on the last afternoon of his life he rose and walked about the room. During the last few days he told many good stories and talked with his accustomed eagerness. He died at ten o'clock in the evening of the twelfth of December 1887."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but the Venetians placed on the wall of the house in which he died an inscription from *"De Gustibus——"*

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy' ".

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING BROWNING'S POEMS

Browning is popularly regarded as rather difficult to understand. This is so in only a limited sense. If you will bear in mind two or three characteristics of Browning, you will find that many of his difficulties disappear.

(1) Browning's wide acquaintance with history, art, and literature led him to make frequent allusion to things with which he assumed all educated and cultured persons were familiar. The poem *One Word More* is a good example of his manner in this respect. The allusions to the various paintings of the Madonna by Raphael at lines 22–24 is a case in point. To familiarize you with what Browning had in mind when he wrote, the footnotes have been made as full as space permits.

(2) Much of Browning's obscurity is the result of a kind of concentrated expression which leaves out relative pronouns and other words essential to grammar but not to the sense. An example of this is to be found in *One Word More* at line 8 where *which* is omitted and else is made to serve the purpose of the longer expression *which he used for naught else*. Another example of his manner occurs in line 9 where the comma after *one* stands for the words *only might view*. The more troublesome of the cases have been noted in the footnotes. There is a

story that after the publication of *Paracelsus,* John Sterling complained of Browning's verbosity, and that to avoid such a criticism of his future poems Browning adopted the trick of "jumping over" relative pronouns, prepositions, and other expressions which did not seem necessary to the sense.

(3) Most of the poems in this collection belong to the type known as *dramatic monologue.* The form was a favorite with Browning, and one well suited to his genius. The dramatic monologue gives the speech of one person. It differs from the soliloquy in that the soliloquy is simply a kind of thinking aloud, whereas in the dramatic monologue the speech is always addressed to some person or persons. Browning's use of the form often causes the reader difficulty, since he gives no introduction. The reader is left to supply the setting—time, place, circumstances, and often the person spoken to. In the *Incident of the French Camp* the speaker is one of Napoleon's veterans relating the incident perhaps to a group of young recruits about the camp fire. In *My Last Duchess* the person spoken to is the ambassador who has come to arrange another marriage. Browning made the dramatic monologue a means of revealing character. You will note that in *My Last Duchess* the author does not tell you one thing about the Duke, yet when you have finished reading the piece the Duke stands revealed through his own words as completely as if you had read a three volume biography of him for he indirectly discloses his whole make-up through his speech.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING BROWNING'S POEMS

I Reading Aloud for Appreciation

Poetry is meant to be heard. Both sound and movement are important elements in every poem. Two things in Browning's poems, in particular, call for their being read aloud. First, they are dramatic in character. This means that they are the words of some one whom the poet imagines as speaking to some one else. Take for example such a poem as *Up at a Villa—Down in the City,* which begins:

"Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare," or *My Last Duchess,* which begins:

"That's my last Duchess, painted on the wall." Pieces such as these require to be read aloud as speeches. They should certainly not be treated as exercises in elocution, but they do require being read in light of the situation or setting. In both, men are revealing their characters, and in both cases the reading requires something of an entering into the character of the speaker. A further reason why Browning should be read aloud is to be found in such poems as *Cavalier Tunes* and *How*

They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix. These pieces illustrate why Browning has been called "one of our greatest poets of motion." In both poems the movement of the verse is almost half the poem. *Marching Along,* the first of the *Cavalier Tunes,* is what the name implies, a vigorous marching song, which can never be fully appreciated when read silently. In *How They Brought the Good News,* the opening lines,

> "I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
> I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;"

catch the movement of the gallop itself—a movement which carries the reader with force and rapidity to the end.

It is suggested that after the teacher has read the poem to the class and the class has gone over it to master the details each of the shorter poems and selections at least from the longer ones should be read aloud by students. In each case those to whom particular poems appeal should be permitted to do the reading. *Reading poetry aloud is a matter for definite training. Those who are to read should prepare the assignment ahead and should meet with the teacher for help in their preparation.*

II Devices to Aid Appreciation and Memorization:

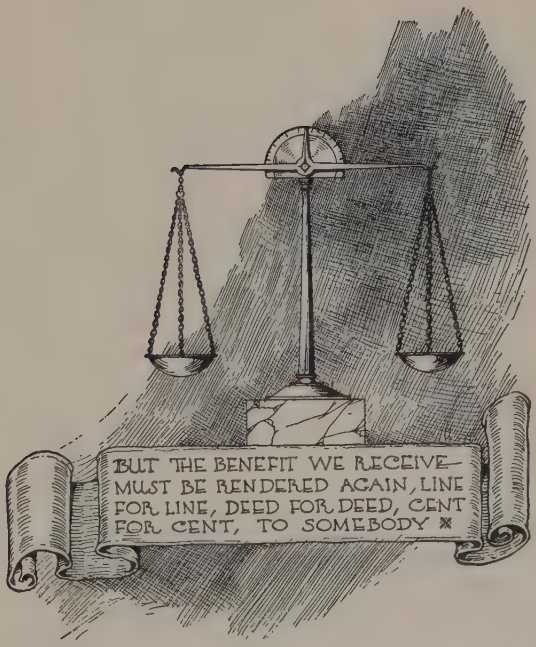
In reading and discussing each poem, students should be on the watch for vivid and imaginative words, lines, and passages, such as the following:

(1) Note the effect of *oversmoked* in the line,
"And the hills oversmoked behind by faint gray olive trees."
(2) Note the color effects in:
"Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;"
(3) Note the vivid picture of Napoleon in:
"With neck out thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind."

It is suggested that as part of every assignment such lines and passages noted by students should be written on slips of paper and turned in to the teacher or to a committee of the class. Attention should be called to them in the class. Later they may be made the basis for completion or appreciation tests devised on the model of those given elsewhere in this book in connection with the *Idylls of the King.*

COMPENSATION

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



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Ralph Waldo Emerson

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COMPENSATION

Ralph Waldo Emerson

I

Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young, that on this subject Life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preacher taught. The documents, too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling house; the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige [1] of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation [2] of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy,[3]

[1] Vestige—Trace.
[2] Inundation—Flood.
[3] Orthodoxy—Conformity to views generally held.

unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratification another day—bank stocks and doubloons,[4] venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, *that* they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now"; or, to push it to its extreme import, "You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow."

The fallacy[5] lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the Presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when

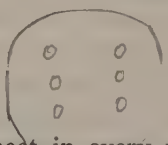
[4] Doubloons—Spanish gold coins originally worth about $16, but in 1853 reduced to the value of $5.

[5] Fallacy—False reasoning.

occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous [6] and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation, would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize [7] in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

II



Polarity,[8] or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration [9] of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole [10] of the heart; in the undulations [11] of fluids, and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal [12] gravity; in electricity, galvanism,[13] and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one

[6] Ingenuous—Free from reserve; open; frank.

[7] Dogmatize—Speak in an unduly positive manner.

[8] Polarity—The quality or condition by virtue of which a body exhibits opposite properties or powers in opposite parts or directions.

[9] Inspiration and expiration—Drawing air into and expelling it from the lungs.

[10] Systole and diastole—Contraction and expansion of the heart and arteries by means of which the blood is forced onward.

[11] Undulations—Wavy motions; vibrations.

[12] Centrifugal—Proceeding or directed from the center; Centripetal—Proceeding or directed toward the center.

[13] Galvanism—Dynamical, or current electricity, especially as produced by chemical action.

end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of mechanical forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition

tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him?—nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes [14] at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate [15] the granite and felspar,[16] takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great, and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? He must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a by-word and a hissing.

This Law writes the laws of the cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.* Though no

[14] DAME'S CLASSES—In popular usage, dame was an earlier name for schoolmistress.

[15] INTENERATE—Make tender; soften.

[16] FELSPAR—A crystalline mineral.

checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make a criminal code sanguinary,[17] juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfaction of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same—in Turkey and New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis,[18] and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world, and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man, and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule[19] which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the

[17] Sanguinary—Attended with bloodshed; extremely severe.
[18] Metamorphosis—Change of form, structure, or substance.
[19] Animalcule—A minute animal.

universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

III

Thus is the universe alive. All things are normal. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life.

The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution [20] is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates [21] itself, in a twofold manner: first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower

[20] Retribution—A return suitable to the merits or deserts; punishment.
[21] Integrates—To form into one whole; make entire.

of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

IV

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example, to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle[22] for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride; to dress, that he may be dressed; to eat, that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature—the sweet, without the other side—the bitter.

Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector[23] has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure

[22] Truck and higgle—Barter and haggle.
[23] Projector—One who forms a plan or scheme.

is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, brags that they do not touch him; but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form, and in appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried—since to try it is to be mad—but for the circumstance that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"

V

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter,[24] Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to Reason by

[24] Jupiter—In classic mythology, the ruler of the Heavens.

tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a King of England. Prometheus [25] knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva,[26] another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them:

> Of all the gods, I only know the keys
> That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
> His thunders sleep.

A plain confession of the in-workings of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora [27] forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so though Tithonus [28] is immortal, he is old. Achilles [29] is not quite invulnerable; for Thetis [30] held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried,[31] in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back while he was bathing in the Dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it always is. There is a crack in everything God has made. Always it would seem there is this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws—this backstroke, this kick of the

[25] PROMETHEUS—One of the fabled Titans, a champion of mankind against the gods, refuses to divulge the secret which affects the stability of Jupiter's throne.

[26] MINERVA—Sprung from the brow of Jupiter, Minerva is, among her other attributes, the goddess of the lightning and the thunder.

[27] AURORA—The rosy-fingered goddess of the morn.

[28] TITHONUS—Son of Laomedon, king of Troy. He was stolen away by Aurora who prevailed on Jupiter to grant him immortality, but forgot to have youth joined in the gift. When Tithonus grew white-haired and aged, she shut him up in his chamber, and finally turned him into a grasshopper.

[29] ACHILLES—The son of Peleus and Thetis, and the hero of Homer's *Iliad*. He was the Greek ideal of youthful strength, beauty, and valor.

[30] THETIS—Mother of Achilles. Her famous son met his death by an arrow which entered the heel.

[31] SIEGFRIED—In German mythology a hero who wins the hoard and ring of the Nibelungs. He is slain by an envious spear between the shoulder blades.

gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis,[32] who keeps watch in the universe and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies,[33] they said, are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an ocult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax[34] gave Hector[35] dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians[36] erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat of the divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find; but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias[37] it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a

[32] Nemesis—Daughter of Night, she represented the righteous anger of the gods, particularly toward the proud, the insolent, and the breakers of the law.

[33] Furies—Avenging spirits who were supposed to pursue evildoers.

[34] Ajax—One of the Greek heroes in the war before Troy, he was next to Achilles in stature and prowess. He killed himself because the arms of Achilles were awarded to Ulysses.

[35] Hector—Bravest of the Trojans, he slew Patroclus, friend of Achilles, and was in turn slain by Achilles.

[36] Thasians—Inhabitants of an island in the Ægean Sea.

[37] Phidias—A great Athenian sculptor of the Fifth Century, B.C.

given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of Reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary[38] of the Intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets, and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure, love for love. Give, and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. Nothing venture, nothing have. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. Who doth not work shall not eat. Harm watch, harm catch. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser. The devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the laws of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

VI

A MAN cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his com-

[38] SANCTUARY—Place of refuge.

panions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions [39] of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has

[39] INFRACTIONS—Violations.

boded and mowed [40] and gibbered [41] over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,[42] the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble ascetism [43] and vicarious [44] virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

VII

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot [45] as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every

[40] Mowed—Grimaced; made mocking faces.
[41] Gibbered—Chattered.
[42] Polycrates—Tyrant of Samos in the Sixth Century B.C. His ally, Amasis, King of Egypt, becoming alarmed at his uninterrupted good fortune, advised him to throw away his most valuable possession. He hurled a signet ring into the sea, but it was found in the belly of a fish which was presented to him soon thereafter.
[43] Ascetism—Self-denial.
[44] Vicarious—Delegated; performed for another.
[45] Scot and lot—An obligation or assessment.

claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, says the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature

is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budget of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state, do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

VIII

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all

right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors.

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill.

The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes [46] and falls off from him like a dead skin and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passed into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss—if you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving [47] themselves of reason and traversing [48] its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitu-

[46] Cicatrizes—Forms scar tissue.
[47] Bereaving—Depriving.
[48] Traversing—Thwarting; going contrary to.

tion. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora [49] streaming to the stars. The inviolate [50] spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged [51] word reverberates [52] through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own and malice finds all her work in vain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.

IX

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, What boots it to do well? There is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it! if I lose any good, I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing,

[49] Aurora—Dawn.
[50] Inviolate—Unharmed.
[51] Expunged—Obliterated; stricken out.
[52] Reverberates—Echoes, rebounds.

Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy [53] and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation [54] of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carried the malignity [55] and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction [56] makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtous action I properly *am;* in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the presence *of the soul,* and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is, therefore, no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. All external good has its tax, and if it came

[53] CONTUMACY—Obstinacy; perverseness.
[54] CONFUTATION—Refutation; disproof.
[55] MALIGNITY—Evil.
[56] DEDUCTION—Subtraction.

without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn; for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new responsibility. I do not wish more external goods, neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence toward More. Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue

[57] INTRINSIC—Essential; inherent.

—is not that mine? His wit—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

X

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic [57] necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated [58] heterogeneous [59] fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outwash biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot again

[58] Indurated—Hardened.
[59] Heterogeneous—Miscellaneous.

find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains [60] the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan [61] of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

[60] CONSTRAINS—Compels.
[61] BANYAN—A kind of East Indian tree whose branches send out aërial roots that form additional trunks.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803–1882)

"MR. EMERSON," says his son in describing the sage of Concord in the years of his maturity, "was tall—six feet in his shoes—erect until his latter days, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and sloping shoulders, and long neck, but very well poised head, and a dignity of carriage. His eyes were very blue, his hair dark brown, his

complexion clear, and always with good color. His features were pronounced, but refined, and his face very much modeled, as a sculptor would say."

Here is the portrait of a typical New Englander. And such he was. Local trait, instinct, and habit were woven into the fiber of his being. His intense reserve, which he disliked to have at all shaken, was a product both of inheritance and of early training. "I have no social talent," he writes of himself, "most of the persons whom I see I see across a gulf. I cannot go to them, nor they come to me." And yet his manner of address was courteous in the old sense, with a courtesy that now seems, like chivalry, a legend of fair manners. He showed to all men everywhere a deference which ennobled them in their own eyes, and nothing was more characteristic of him than the eagerness with which he magnified the appearance of anything remotely resembling talent or genius which he discovered.

Although he never laughed aloud, but only permitted himself some suppressed motion of the lungs or face when moved to laughter, he was not humorless. His humor, however, was of a dry and clerical sort, as when he would joke at home by a perverse quotation of Biblical texts. He was not fond of pictures, and enjoyed design more than color. He had no ear for music, and could not distinguish simple tunes from one another; yet in a moderate degree he enjoyed singing. He did not care for garden flowers, and, if he brought home flowers from the woods, he did not further notice them or what was done with them. He loved solitary walks in the woods; skated in winter; swam in Walden Pond on hot summer days; did not ride horseback, although he could do so; once bought a rifle and learned to use it, but never shot at a living thing. Ancient simplicity, country habits of self-dependence—these Emerson clung to as the natural way of living.

The son of a Boston minister who died when Waldo was eight, he was early habituated to the "plain living and high thinking" which were to characterize his entire life. There were five boys and a baby sister. Despite Mrs. Emerson's heroic efforts and serene self-sacrifice, there were periods of bitter poverty. One winter Waldo and his brother Edward had but one overcoat between them. Yet from this severe experience they emerged unembittered, all but one graduates of Harvard College.

When Waldo was eleven his little sister died. It was the first of a succession of bereavements, all of which he felt keenly, but which, even at this time, he was beginning to believe must contain within themselves some portion of good as well as evil.

Emerson has left us a record of a day's doings at this period of life. He rose at six, made the fire, set the table for prayers, and joined the

other children in a spelling lesson before breakfast. His attendance at the Boston Latin School occupied him until eleven after which came writing school until one. Dinner was followed by Latin School at two. After school came errands and chores, supper, hymns and chapters, the reading by the family in turn of Rollin's history, and finally private devotions at eight which ended the day.

At fourteen Emerson entered Harvard College where he was generally regarded as the least promising of the brothers, and little noticed, either by teachers or classmates. He confesses himself always a "hopeless dunce" in mathematics, and he did not succeed notably in philosophy. He won—somewhat to the surprise of his teachers—two prizes in English composition, and was appointed class poet—after seven others had refused the position. He indulged his vagrant tastes in reading authors not prescribed by the course of study, and finally graduated not far from the middle of the class in rank. Summing it all up, he said, "A chamber alone—that was the best thing I found at college."

After leaving Harvard, Emerson taught for several years, but seems to have cordially hated this way of life. From his earliest years, by reason of his birth and breeding, his eyes had been set on the ministry as the occupation in which he could best serve God, carry on the family tradition, and assist his mother and brothers. He entered the Harvard Divinity School, but ill health prevented his completing the course. He was, nevertheless, ordained in 1829 as associate pastor of the Old North Church in Boston. A few weeks later he came into sole charge of the parish. He had married Ellen Louisa Tucker, daughter of a Boston merchant, and now gathered his mother and his brother Charles into his household, and took up the life his father had led before him. He interested himself in public affairs; was a member of the school board, and was chosen chaplain of the State Senate. His preaching was well received, but insofar as pastoral duties were concerned, he felt himself ill fitted to the human contacts which they involved, although, as always throughout his life, he won and held the affection and esteem of the young people.

After about three years of his pastorate, he resigned his position, and never thereafter accepted a definite charge. The occasion of his resignation was his opposition to the use of the elements in the communion service, but actually it went beyond this. Emerson had come to believe in moral ideas as the center of religion. In such a mind the historic and emotional aspects of Christianity of necessity occupied a diminished and diminishing place. In any case, it was a decade of ferment, of social and political reform. Emerson was to become its voice.

His resignation had followed the death of his young wife, and the two events, both of which he felt deeply, had affected his rather delicate

health. A foreign voyage was advised, and so he spent the next nine months in a tour of Italy, France, and England. His provincialism is shown in his disregard of the sights which impress most travelers; he was always more interested in persons than in things. He saw Landor, Coleridge, and Wordsworth in England, but the chief event of the tour was his meeting with Carlyle, the dour Scotch philosopher, a visit which was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

On his return he lived for a time with his mother at Newton, Mass. The difficulty of self-support was obviated by an income from his wife's share of her father's estate. He occupied himself with preaching—one sermon he gave in his former church—and lecturing. The family moved to Concord where, after a year's residence in the Old Manse, later made famous by Hawthorne, Emerson bought for $3,500 the house which was ever after to be his home. He married again, a Miss Lydia (or Lidian) Jackson of Plymouth, and the bitter loss of his two beloved brothers was somewhat assuaged by the birth of his first son.

It is at this period that Emerson took his unalterable resolution, "Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work." He had achieved the self-reliance which he was afterwards to preach.

Although Emerson had at this time some feeling that the world had rejected him and his works, it was, nevertheless, beginning to be aware of him. He had given the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard in 1834, contributed the *Concord Hymn* to the dedication of the battle monument in 1836, had helped to introduce Carlyle to America with a preface to the first edition of *Sartor Resartus,* but with the publication of his essay on *Nature* in 1836 he first really announced himself. His views were further elaborated by the delivery of the address known as *The American Scholar* before the Phi Beta Kappa gathering at Harvard in 1837. A second address at Harvard, this time before the Divinity School the following year, stirred a mild controversy. He was emerging as a distinguishable—and distinguished—figure.

Although Emerson never ceased to be at heart a minister, and seemed unable to understand why his doctrines could not be consistently uttered in the church, he was destined to forsake the pulpit for the lecture platform. The "lyceum" system was then flourishing, and Emerson soon came to be regarded as New England's foremost lecturer. His fame even spread beyond the boundaries of New England, and he several times undertook lecture tours through the Middle West, even as far as St. Louis. He enjoyed these journeys, although they involved at that time a great deal of inconvenience which frequently approached the character of hardship. For forty years his voice and personality

were profoundly influential in shaping men's thoughts and quickening their finest aspirations.

Though Emerson's platform manner was entirely free from any suggestion of oratorical effort, it is universally agreed that his calm, simple, almost monotonous delivery, unaided by gestures, moved his hearers. He read from notes with deliberation and with frequent pauses, but his voice was so melodious and resonant, his personality so sincere, so radiant of spirituality, that his audiences, even if they could not precisely recall just what he had said, felt awakened, challenged, and reinvigorated.

The *Essays* which Emerson published from time to time were derived in large part from the material of the lectures. In 1841 appeared the First Series, including *Compensation* and the perhaps equally famous *Self-Reliance* and *Friendship*. The Second Series appeared in 1844. In 1847, an invitation to lecture in England led to a second trip across the Atlantic, made possible a renewal of his friendship with Carlyle, and was productive in a literary way of *Representative Men* (1850) and *English Traits* (1856).

Although he is perhaps best known as an essayist, the poetry of Emerson must not be overlooked. The first collection of his poems appeared in 1846, but he had been writing verse since his college days. As might be expected, much of his poetry is abstract and philosophical, some even mystical and symbolic, in which it is very hard to arrive at any definite meaning. But in some of his nature poetry Emerson is simple and direct, and here takes rank with Bryant among American poets of nature.

Being town-bred, Emerson arrived relatively late at this intense love of nature. Perhaps that may explain why it meant much more to him than if it had been a thing of use and custom. He added to his original two acres of homestead at Concord a woodland tract of forty acres that he might feel the sense of possession in it. He rejoiced in Walden Pond and the adjacent rough fields and meadows as in a forest paradise. Almost more than Thoreau, who was his youthful friend and disciple and at one time a member of his household, he was a forest citizen, knowing and loving all the animals and flowers. "Wherever I go," he wrote on first settling at Concord, "I guard and study my rambling propensities with a care that is ridiculous to people, but to me is the care of my high calling."

He was, however, no solitary hermit. He took an active interest in public affairs, and was known and deeply respected by all citizens of Concord. Hawthorne was a neighbor for five years, although the two men, both so reserved by temperament, never could get close to each other. Emerson could never read the great romancer's books; he thought them "too young," but regarded Hawthorne as greater than his published

works. Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller, Bronson Alcott (father of the author of *Little Women*)—these were his friends and in some sense his disciples. It was a serene, somewhat solitary, but intensely spiritual life which fitted his temperament and his mission.

In 1871, soon after his return from a visit to California, his house burned, and the resulting shock and exposure made another European tour advisable for relief and recreation. During his absence a spontaneous movement among his friends resulted in a subscription of $12,000, a gift which provided for the expenses of the tour and the restoration of his home. On his return in May, 1873, all Concord met him at the station, church bells announced his arrival, and he was escorted between rows of school children to his home, where everything, even the books in his study, had been carefully and thoughtfully restored.

But even before these events there had been some indication of the decay of his vigorous intellectual powers. Now the shadows fell longer over these days of declining strength. Memory failed, and he had often to grope for words. "I can't tell its name," he said once in asking for an umbrella; and then added with a flash of the old humor, "but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away."

The end came on April 27, 1882, after a brief illness which developed into pneumonia. Concord was draped in mourning as the serene figure who was recognized as its neighbor, friend, and first citizen was laid at the foot of a tall pine in the village cemetery, Sleepy Hollow, not far from the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

"House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

THE NATURE OF EMERSON'S ESSAYS

"In this pleasing contrite wood life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not."

The quotation from *Self-Reliance* gives us a clew to Emerson's method of writing. The *Essays* were derived from the material of his lectures. Both are indebted to his daily journal wherein he wrote down the thoughts that occurred to him while rambling in the woods.

Consequently they seem to lack organization and form, never having been built from a preliminary scaffolding of logic or coherence. Yet they have a unity which is due to Emerson's personality and to the

theories which he held and which he spent a lifetime in expounding.

Though Emerson early left the ministry because he could not subscribe to the views of the Deity which were, and are, commonly held, he is nevertheless always a preacher, intensely interested in moral ideas. Chief among these is, perhaps, his belief in the divinity of man whose soul is a part of the Divine Being, and who, therefore, must follow the dictates of the soul in order to achieve the good life. The soul is borne along on the stream of divine being, and so is sustained and animated, and carried forward through all experience. Its function is to be passive and receptive. Once he has received the divine message, man's duty is to obey, to measure up to the quality of the divine in him, even though it should bring him into conflict with the received opinions and accepted institutions of the world. It is for this reason that Emerson preaches self-reliance and nonconformity.

His lectures and essays are conceived largely in a series of epigrammatic flashes which Emerson would insist were the intuitions of the soul, and therefore wise beyond the wisdom of this world. Many of these sharp, short, often paradoxical sentences, though weighty with truth, nevertheless are open to challenge. Emerson was never interested in the practical applications of his theories, and, with the exception of his stand on the question of slavery, stood aloof from all projects of reform.

His was, however, a mighty influence. By voice and pen, by the purity and nobility of his life and example, he challenged men's ways of thinking and acting, and made them lift up their eyes to the high plane on which the good life should be lived.

HOW TO STUDY EMERSON'S *COMPENSATION*

The first reading of the essay will perhaps be best done by the teacher with the class.

After the central idea of the essay has been discovered and discussed, it should be reread, possibly in the parts into which it has, for purposes of convenience, been divided in this edition. The class as a whole may be assigned to read and report on each of the parts, or it may be made the subject of committee study. It is recommended, on account of the close-packed nature of the style, that committee discussion precede reports to the group.

A number of interesting and profitable activities may accompany and assist this study. A list of suggested subjects for oral and written discussion has been given. Proverbs and sayings which illustrate the principle of compensation may be collected. Instances will be found

in literature, in newspaper and magazine stories and articles. Discussions and debates will test the validity of the theory and its applications to modern life. Some of the recent popular works on psychology may be consulted to see how the theory is regarded in the light of modern scientific findings.

Finally, the essay should be read again as a whole in order to benefit by the intensive study of the parts.

TOPICS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

One of the chief values to be derived from the reading of any of Emerson's *Essays* is the mental stimulus which we cannot help receiving. Many of his statements are mental bombshells, and challenge all the opinions in which we felt most secure.

Do we agree with all his statements or not? Is he right or wrong—or both? How do we know? On what does he base his conclusions?

The best way to answer these and similar questions—and at the same time to clear our own thinking—is to prepare an oral or written composition on some related topic, possibly using—or disproving—some of Emerson's ideas, but at the same time drawing upon our own experience for the proofs and illustrations.

Some of the topics suggested below have the idea of compensation in them. Others are suggested by related ideas which Emerson includes in the essay. Some are quotations, some are texts, still others are taken from the conversation which we hear all about us. No one should attempt to use them all; their chief value lies in the suggestions which they may give you for other topics which lie closer to your individual experience.

1. "Beautiful, but dumb."
2. The poor little rich girl.
3. I like languages and literature, so, of course, I'm no good in mathematics.
4. Good athletes are never good students.
5. Greasy grinds.
6. "It's all right if you can get away with it."
7. Artistic, but impractical.
8. The loss of one sense results in the sharpening of the others.
9. Heaven is our home.
10. Getting even.
11. Slow, but sure.
12. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.
13. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

14. If you work your way through college, you appreciate your education a great deal more.
15. Unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away.
16. All great men rose from humble beginnings.
17. The meek shall inherit the earth.
18. You read so fast that you can't possibly remember what you have read.
19. Lazarus and Dives (modern version).
20. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

A MEMORY TEST ON *COMPENSATION*

This is not an examination, but merely an interesting exercise to discover whether you can recall some of the most striking things Emerson says in his essay on *Compensation.*

Either orally or on paper, supply the missing words which are indicated by the dashes.

1. Blame is —— than praise.
2. Love, and you —— —— ——.
3. Justice is not ——.
4. Fear is the —— of all revolutions.
5. The thief steals from ——.
6. Things refuse to be —— long.
7. The martyr cannot be ——.
8. There is a —— in everything God has made.
9. The borrower —— in his own ——.
10. Our —— grows out of our weaknesses.
11. Put —— in your debt.
12. I am my brother and —— —— is ——.
13. Nature hates —— and ——.
14. The President has —— —— for his White House.
15. A man cannot —— but he judges ——.
16. A great man is always willing to be ——.
17. Crime and —— grow out of one stem.
18. He is great who confers the most ——.
19. We put our —— into every act.
20. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his ——.
21. Life invests itself with —— ——.
22. In Nature nothing can be ——; all things are ——.
23. If you serve an ungrateful master, —— —— ——.
24. It is the whipper who is ——; the tyrant who is ——.

25. Everything has its ——; if that —— is not paid, not that —— but —— —— is obtained.
26. The history of persecution is a history of —— to —— ——.
27. You cannot do wrong without —— ——.
28. No man had ever a defect which was not somewhere —— —— to him.
29. It is —— for a man to be cheated by anyone but ——.
30. There is a third —— —— to all our bargains.
31. There is no den in the wide world to —— —— ——.
32. Every evil to which we do not —— is a ——.
33. For every benefit which you receive a —— is ——.
34. The wise man always —— —— on the side of his ——.
35. While a man sits on the cushion of ——, he —— —— ——.

QUESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF *COMPENSATION*

Part I

What does Emerson mean by the "documents" which prove the truth of the doctrine of Compensation? How could they be before him always, even in sleep? From what you know of his history, would you expect him to assert that "Life was ahead of theology"? Did he place much reliance in "those bright intuitions in which . . . truth is sometimes revealed to us"?

Was Emerson "esteemed for his orthodoxy"? Is it now the orthodox view that the rewards of leading a good life are obtainable only in Heaven? Does Emerson mean to imply that the congregation should have taken "offense" at the doctrine expounded by the preacher?

Are the bad always successful, and the good failures, or vice versa? What does he mean by the "base estimate of the market"? What, in your opinion, constitutes "manly success," as Emerson terms it? Are men "wiser than they know"? Is there a tendency to accept as authoritative that which we hear from the pulpit and in school? If so, should this tendency be approved, or possibly counteracted?

Part II

Can you cite further instances in support or disproof of Emerson's statement that a "certain compensation balances every gift and every defect"? Is there "always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others"? Can you reconcile this with the present

distribution of wealth in this and other countries? How would Emerson do so, were he alive to-day? Can you give examples to prove "the influences of climate and soil in political history"?

Show by recent examples that "the President has paid dear for his White House." Whom does Emerson mean when he speaks of the "real masters who stand erect behind the throne"? Why must the genius "hate father and mother, wife and child"? Is it necessary that he "afflict them by faithfulness to his truth"? Can you give any examples of this situation?

Can you give any further evidence of the balance which Emerson sees throughout life? Explain what you think he means by the statement, "So do we put our life into every act."

Part III

In what ways do you suppose that "every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed"? Does life sometimes seem to contradict this doctrine? How would Emerson answer any objections which might be raised to this statement? What do you think he means by the statement, "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem"? Can you give any examples to prove or disprove this statement?

Part IV

Can you think of any instances in your own experience when you wanted one thing, but not that which accompanies it—"the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail"? Did it work out as Emerson says it always does?

Part V

Can you list any additional proverbs, fables, stories which, according to Emerson, prove the truth of the doctrine of compensation? Do the "pulpit, the senate, and the college deny . . . this law of laws"? What does Emerson mean by the statement, "in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold"?

Part VI

In what way is it that "a man cannot speak but he judges himself"? Is it universally true that "You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong"? Apply to your own experience. Why is fear such a great punishment? Can you imagine what Emerson referred to as "great

wrongs which must be revised"? Could the philanthropic agencies established by men of great fortune be construed as "the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man"?

Part VII

How does the thief "steal from himself"? What does Emerson mean by the "tax" which he declares is levied upon every benefit which we receive? Why is it that we can seldom render benefits to those from whom we receive them? Give examples from your own experience.

Part VIII

How does "our strength grow out of our weaknesses"? Is it true that "honest service cannot come to loss"? Cite examples from your experience, reading, and observation. From your reading of history can you recall instances of men or nations "sitting too long on the cushion of advantages"? Of persecution furthering the cause persecuted?

Part IX

Is it "all right if you can get away with it"? What does Emerson mean by the statement, "I am my brother and my brother is me"? Make a list of all the good things in which we share, even though we own none of them.

Part X

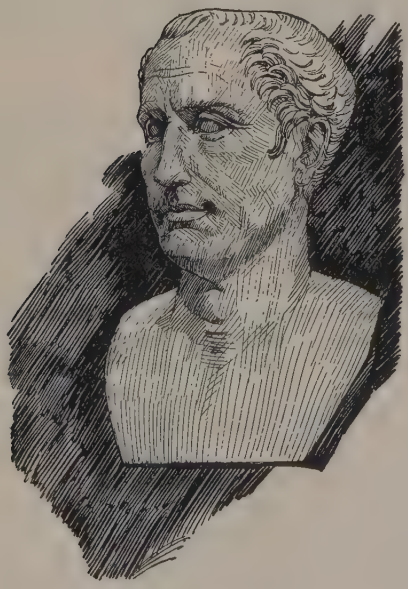
Why is change necessary to growth? Why is it so frequently painful? Is all change growth? In discussing the compensations of personal bereavement, is Emerson merely theorizing, or is he writing from experience?

OTHER ESSAYS BY EMERSON

Self-Reliance	Heroism
Manners	Intellect
Representative Men	Circles
Friendship	Art
Conduct of Life	Gifts
Character	Love
Experience	Nature

JULIUS CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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The Players:

Julius Cæsar; Octavius, Antony, *and* Lepidus, *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar;* Cicero, Publius, *and* Popilius, *senators;* Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius, Metellus, *and* Cinna, *conspirators against Julius Cæsar;* Flavius *and* Marullus, *tribunes;* Artemidorus, *a teacher of rhetoric;* A Soothsayer; Cinna, *a poet;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, *and* Volumnius, *friends of Brutus and Cassius;* Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, *and* Dardanius, *servants of Brutus;* Pindarus, *servant of Cassius;* Calpurnia, *wife of Cæsar;* Portia, *wife of Brutus;* Senators, Commoners, Guards, Citizens, Soldiers, *and other* Attendants.

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JULIUS CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT I

SCENE I

Rome. A street

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners [1] *over the stage*

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical,[2] you ought not walk

NOTE: At the end of the play are pages on *How to Read Julius Cæsar,* and *Suggestions for the Study of Julius Cæsar;* it is suggested these be read before beginning the study of the play.

[1] COMMONERS—See *The Historical Background of Julius Cæsar,* Sections XV and XVIII.

[2] BEING MECHANICAL—Being mechanics or artisans. The word "mechanical" appears in Plutarch's *Lives* where the commoners are described as "cobblers, tapsters or such like base mechanical people."

Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession?[3] Speak, what trade art thou?

Carpenter. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?[4]

Cobbler. Truly, sir, in respect of[5] a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.[6]

Marullus. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.[7]

Cobbler. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.[8]

Flavius. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,[9] what trade?

Cobbler. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:[10] yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cobbler. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cobbler. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl:[11] I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover[12] them. As proper[13] men as ever trod upon neat's-leather[14] have gone upon my handiwork.

[3] THE SIGN OF YOUR PROFESSION—Shakespeare had in mind an ordinance of the city of London forbidding artisans to go abroad on a working day without their tools. [4] WHAT TRADE ARE YOU—Of what trade are you?

[5] IN RESPECT OF—As compared to.

[6] COBBLER—The word is here used in the sense of "botcher," thus making a pun or play on the double meaning of cobbler. The pun is a form of humor dearly loved by Elizabethan audiences.

[7] DIRECTLY—Without any further play on words, without evasion.

[8] SOLES—Another pun (souls—soles).

[9] NAUGHTY KNAVE—Worthless fellow or rogue.

[10] BE NOT OUT WITH ME—Be not out of patience with me. Another pun, the clause "if you be out" meaning "out at the toes."

[11] AWL—A shoemaker's tool used to punch holes in leather. Another pun.

[12] RECOVER—A pun, "recover" being used in the sense of "re-sole" and in the sense of "restore" or "bring back to health."

[13] PROPER—Good-looking, elegant or fastidious.

[14] NEAT'S-LEATHER—Cowhide or oxhide.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cobbler. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.[15]

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?[16]
What tributaries[17] follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?[18] Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber[19] trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication[20] of your sounds
Made in her concave[21] shores?

[15] In his triumph—A great procession and celebration held at Rome in honor of a victorious general. The student should look up a fuller account of the triumph in an encyclopedia. The one referred to here was given Cæsar in honor of his defeat of the sons of Pompey in the battle of Munda. See *The Historical Background,* Section XVII.

[16] What conquest brings he home—According to Plutarch this triumph "did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before, because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown. . . . Men did not think it meet for him to triumph so for the calamities of his country." This feeling that Cæsar was violating the proprieties is reflected in the speech of Marullus. See *Historical Background,* Section XVII.

[17] Tributaries—Kings who might enrich the Roman state by tribute or ransom.

[18] Pompey—See *Historical Background,* Sections XVI and XVII.

[19] That Tiber—*So* that Tiber.

[20] Replication—Echo.

[21] Concave—Hollow—probably with the sense of "resounding."

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out [22] a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? [23]
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit [24] the plague [25]
That needs [26] must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream [27]
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners*

See,[28] whether their basest metal [29] be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way toward the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,[30]
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[31]

Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.[32]

Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.[33] I'll about,

[22] Cull out—Take a holiday.

[23] Pompey's blood—The reference is to Pompey's sons, one of whom was killed at the battle of Munda.

[24] Intermit—Avert.

[25] Plague—Epidemics of plague, due largely to lack of sanitation, were frequent in Shakespeare's day. These epidemics were regarded by the Puritans in particular as the punishment visited by an angry God upon the sin and ingratitude of mankind.

[26] Needs—Of necessity.

[27] Till the lowest stream—Until your tears swell the river from its low to its high-water mark.

[28] See—The rest of the speech is directed to Marullus.

[29] Metal—Mettle, spirit.

[30] Images—Statues of Cæsar.

[31] Deck'd with ceremonies—Decked with wreaths or crowns. Possibly "ceremoniously decked."

[32] Lupercal—The Lupercalia. A religious festival held on February 15 in honor of Lupercus. god of herds and fertility.

[33] Trophies—Garlands.

And drive away the vulgar[34] from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,[35]
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.[36] [*Exeunt*

[34] VULGAR—The commoners.
[35] PITCH—Height.
[36] SERVILE FEARFULNESS—In fear of becoming slaves.

SCENE 2

A public place

Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;*[1] CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.[2]

Cæsar. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæsar. Calpurnia!
Calpurnia. Here, my lord.
Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,[3]
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,

[1] ANTONY, FOR THE COURSE—Antony, attired to run the course. Antony was at this time a consul and also a *magister,* or chief of one of the bands of Luperci—the priesthood of Lupercus. It was the custom for the Luperci, attired in a goatskin about the loins, to run a fixed course around the foot of the Palastine Hill. In their hands they carried strips of goatskin with which they struck whatever women they met across the palm of the hand. It was believed that this proceeding would ward off the curse of barrenness.
[2] SOOTHSAYER—One believed to be able to predict future events.
[3] DIRECTLY IN ANTONIUS' WAY—That is, so that Antonius might strike Calpurnia. Cæsar is represented as desiring an heir. The implication is that he has not only resolved to make himself emperor, but that he wishes to found a dynasty.

Shake off their sterile curse.[4]

Antony. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.[5]

Cæsar. Set on;[6] and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish*

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!

Cæsar. Who is it in the press[8] that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.[9]

Cæsar. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.[10]

[*Sennet.*[11] *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius*

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?[12]

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome:[13] I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit[14] that is in Antony.

[4] STERILE CURSE—Cæsar was at this time childless, his only child, a daughter, having died.

[5] WHEN CÆSAR SAYS, "DO THIS," IT IS PERFORM'D—An excellent piece of flattery!

[6] SET ON—Begin, and leave no part of the ceremony out.

[7] *Flourish*—A fanfare, or trumpet call, given as a signal for the ceremonies to begin. The student should be on the lookout for *Flourishes, Sennets, Music* and other evidences throughout the play of the fact that the appeal of the drama is to the ear as well as to the eye.

[8] PRESS—Throng, crowd.

[9] IDES OF MARCH—March 15th.

[10] PASS—Pass on. That is, let us pass on.

[11] *Sennet*—A set of notes played on the trumpet.

[12] ORDER OF THE COURSE—The running of the Luperci over the course.

[13] GAMESOME—Fond of games or of sport.

[14] QUICK SPIRIT—Lively spirit.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:[15]
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love[16] as[17] I was wont[18] to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand.[19]

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,[20]
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely[21] upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,[22]
Conceptions[23] only proper[24] to myself,
Which give some soil,[25] perhaps, to my behaviors;[26]
Over your friend that loves you.
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe[27] any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;[28]
By means whereof[29] this breast of mine hath buried

[15] I DO OBSERVE YOU NOW OF LATE—I have watched you closely of late.
[16] SHOW OF LOVE—Evidence of friendship.
[17] AS—Such as.
[18] WONT—Accustomed.
[19] BEAR TOO STUBBORN AND TOO STRANGE A HAND—That is, you treat your friend too harshly and too distantly. The reference is to guiding a horse with too harsh and too tight a rein.
[20] VEIL'D MY LOOK—That is, worn a facial expression different from that to which you have been accustomed to see on me—worn a veil, as it were.
[21] MERELY—Wholly.
[22] PASSIONS OF SOME DIFFERENCE—Conflicting emotions. What were they?
[23] CONCEPTIONS—Thoughts, reflections.
[24] ONLY PROPER—Proper only to myself; belonging wholly to me.
[25] SOIL—Tarnish.
[26] BEHAVIORS—Behavior, manner.
[27] CONSTRUE ANY FURTHER—Do not attach any other meaning to my neglect than that.
[28] PASSION—Mood.
[29] BY MEANS WHEREOF—As a consequence of which. "Whereof" refers to the "mistaking," not to the "passion."

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.[30]
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just:[31]
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow.[32] I have heard,
Where[33] many of the best respect[34] in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore,[35] good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself[36]
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,[37] gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter,[38] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; [39] if you know

[30] WORTHY COGITATIONS—Thoughts worth consideration.
[31] JUST—True, quite so.
[32] SHADOW—Reflection, image.
[33] WHERE—That.
[34] BEST RESPECT—Most respected men.
[35] THEREFORE—Cassius ignores Brutus' question. Read the speech as though it followed Cassius' preceding speech.
[36] DISCOVER TO YOURSELF—Show you, as a mirror would reflect your image.
[37] BE NOT JEALOUS ON ME—Do not doubt me.
[38] COMMON LAUGHTER—Probably means one whom no one takes seriously.
[39] DID USE TO STALE, ETC.—Were I one who readily declared friendship for every newcomer that professed to desire it, and by so doing made my oath a common thing of little account.

That I do fawn on [40] men and hug [41] them hard,
And after [42] scandal [43] them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout,[44] then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,[45]
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently; [46]
For let the gods so speed [47] me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue [48] to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.[49]
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief [50] not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.[51]

[40] Fawn on—Flatter.
[41] Hug—Embrace.
[42] After—Afterwards.
[43] Scandal—Defame, slander.
[44] Profess myself in banqueting to all the rout—Declare myself in the convivial atmosphere of the banquet a friend to everybody.
[45] If it be aught toward the general good—If it be anything concerning the common good or public welfare.
[46] Indifferently—Without concern. The meaning of the line is that if the matter concerning which Cassius would speak involves both honor and death, Brutus will not hesitate to die.
[47] Speed—Prosper.
[48] That virtue—Refers to Brutus's declaration that he loves honor more than he fears death. Is Cassius flattering Brutus?
[49] Favor—Appearance, looks, as in "he favors his father."
[50] Lief—Probably pronounced "lieve" to make a pun with "live."
[51] As I myself—Cassius means to imply that Cæsar is no greater than he himself. This thought is developed in the line following.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with [52] her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim [53] to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered [54] as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews,[55] throwing it aside
And stemming it [56] with hearts of controversy; [57]
But ere we could arrive the point [58] propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,[59]
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on [60] him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

[52] CHAFING WITH—Breaking against.
[53] SWIM—According to Plutarch, Cæsar was fond of swimming.
[54] ACCOUTERED—Dressed.
[55] LUSTY SINEWS—Vigorous strokes.
[56] STEMMING IT—Making headway against it.
[57] HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY—Courageous spirit.
[58] ARRIVE THE POINT—Arrive at the point.
[59] ÆNEAS, OUR GREAT ANCESTOR—According to legend Æneas, the Trojan, son of Anchises and Venus, was the founder of the Roman state. At the sack and burning of Troy he rescued his father from the flames. The story is told in Virgil's *Æneid,* which was not written until after the time of Cæsar.
[60] ON—At.

His coward lips did from their color fly;[61]
And that same eye whose bend[62] doth awe the world
Did lose his luster.[63] I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him[64] and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper[65] should
So get the start[66] of the majestic world
And bear the palm[67] alone. [*Shout. Flourish*

Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus,[68] and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,[69]
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar?"[70]
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

[61] COWARD LIPS DID FROM THEIR COLOR FLY—The allusion is to cowardly soldiers deserting their colors.

[62] BEND—Look, glance.

[63] HIS LUSTER—Its brightness.

[64] MARK HIM—Take notice of him.

[65] FEEBLE TEMPER—Weak constitution.

[66] GET THE START—Get the start as in a race.

[67] BEAR THE PALM—Win the prize; the palm branch awarded to the victor. The reference is perhaps to the Roman proverb, "Let him who deserves the palm, carry it."

[68] COLOSSUS—The reference is to the great statue of Apollo said to have stood astride the entrance to the harbor at Rhodes. Ships sailed "under its huge legs."

[69] IN OUR STARS—The reference is to the ancient belief that a man's destiny was governed by the stars. Compare with our expression "lucky star."

[70] THAT "CÆSAR"—That name Cæsar.

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,[71]
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they[72] say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room[73] enough,
When there is in it but one only man.[74]
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once[75] that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;[76]
What you would work me to, I have some aim:[77]
How I have thought of this[78] and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter;[79] for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd.[80] What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time

[71] GREAT FLOOD—The allusion is to the great flood of Greek mythology from which Deucalion and Pyrrha alone escaped.

[72] THEY—The antecedent of "that" in the clause "that talked of Rome."

[73] ROME INDEED, AND ROOM—"Rome" and "room" were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day. Note the pun.

[74] ONE ONLY MAN—Only one man.

[75] A BRUTUS ONCE—That is, who would have as soon tolerated the devil as ruler of Rome as a king. See *Historical Background,* Section III.

[76] I AM NOTHING JEALOUS—I do not doubt.

[77] WHAT YOU WOULD WORK ME TO, I HAVE SOME AIM—I have some idea what it is that you would have me realize.

[78] THIS—This state of affairs which Cassius has just pictured to Brutus.

[79] RECOUNT HEREAFTER—Tell you at some later time.

[80] SO WITH LOVE I MIGHT ENTREAT YOU, BE ANY FURTHER MOV'D—If I may ask you without giving offense not to press me further.

Both meet [81] to hear and answer such high things.[82]
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: [83]
Brutus had rather be a villager [84]
Than to repute [85] himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as [86] this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but [87] thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter CÆSAR *and his train*

Brutus. The games [88] are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour [89] fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note [90] to-day.

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden [91] train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret [92] and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference [93] by some senators.

[81] MEET—Proper.
[82] HIGH THINGS—Important matters.
[83] CHEW UPON THIS—Reflect upon this.
[84] A VILLAGER—Used as a term of contempt in contradistinction to "son of Rome," or Roman citizen, in the next line. Citizenship was denied to the inhabitants of the Latin villages, who were regarded as somewhat inferior to Romans. See *Historical Background,* Section VIII.
[85] REPUTE—Consider.
[86] AS—Such as.
[87] BUT—Even.
[88] GAMES—The ceremonies of the Lupercalia.
[89] SOUR—Bitter, cynical.
[90] WORTHY NOTE—Worthy of note.
[91] CHIDDEN—Scolded.
[92] FERRET—The ferret has small, reddish eyes.
[93] CROSS'D IN CONFERENCE—Opposed in debate. Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, thought very well of himself and seems to have been unable to meet opposition graciously.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,[94]
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:[95]
Yond[96] Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.[97]

Cæsar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,[98]
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:[99]
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort[100]
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd[101] his[102] spirit
That[103] could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease

[94] FAT—Plutarch recounts that once when Cæsar's friends complained to him of Antonius and Dolabella he answered them saying, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

[95] O' NIGHTS—At night.

[96] YOND—Yon.

[97] WELL GIVEN—Well disposed.

[98] IF MY NAME WERE LIABLE TO FEAR—If it were possible for me to fear anything. What characteristic in Cæsar does this speech reveal?

[99] HEARS NO MUSIC—Shakespeare has given testimony in *The Merchant of Venice* to his opinion of a man who did not like music:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> . . . . . .
> Let no such man be trusted."

[100] SORT—Way, manner.

[101] SCORN'D—Despised.

[102] HIS—His own.

[103] THAT—Because it.

Whiles[104] they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd[105] to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.[106]

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry,[107] was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other;[108] and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere[109] foolery; I did not mark[110] it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown neither,[111] 'twas one

[104] WHILES—While, whilst.
[105] CHANC'D—Happened.
[106] SAD—Serious, grave.
[107] MARRY—Indeed!
[108] GENTLER THAN OTHER—More gently than on the time previous.
[109] MERE—Sheer, utter, downright.
[110] MARK—Pay attention to.
[111] NOT A CROWN NEITHER—The double negative is common in Shakespeare.

of these coronets[112]—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain[113] have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth[114] to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement[115] hooted and clapp'd their chop't[116] hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps[117] and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swounded[118] and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft![119] I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like;[120] he hath the falling sickness.[121]

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest[122] Casca, we have the falling sickness.[123]

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.[124]

[112] CORONETS—Shakespeare had in mind the English custom which permits a crown-like head ornament to members of the royalty and nobility. See Webster's *Dictionary* for pictures of the coronet of the Prince of Wales and others.

[113] FAIN—Gladly.

[114] LOTH—Reluctant.

[115] RABBLEMENT—The crowd. The term implies contempt. See *Historical Background,* Section XV.

[116] CHOP'T—Chapped, rough and cracked. Casca implies that the crowd consisted of peasants and laborers.

[117] NIGHTCAPS—An article of dress probably unknown to the Romans, who did not wear hats or caps.

[118] SWOUNDED—Swooned.

[119] SOFT—Wait a minute!

[120] LIKE—Likely, probable.

[121] FALLING SICKNESS—Epilepsy. Plutarch says that Cæsar was an epileptic.

[122] HONEST—Worthy, good.

[123] WE HAVE THE FALLING SICKNESS—What does Cassius mean?

[124] NO TRUE MAN—No honest man, no man of his word.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet [125] and offer'd them his throat to cut. And [126] I had been a man of any occupation,[127] if I would not have taken him at a word,[128] I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd their worships [129] to think it was his infirmity.[130] Three or four wenches,[131] where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed [132] to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.[133]

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, and [134] I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.[135] I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.[136] Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

[125] DOUBLET—Cæsar did not wear a doublet. This was an Elizabethan garment.

[126] AND—If.

[127] OCCUPATION—If I had been one of the mechanics to whom Cæsar offered his throat to cut.

[128] AT A WORD—At his word.

[129] WORSHIPS—The term "worship" was used in Shakespeare's day in addressing a superior as a title of dignity. Here it is used in contempt to imply that Cæsar was courting the favor of the mob.

[130] IT WAS HIS INFIRMITY—It was because of his epilepsy.

[131] WENCH—Woman. A term of contempt used by Casca to express his scorn for the low intelligence and the sentimentality of those to whom he refers.

[132] HEED—Their support of Cæsar is of no consequence.

[133] AY, HE SPOKE GREEK—Spoken in scorn of Cicero's learning.

[134] AND—If.

[135] IT WAS GREEK TO ME—Meaningless. Another pun.

[136] PUT TO SILENCE—Imprisoned.

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,[137] and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit*

Brutus. What a blunt[138] fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[139] when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,[140]
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness[141] is a sauce to his good wit,[142]
Which gives men stomach[143] to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the world.[144]
[*Exit Brutus*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal[145] may be wrought[146]
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet[147]
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;[148]
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

[137] MIND HOLD—If your promise hold.
[138] BLUNT—Perverse, sullen, a rough, cynical fellow.
[139] QUICK METTLE—Of energetic temperament.
[140] BOLD ENTERPRISE—Enterprise which requires courage.
[141] RUDENESS—The bluntness to which Brutus refers above.
[142] GOOD WIT—Good sense.
[143] STOMACH—A stomach able to digest.
[144] THINK OF THE WORLD—Think about the present state of affairs in Rome.
[145] METAL—Mettle, nature.
[146] MAY BE WROUGHT FROM THAT IT IS DISPOS'D—May be influenced to act contrariwise to its nature.
[147] MEET—Desirable, for the best.
[148] LIKES—Those like them. Compare with the expression "the likes of you."

Cæsar doth bear me hard,[149] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He[150] should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands,[151] in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to[152] the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely[153]
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:[154]
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;[155]
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.[156] [*Exit*

[149] BEAR ME HARD—Regard me with disfavor.
[150] HE—Refers to Brutus. Cassius says that if he and Brutus were to exchange places so that Cassius were to enjoy the favor of Cæsar, then Brutus should not influence (humor) him against Cæsar. What characteristic of Cassius does this confession show?
[151] IN SEVERAL HANDS—In different handwritings.
[152] TENDING TO—Bearing on.
[153] OBSCURELY—Not openly, remotely.
[154] GLANCED AT—Hinted at.
[155] SEAT HIM SURE—Make his position secure.
[156] OR WORSE DAYS ENDURE—"Days" is the object of "endure." The sense is: Or we shall endure worse days as a consequence of our failure to unseat Cæsar.

SCENE 3

The same. A street

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO

Cicero. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?[1]
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth[2]
Shakes like a thing unfirm?[3] O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding[4] winds

[1] BROUGHT YOU CÆSAR HOME—Did you escort Cæsar home?
[2] THE SWAY OF EARTH—The settled order of nature.
[3] UNFIRM—Unsteady.
[4] SCOLDING—Chiding.

Have riv'd [5] the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with [6] the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,[7]
Or else the world, too saucy with [8] the gods,
Incenses [9] them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword— [10]
Against [11] the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap [12] a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear,[13] who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night [14] did sit
Even at noonday upon the market place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies [15]
Do so conjointly meet,[16] let not men say,
"These are their reasons; [17] they are natural";

[5] RIV'D—Split, cleaved. [6] EXALTED WITH—Lifted up to.
[7] CIVIL STRIFE IN HEAVEN—Civil war among the gods.
[8] SAUCY WITH—Insolent or impertinent toward.
[9] INCENSES—Angers.
[10] I HA' NOT SINCE PUT UP MY SWORD—Casca is still carrying his sword in his hand, not having put it back in its scabbard.
[11] AGAINST—Opposite. [12] UPON A HEAP—Huddled together.
[13] TRANSFORMED WITH THEIR FEAR—Beside themselves with fear, out of their senses.
[14] BIRD OF NIGHT—The owl; considered by the Romans as a bird of ill omen.
[15] PRODIGIES—Omens, portents.
[16] CONJOINTLY MEET—Come at the same time.
[17] THESE ARE THEIR REASONS—That is, "Such and such reasons may be given for them."

For, I believe, they are portentous [18] things
Unto the climate [19] that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed [20] time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,[21]
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.[22]
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero*

Enter CASSIUS

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this! [23]

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me [24] unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced,[25] Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunderstone: [26]
And when the cross blue lightning [27] seem'd to open

[18] PORTENTOUS THINGS—Signs, omens.
[19] CLIMATE—Country.
[20] STRANGE-DISPOSED—Of extraordinary character.
[21] CONSTRUE THINGS AFTER THEIR FASHION—Explain things in their own way.
[22] CLEAN FROM THE PURPOSE OF THE THINGS THEMSELVES—And miss the real meaning of the things entirely.
[23] WHAT NIGHT IS THIS—What a night this is!
[24] SUBMITTING ME—Exposing myself.
[25] UNBRACED—With his doublet open.
[26] THUNDERSTONE—The thunderbolt, which was believed to fall with the lightning.
[27] CROSS BLUE LIGHTNING—Zigzag.

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.[28]

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish[29] us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,[30]
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear[31] and cast yourself in wonder,[32]
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires,[33] why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,[34]
Why old men fool and children calculate;[35]
Why all these things change from their ordinance,[36]
Their natures and preformed faculties,[37]
To monstrous quality,[38] why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd[39] them with these spirits,[40]
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.[41]
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,

[28] IN THE AIM AND VERY FLASH OF IT—As a mark and in the very flash of it.
[29] ASTONISH—Dismay, strike fear into.
[30] WANT—Lack.
[31] PUT ON FEAR—Suffer yourself to be afraid.
[32] CAST YOURSELF IN WONDER—Lose yourself in wonder, as in the old phrase "to cast beyond the moon," meaning to indulge in wild thoughts.
[33] WHY ALL THESE FIRES—Why all these fires occur, etc.
[34] WHY BIRDS AND BEASTS FROM QUALITY AND KIND—That is, why all these birds and beasts behave contrary to their natures.
[35] WHY OLD MEN FOOL AND CHILDREN CALCULATE—Why old men act like fools and children with wisdom; that is, why everything is topsy-turvy.
[36] ORDINANCE—That which they were made to be.
[37] PREFORMED FACULTIES—Given qualities or characteristics.
[38] TO MONSTROUS QUALITY—To unnatural and abnormal state.
[39] INFUS'D—Imbued.
[40] THESE SPIRITS—The unnatural characteristics already delineated.
[41] UNTO SOME MONSTROUS STATE—Of some abnormal condition of affairs in Rome.

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious [42] grown,
And fearful,[43] as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews [44] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! [45] our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance [46] show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.[47]
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; [48]
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss [49] itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,[50]
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still*

[42] PRODIGIOUS—Abnormal, monstrous.
[43] FEARFUL—To be feared.
[44] THEWS—Sinews, bodily strength.
[45] WOE THE WHILE—Alas for the times!
[46] YOKE AND SUFFERANCE—Submission to tyranny.
[47] CASSIUS FROM BONDAGE WILL DELIVER CASSIUS—Cassius will kill himself, and free himself from tyranny by death. Is Cassious serious, or is he talking for effect?
[48] CAN BE RETENTIVE TO THE STRENGTH OF SPIRIT—Can hold in man's soul or spirit if he wishes to let it loose by suicide.
[49] DISMISS—Dismiss itself or send itself from the body.
[50] KNOW ALL THE WORLD BESIDES—Let all the world know also.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman[51] in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.[52]
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws:[53] what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal,[54] when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman;[55] then I know
My answer must be made.[56] But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.[57]

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering[58] telltale. Hold, my hand:[59]
Be factious[60] for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who[61] goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

[51] BONDMAN—Slave.

[52] HINDS—Deer.

[53] BEGIN IT WITH WEAK STRAWS—The implied meaning is: Just as men start a fire with straws, so Cæsar is using the Roman rabble simply as a means to a greater end. See *Historical Background,* Section XVII.

[54] OFFAL—Waste matter.

[55] A WILLING BONDMAN—One who is willing to endure to tyranny of Cæsar.

[56] THEN I KNOW MY ANSWER MUST BE MADE—Cassius means that if Casca is a "willing bondman" and as such likely to report his words to Cæsar, then he (Cassius) will be called to answer for them.

[57] INDIFFERENT—Of no consequence.

[58] FLEERING—Sneering. The meaning is possibly "no to-be-sneered-at telltale."

[59] HOLD, MY HAND—Here, take my hand on it.

[60] BE FACTIOUS—Stir up opposition against these wrongs.

[61] WHO—He who

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo [62] with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this [63] they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: [64] for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element [65]
In favour's like [66] the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To [67] our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, [68] Cinna?
Cinna. I'm glad on 't. [69] What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's [70] chair,

[62] UNDERGO—Undertake.
[63] BY THIS—By this time.
[64] POMPEY'S PORCH—The colonnade or portico of the theater built by Pompey on the Campus Martius.
[65] COMPLEXION OF THE ELEMENT—The appearance of the heavens.
[66] IN FAVOUR'S LIKE—In appearance is like.
[67] INCORPORATE TO—Firmly joined with us in our endeavors (attempts).
[68] STAY'D FOR—Awaited, expected.
[69] ON 'T—Of it. Cinna's remark "I am glad on 't" refers to Casca's joining the conspiracy.
[70] PRÆTOR—Brutus was at this time prætor—an official, one of whose duties was to watch over the administration of justice.

Where Brutus may but find it;[71] and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax[72]
Upon old Brutus'[73] statue: all this done,
Repair[74] to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,[75]
And so bestow[76] these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter[77] yields him ours.

Casca. O, he[78] sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance,[79] like richest alchemy,[80]
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited.[81] Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt*

[71] MAY BUT FIND IT—Cannot but find it.

[72] WITH WAX—Affix it with wax.

[73] OLD BRUTUS—Lucius Junius Brutus who drove the Tarquin from Rome. According to Plutarch, "under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! and again, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed."

[74] REPAIR—Betake yourself.

[75] HIE—Hasten.

[76] BESTOW—Place.

[77] ENCOUNTER—Meeting.

[78] HE—Brutus.

[79] COUNTENANCE—Approval.

[80] ALCHEMY—The chemistry of the Middle Ages. One of the chief objectives of alchemy was to find a means of changing base metals into gold. Casca says that Brutus' approval "like richest alchemy" will make the base ends of the conspirators appear to be virtuous and worthy.

[81] CONCEITED—Conceived and expressed.

ACT II

SCENE I

Rome. BRUTUS' *orchard*[1]

Enter BRUTUS

Brutus. What,[2] Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress[3] of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.[4] Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.[5]
When,[6] Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?
Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit*
Brutus. It must be by his death:[7] and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,[8]
But for the general.[9] He would be crown'd:

[1] *Orchard*—Garden.
[2] WHAT—An expression used in calling a person, similar to our "Oh!"
[3] PROGRESS—Movement in space, hence the position of the stars.
[4] HOW NEAR TO DAY—How near it is to day.
[5] I WOULD IT WERE MY FAULT TO SLEEP SO SOUNDLY—This line is spoken not to Lucius but parenthetically. What does it reveal with respect to Brutus' state of mind?
[6] WHEN—An expression similar to "What" in the first line.
[7] IT MUST BE BY HIS DEATH—This soliloquy reveals the course of reasoning by which Brutus arrives at the conclusion stated in the opening line that "It," meaning the saving of the Republic from falling under the personal rule which Cæsar would set up, can only be achieved by Cæsar's (his) death.
[8] NO PERSONAL CAUSE TO SPURN AT HIM—Brutus says that he knows no personal reason why he should oppose (spurn at) Cæsar.
[9] BUT FOR THE GENERAL—Brutus makes the general good, or the public welfare, his reason for opposing Cæsar.

How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,[10]
And that craves wary walking.[11] Crown him?—that;[12]—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger[13] with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power;[14] and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason.[15] But 'tis a common proof,[16]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,[17]
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[18]
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent.[19] And, since the quarrel[20]
Will bear no color[21] for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,[22]

[10] IT IS THE BRIGHT DAY THAT BRINGS FORTH THE ADDER—As the warm sun brings forth the snake, so power may call out all that is evil in Cæsar.

[11] CRAVES WARY WALKING—Calls for careful walking, lest one come in way of the adder.

[12] THAT—Do that.

[13] DANGER—Harm, damage.

[14] TH' ABUSE OF GREATNESS IS WHEN IT DISJOINS REMORSE FROM POWER—"The abuse of greatness," that is, the wrong which he who is great sometimes does, occurs when he uses his power for selfish ends and without consideration for others (disjoins remorse from power).

[15] I HAVE NOT KNOWN WHEN HIS AFFECTIONS SWAY'D MORE THAN HIS REASON—Brutus admits that he knows of no instance in which Cæsar has permitted his feelings or passions to overrule his judgment.

[16] COMMON PROOF—A matter of everyday knowledge.

[17] LOWLINESS IS YOUNG AMBITION'S LADDER—He who is desirous of doing great things must oftentimes begin in a humble way.

[18] BASE DEGREES—The lower rungs of the ladder; his humble beginning.

[19] PREVENT—We must prevent him from doing so.

[20] QUARREL—The cause for complaint against Cæsar.

[21] BEAR NO COLOR—Can seem on the face of it to be no good reason. The meaning of the line is: Since our complaint against Cæsar cannot be justified by what he now is or by anything which he has already done, let us put our case thus "that what he is," etc.

[22] AUGMENTED—Grown greater in power.

Would run to these and these extremities;[23]
And therefore think[24] him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,[25] grow mischievous,[26]
And kill[27] him in the shell.

Reënter LUCIUS

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet,[28] sir.
Searching the window for a flint,[29] I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter*

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit*

Brutus. The exhalations[30] whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads*

> Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
> Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress![31]
> Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!

Such instigations[32] have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?[33] What, Rome?

[23] THESE AND THESE EXTREMITIES—Such and such lengths.
[24] THINK—Let us think of.
[25] AS HIS KIND—Like the rest of its kind or species.
[26] MISCHIEVOUS—Dangerous.
[27] KILL—Let us kill.
[28] CLOSET—Study.
[29] FLINT—The flint with which to strike a spark. Lucius has just lighted the taper.
[30] EXHALATIONS—Meteors.
[31] REDRESS—Right what is wrong.
[32] INSTIGATIONS—Letters urging Brutus to act.
[33] UNDER ONE MAN'S AWE—In awe of one man.

My ancestors [34] did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,[35]
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Reënter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.[36]

[*Knocking within*

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius*

Since Cassius first did whet [37] me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,[38] all the interim [39] is
Like a phantasma [40] or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council;[41] and the state of a man,[42]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

[34] ANCESTORS—The reference is to Lucius Junius Brutus mentioned before.
[35] I MAKE THEE PROMISE—I make thee this promise.
[36] WASTED FIFTEEN DAYS—Fifteen days gone or spent.
[37] WHET—Incite, arouse.
[38] MOTION—Impulse, thought of doing the thing, decision to act.
[39] INTERIM—The period between the decision to act and the doing of the thing.
[40] PHANTASMA—Nightmare.
[41] IN COUNCIL—In debate. "Genius" refers probably to the feeling that the thing must be done. The "interim" is given over to the struggle of steeling oneself to the act—to bringing the "mortal instruments," or body, to obey the feeling, or "genius."
[42] STATE OF MAN—The government or commonwealth of man. Man is likened to a state or commonwealth which undergoes (suffers) something like a civil war (the nature of an insurrection)

Reënter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother [43] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus. Is he alone?
Lucius. No, sir, there are moe [44] with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,[45]
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover [46] them
By any mark of favor.[47]
Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius*
They are the faction.[48] O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou [49] to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? [50] O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous [51] visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:[52]
For if thou path,[53] thy native semblance on,[54]
Not Erebus [55] itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.[56]

[43] BROTHER—Cassius had married Junia, sister to Brutus.
[44] MOE—More.
[45] PLUCK'D ABOUT THEIR EARS—Pulled down on their heads. Shakespeare had in mind the slouched hats of his own day.
[46] DISCOVER—Recognize.
[47] ANY MARK OF FAVOR—Anything distinctive in their faces. That is, it is impossible to tell one from another.
[48] FACTION—Those in the conspiracy.
[49] SHAM'ST THOU—Art thou ashamed.
[50] WHEN EVILS ARE MOST FREE—When crime and wrong doing are most free from detection.
[51] MONSTROUS—Ugly, odious.
[52] AFFABILITY—Friendliness.
[53] PATH—Pass; that is, go abroad.
[54] THY NATIVE SEMBLANCE ON—In thy true form; that is, not disguised.
[55] EREBUS—The lower world. In Greek mythology Erebus was a region of utter darkness through which the dead passed to Hades.
[56] PREVENTION—Detection.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:[57]
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour,[58] awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you;[59] and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cassius. Shall I entreat a word?[60] [*They whisper*
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret[61] the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,[62]
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

[57] TOO BOLD UPON YOUR REST—Too bold thus to break in upon your rest.
[58] THIS HOUR—Until this hour.
[59] BUT HONORS YOU—Except such as honors you.
[60] SHALL I ENTREAT A WORD—May I have a word with you?
[61] FRET—Streak, run across. Compare with "fretwork."
[62] A GREAT WAY GROWING ON THE SOUTH—Casca says that the sun seems pretty far south considering (weighing) the fact that spring (the youthful season of the year) is at hand. The student should familiarize himself with the relative positions of sun and earth in the different seasons in order to understand these lines.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east [63]
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath:[64] if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;[65]
So [66] let high-sighted [67] tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.[68] But if these,[69]
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What [70] need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than [71] secret Romans,[72] that have spoke the word,[73]
And will not palter? [74] and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,[75]
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

[63] HIGH EAST—Due east.

[64] NOT AN OATH—Brutus, believing that the others are actuated by patriotic motives only, thinks an oath not only unnecessary but also unseemly.

[65] THE FACE OF MEN . . . TO HIS IDLE BED—The meaning is: If the anxiety for the Republic to be seen in the faces of men, the suffering of our souls, and the abuses of the time are not motives strong enough to hold us to our purpose—if we must in addition have an oath to bind us together—then let us quit where we are (break off betimes) and each of us go home (hence) and do nothing (lie idle on his bed).

[66] SO—And as a consequence of our idleness.

[67] HIGH-SIGHTED—Overweening, arrogant.

[68] BY LOTTERY—As if by lottery; that is, at the whim of the tyrant Cæsar.

[69] THESE—The "motives" enumerated by Brutus above.

[70] WHAT—Why.

[71] THAN—Read "than that of."

[72] SECRET ROMANS—Romans who know how to keep a secret.

[73] SPOKE THE WORD—Given their word.

[74] PALTER—Try to wiggle out of their promise.

[75] HONESTY TO HONESTY ENGAGED—The word of an honest man given to an honest man.

Swear [76] priests and cowards and men cautelous,[77]
Old feeble carrions [78] and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even [79] virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive [80] mettle of our spirits,
To think that or [81] our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,[82]
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:[83]
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;[84]
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,[85]
But all be buried in [86] his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him,[87]
For he will never follow anything

[76] SWEAR—An imperative. The sense is: Oaths are for priests, etc.
[77] CAUTELOUS—Crafty, deceitful.
[78] CARRIONS—Carcasses; a term of contempt.
[79] EVEN—Equable, unwavering.
[80] INSUPPRESSIVE—Insuppressible.
[81] OR—Either.
[82] A SEVERAL BASTARDY—A separate and individual act which shows that he is no true Roman.
[83] SILVER HAIRS . . . COMMEND OUR DEEDS—The meaning is that the veneration in which men hold Cicero will cause them to approve the conspiracy if Cicero is in it.
[84] RUL'D OUR HANDS—Guided us.
[85] NO WHIT APPEAR—Be in no wise apparent or conspicuous.
[86] BURIED IN—Covered up by.
[87] BREAK WITH HIM—Tell Cicero of the conspiracy.

That other men begin.[88]

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,[89]
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him[90]
A shrewd contriver;[91] and, you know, his means,[92]
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,[93]
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy[94] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by[95] Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle[96] masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

[88] FOR HE WILL NEVER FOLLOW ANYTHING THAT OTHER MEN BEGIN—What characteristic of Cicero is revealed in this remark?

[89] MEET—Wise, desirable.

[90] ON HIM—In him.

[91] A SHREWD CONTRIVER—A crafty and clever schemer.

[92] MEANS—Faculties, powers. The sense is: Antony has ability, if he has a mind to use it, to cause trouble for us all.

[93] PREVENT—Forestall.

[94] ENVY—Malice.

[95] COME BY—Come at; that is, do away with.

[96] SUBTLE—Crafty, treacherous. The reference is to a crafty master who urges his servant to some violent act, and then diverts suspicion from himself by condemning his servant.

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary [97] and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers,[98] not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love [99] he bears to Cæsar—[100]

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,[101] take thought [102] and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should,[103] for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him;[104] let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock* [105] *strikes*

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion [106] he held once
Of fantasy,[107] of dreams, and ceremonies:[108]

[97] NECESSARY—Seem necessary rather than malicious.
[98] PURGERS—Purifiers, emancipators.
[99] INGRAFTED LOVE—Deep-seated love. Note that Brutus does not let Cassius finish his speech.
[100] What did Cassius intend to say?
[101] ALL THAT HE CAN DO IS TO HIMSELF—The meaning is: All that Antony can do is what he can do to himself; namely, take thought and die.
[102] TAKE THOUGHT—Grow melancholy, grieve himself to death.
[103] MUCH HE SHOULD—A difficult thing for him to do.
[104] NO FEAR IN HIM—No reason for being afraid of him.
[105] CLOCK—Were clocks known to the Romans?
[106] QUITE FROM THE MAIN OPINION—Quite contrary to the strong opinion
[107] FANTASY—Hallucination, imaginings, intuitions.
[108] CEREMONIES—Auguries; religious rites having for their purpose the reading of omens and portents.

It may be these apparent prodigies,[109]
The unaccustom'd [110] terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,[111]
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him;[112] for he loves to hear
That unicorns [113] may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses,[114] elephants with holes,[115]
Lions with toils,[116] and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor [117] the true bent,[118]
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost? [119]

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,[120]

[109] THESE APPARENT PRODIGIES—These evident signs and omens. Cassius refers to the prodigies described in Scene 3 of Act I.

[110] UNACCUSTOM'D—Not usual, extraordinary.

[111] AUGURERS—Priests who made the auguries. See Note 109 above.

[112] O'ERSWAY—Persuade or influence him to change his mind.

[113] UNICORNS—A fabulous animal, in form resembling the horse and represented as having a single long sharp horn protruding from the forehead, described in the natural histories of Shakespeare's day. To take the unicorn the hunter exposed himself to invite the charge of the beast. When the latter rushed toward him, he would jump behind a tree; and the animal, driving its horn deeply into the tree, was held fast and might then be easily killed.

[114] GLASSES—Bears, according to these same natural histories, were much attracted by mirrors, and might easily be killed while they stood gazing at their reflections.

[115] HOLES—Pitfalls lightly covered with brush and turf on which was placed a bait to lure the elephant.

[116] TOILS—Nets, snares.

[117] HUMOR—Mood.

[118] THE TRUE BENT—The inclination the conspirators wish. Decius means that if Cæsar as a consequence of the decision of the augurers shall have resolved not to go to the senate house, he will change Cæsar's mind. Note in Scene 2 following how he does it.

[119] UTTERMOST—Latest.

[120] BEAR CÆSAR HARD—Hates Cæsar.

Who rated[121] him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[122]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;[123]
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.[124]

Cassius. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on[125] our purposes;
But bear it[126] as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:[127]
And so, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt all but Brutus*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew[128] of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,[129]
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit[130]

[121] RATED—Berated, rebuked.
[122] GO ALONG BY HIM—Go by way of Ligarius' house.
[123] GIVEN HIM REASONS—Brutus has given Ligarius cause for thinking well of Brutus.
[124] FASHION HIM—Persuade him; literally, mold or shape him.
[125] PUT ON—Betray. That is, let us not look the part.
[126] BEAR IT—Carry it through.
[127] FORMAL CONSTANCY—Dignified self-possession.
[128] HONEY-HEAVY DEW—"Slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet."
[129] THOU HAST NO FIGURES NOR NO FANTASIES—You are not troubled by hallucinations and imaginings.
[130] COMMIT—Expose.

Your weak condition [131] to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Not for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;[132]
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet [133] you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture [134] of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,[135]
Which sometime hath his [136] hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape [137]
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[138]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,[139]
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.[140]

Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical [141]
To walk unbraced [142] and suck up the humors [143]

[131] WEAK CONDITION—Delicate constitution.
[132] ACROSS—Folded across.
[133] YET I INSISTED, YET—Still I insisted, still.
[134] WAFTURE—Wave, gesture.
[135] HUMOR—Mood, temporary state of mind.
[136] HIS—Its.
[137] SHAPE—Bodily condition, physical appearance.
[138] PREVAIL'D ON YOUR CONDITION—Changed or affected your disposition.
[139] DEAR MY LORD—My dear lord.
[140] EMBRACE THE MEANS TO COME BY IT—Take steps to recover his health.
[141] PHYSICAL—Healthful.
[142] UNBRACED—With clothes unfastened. Shakespeare had in mind, of course, the garments worn in his own day.
[143] HUMORS—Moisture, mists.

Of the dank [144] morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile [145] contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy [146] and unpurged [147] air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,[148]
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm [149] you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow [150]
Which did incorporate [151] and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy,[152] and what men to-night
Have had resort [153] to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted [154] I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,[155]
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs [156]

[144] DANK—Damp.
[145] VILE—Injurious, harmful.
[146] RHEUMY—Causing cold.
[147] UNPURGED—Impure; not yet purified by the sun.
[148] SICK OFFENSE WITHIN YOUR MIND—Great anxiety or worry.
[149] CHARM—Entreat.
[150] THAT GREAT VOW—The marriage vow.
[151] INCORPORATE—Unite.
[152] HEAVY—Sad, weighed down, depressed.
[153] HAD RESORT—Resorted, visited.
[154] IS IT EXCEPTED—Portia's meaning is: Has marriage made us one in all things except that I should know not secrets that appertain to you?
[155] IN SORT OR LIMITATION—Only in the limited sense that I am to keep with you at meals, etc.
[156] SUBURBS—Outskirts. Portia feels that Brutus has not given her his full confidence.

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:[157]
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,[158] Cato's daughter.[159]
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels;[160] I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,[161]
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements[162] I will construe[163] to thee,

[157] A WOMAN THAT LORD BRUTUS TOOK TO WIFE—Portia's meaning is that, being such a woman as Brutus would choose, she is no ordinary woman.

[158] WELL-REPUTED—Well thought of, highly regarded. Plutarch says that Portia was "excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of noble courage, as she was also wise."

[159] CATO'S DAUGHTER—Portia was the daughter of Cato the Younger who was sometimes called "the last of the Romans" because of his austerity and his opposition to luxuries. He opposed Cæsar, and after Cæsar had crushed the followers of Pompey, he committed suicide rather than permit himself to be taken. See *Historical Background,* Section XVII.

[160] COUNCILS—Innermost thoughts, secret purposes.

[161] PROOF OF MY CONSTANCY—Proof of my strength of mind. Plutarch says, "Because she would not ask her husband what he ailed, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor . . . and . . . gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh" to prove that "no pain or grief whatsoever" could overcome her.

[162] ENGAGEMENTS—Things I have engaged myself to do.

[163] CONSTRUE—Explain.

All the charactery of my sad brows.[164]
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Reënter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?[165]
Ligarius. Vouchsafe[166] good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief![167] Would you were not sick!
Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before.
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,[168] hast conjur'd up
My mortified[169] spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom[170] it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,[171]

[164] ALL THE CHARACTERY OF MY SAD BROWS—The marks made by anxiety on his face.
[165] HOW—An exclamation of surprise.
[166] VOUCHSAFE—Please accept my greeting (good morrow).
[167] WEAR A KERCHIEF—That is, to be sick. Ligarius is represented as having his head bound up in a kerchief, or head covering.
[168] EXORCIST—One able to call up spirits.
[169] MORTIFIED—Dead.
[170] TO WHOM—To him to whom.
[171] SET ON YOUR FOOT—Lead.

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt*

Scene 2

Cæsar's *house*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, *in his nightgown*[1]

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present[2] sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.[3]

Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit*

Enter Calpurnia

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back;[4] when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

[1] Nightgown—Not a nightdress, but a dressing gown, or lounging robe.
[2] Present—Immediate.
[3] Opinions of success—Opinions as to what will come to pass (succeed) if Cæsar goes forth.
[4] Ne'er look'd but on my back—Dared not look me in the face. What characteristic of Cæsar is revealed by this speech?

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[5]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.[6]
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,[7]
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled[8] in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,[9]
And I do fear them!

Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?[10]
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.[11]

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

[5] NEVER STOOD ON CEREMONIES—Never paid any attention to signs and omens.

[6] WATCH—The watchmen. Shakespeare had in mind, of course, the constables of the watch who patroled the streets of London at night in his time.

[7] RIGHT FORM OF WAR—Regular battle formation.

[8] HURTLED—Clashed, as of weapons.

[9] BEYOND ALL USE—Extraordinary.

[10] WHAT CAN BE AVOIDED WHOSE END IS PURPOS'D BY THE MIGHTY GODS—That is, what escape is there from a thing planned by the gods?

[11] ARE TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL AS TO CÆSAR—Cæsar implies that these fearful omens are meant to indicate something of great consequence to the world rather than anything unfavorable to him. He has in mind, of course, making himself emperor.

Reënter Servant

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We [12] are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence! [13]
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor,[14] I will stay at home.

Enter Decius

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

[12] We—Danger and Cæsar.
[13] Consum'd in confidence—Destroyed by false confidence.
[14] For thy humor—To please you, or set your fears at rest.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard [15] to tell graybeards [16] the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is my will; I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night [17] she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty [18] Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply [19] for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; [20] and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

[15] AFEARD—Afraid.
[16] GRAYBEARDS—A contemptuous term for the senators.
[17] TO-NIGHT—Last night.
[18] LUSTY—Well-pleased, happy.
[19] THESE DOES SHE APPLY—She interprets these dreams.
[20] EVILS IMMINENT—Approaching dangers.

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.[21]
This by Calpurnia's dream[22] is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,[23] for someone to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding[24] bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[25]

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

[21] Great men shall press for tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance —The general meaning of Decius' interpretation is that men shall be eager for Cæsar's favor and recognition. The allusion in "tinctures, stains, relics" is probably to the custom, once observed, of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of martyrs, thus "tincturing" or "staining" them, and then preserving them as sacred "relics." The term "cognizance" alludes possibly to the heraldic emblem or device worn by the retainers or followers of a noble family. The figure is somewhat confused, possibly intentionally so.

[22] By Calpurnia's dream—The phrase modifies "signified."

[23] A mock apt to be render'd—A jibe or sneering remark likely to be made.

[24] Your proceeding—Your career.

[25] And reason to my love is liable—Decius, by speaking as he has, has run the risk of angering Cæsar. He asks Cæsar's pardon, excusing himself by saying that his great love for Cæsar has led him to speak thus, although reason and discretion tell him he should not say such things.

Publius. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague [26] which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same,[27] O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns [28] to think upon! [*Exeunt*

[26] AGUE—Fever.

[27] EVERY LIKE IS NOT THE SAME—Brutus refers to the fact that Cæsar's expression "like friends" is capable of two interpretations. Brutus is thinking of the expression as it is used in the sentence: The two men walked side by side "like friends," although they were not. Cæsar means: We, as friends should, will go together.

[28] YEARNS—Sorrows, grieves.

Scene 3

A street near the Capitol

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper*

Artemidorus. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou has wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security [1] gives way to conspiracy.[2] The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,[3] Artemidorus.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor [4] will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue [5] cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.[6]
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.[7] [*Exit*

[1] Security—Overconfidence, lack of caution.
[2] Gives way to conspiracy—Lets conspiracy flourish unsuspected.
[3] Lover—Friend, well-wisher.
[4] Suitor—One who has a request to make.
[5] Virtue—Merit.
[6] Out of the teeth of emulation—Without being attacked by envious men.
[7] Contrive—Conspire, plot.

Scene 4

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus

Enter Portia *and* Lucius

Portia. I prithee,[1] boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

[1] Prithee—Pray thee.

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy,[2] be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue![3]
I have a man's mind,[4] but a woman's might.[5]
How hard it is for women to keep counsel![6]
Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth:[7] and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor,[8] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth,[9] madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER[10]

Portia. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

[2] CONSTANCY—Self-control. See Notes 158–61 of Act II, Scene 1. Portia now knows of the conspiracy.

[3] SET A HUGE MOUNTAIN 'TWEEN MY HEART AND TONGUE—Portia implies that her heart (her love for Brutus) urges her to reveal the conspiracy and save Brutus from the consequences which are bound to follow the assassination.

[4] A MAN'S MIND—A man's resolution or fixity of purpose—constancy.

[5] A WOMAN'S MIGHT—A woman's lack of resolution when one she loves is endangered by her very "constancy."

[6] TO KEEP COUNSEL—To keep to a fixed purpose or plan where love urges contrary action.

[7] WENT SICKLY FORTH—He was not well when he left home.

[8] A BUSTLING RUMOR—Noise as of a tumult or struggle.

[9] SOOTH—In truth, indeed.

[10] THE SOOTHSAYER—Not Artemidorous, but the soothsayer who warned Cæsar in Act. I, Scene 2.

Portia. What is 't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia. Why know'st thou any harm's intended[11] toward him?

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.[12]
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors,[13] common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man[14] almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void,[15] and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit*

Portia. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.[16] O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry:[17] come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally*

[11] ANY HARM'S INTENDED—That any harm is intended.

[12] CHANCE—Happen.

[13] PRÆTORS—Magistrates.

[14] A FEEBLE MAN—The soothsayer here refers to himself. Evidently he was an old man. How do you imagine him to have looked?

[15] VOID—Open; where the street is not so narrow.

[16] BRUTUS HATH A SUIT THAT CÆSAR WILL NOT GRANT—Portia makes this remark to allay any suspicion in the mind of Lucius who has overheard her reference to Brutus' "enterprise," and who must be aware from Portia's strange manner that something unusual is afoot.

[17] MERRY—Well; as in "God rest you merry."

ACT III

Scene 1

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above [1]

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish.*[2] *Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæsar. The Ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay,[3] Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.[4]

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,[5]
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself [6] shall be last serv'd.[7]

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What, is the fellow mad? [8]

Publius. Sirrah,[9] give place.

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

[1] The Senate sitting above—See the uses of the balcony above the stage in *The Elizabethan Theatre*.

[2] *Flourish*—See Note 7, Act I, Scene 2.

[3] Ay—Yes. Pronounced like "I."

[4] Schedule—Paper.

[5] O'erread—Give your attention to, read over.

[6] Us ourself—Cæsar uses the language of royalty.

[7] Serv'd—Presented, attended to.

[8] Mad—Insane, out of his senses. Cæsar implies that Artemidorus must be out of his senses to presume to order him (Cæsar) to read the schedule after Cæsar has said that he will not.

[9] Sirrah—Fellow. A term used in addressing inferiors. "Give place" means make room, or get out the way.

CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate House, the rest following*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar*
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar:[10] mark him.
Cassius. Casca, be sudden,[11] for we fear prevention.[12]
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar[13] never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant:[14]
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time;[15] for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius*
Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer[16] his suit to Cæsar.
Brutus. He is address'd:[17] press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæsar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

[10] MAKES TO CÆSAR—Makes for or goes close to.
[11] SUDDEN—Ready to act quickly. Casca was to strike the first blow.
[12] PREVENTION—Being prevented from carrying out our purpose or plan.
[13] CASSIUS OR CÆSAR—Cassius means that if the conspiracy is unable to proceed that he will kill himself.
[14] CONSTANT—Calm.
[15] KNOWS HIS TIME—That is, he has not forgotten his part. It was agreed that Trebonius should get Antony out the way. The expression "knows his time" is an allusion, no doubt, to an actor's knowing his time for coming on the stage.
[16] PRESENTLY PREFER—Immediately present. [17] ADDRESS'D—Ready.

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant[18] Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart— [*Kneeling*

Cæsar. I must prevent[19] thee, Cimber.
These couchings[20] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood[21] of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance and first decree
Into the law of children.[22] Be not fond,[23]
To think[24] that Cæsar bears such rebel blood[25]
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools,[26] I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies,[27] and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing[28] of my banish'd brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,

[18] PUISSANT—Powerful.
[19] PREVENT—Interrupt, stop.
[20] COUCHINGS—Low bows, crouchings.
[21] FIRE THE BLOOD—Touch the heart.
[22] PREORDINANCE AND FIRST DECREE INTO THE LAW OF CHILDREN—Make laws ordained from the beginning no more reliable than the rules of children.
[23] FOND—Foolish.
[24] TO THINK—As to think.
[25] REBEL BLOOD—Blood which will act contrary to its "true quality" or steadfast nature.
[26] THAT WILL BE THAW'D FROM THE TRUE QUALITY WITH THAT WHICH MELTETH FOOLS—The meaning of the whole passage is: Do not think me of such a weak character as to be "softened by the kind of pleading that softens fools."
[27] LOW-CROOKED CURTSIES—Cæsar contemptuously compares Metellus' actions to a young girl's curtsy which was made by bending (crooking) the knees and bowing slightly at the same time.
[28] REPEALING—Recalling from exile.

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.[29]

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement[30] for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well mov'd,[31] if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant[32] as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality[33]
There is no fellow[34] in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all[35] doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[36]
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,[37]
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar—

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?[38]

Decius. Great Cæsar—

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless[39] kneel?

[29] FREEDOM OF REPEAL—Right to return from exile.
[30] ENFRANCHISEMENT—Restoration of his rights of citizenship.
[31] WELL MOV'D—Easily moved or influenced.
[32] CONSTANT—Firm, fixed.
[33] RESTING QUALITY—Steadfast nature.
[34] FELLOW—Equal.
[35] ONE IN ALL—The North Star, is the polestar.
[36] APPREHENSIVE—Endowed with intelligence.
[37] HOLDS ON HIS RANK—Keeps his place.
[38] WILT THOU LIFT UP OLYMPUS—Olympus, a mountain in Greece, was the home of the gods. Cæsar's remark means: Will you attempt the impossible?
[39] BOOTLESS—In vain.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [*They stab Cæsar*

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute?[40] Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies*

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits,[41] and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"[42]

Brutus. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.[43]

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.[44]

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;[45]
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so; and let no man abide[46] this deed
But we the doers.

Rcënter TREBONIUS

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.[47]
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run

[40] ET TU, BRUTE—And you too, Brutus?
[41] COMMON PULPITS—The rostra in the Forum from which speakers addressed the assemblies.
[42] ENFRANCHISEMENT—Emancipation, freedom.
[43] AMBITION'S DEBT IS PAID—Cæsar has paid with his life for his ambition.
[44] QUITE CONFOUNDED WITH THIS MUTINY—Wholly bewildered by this resistance to Cæsar.
[45] GOOD CHEER—Do not be afraid.
[46] ABIDE—Answer for, stand by, be held responsible for.
[47] AMAZ'D—Bewildered, dumbfounded.

As it were [48] doomsday.

Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.[49]

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So we are Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents [50] yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That [51] now on Pompey's basis [52] lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us [53] be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth? [54]

Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

[48] As it were—As if it were.

[49] 'Tis but the time, and drawing days out, that men stand upon—"How long we can draw out our life, is the only question we concern ourselves about."

[50] Accents—Words, language.

[51] That—Who.

[52] On Pompey's basis—At the foot of Pompey's statue on the pedestal or plinth (the basis).

[53] The knot of us—This band of ours.

[54] Shall we forth—Go forth, disperse.

Enter a Servant

Brutus. Soft![55] who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe[56] that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd[57]
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough[58] the hazards of this untrod state[59]
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come[60] unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently.[61] [*Exit*

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.[62]

Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgivings still[63]
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

[55] SOFT—Wait a minute! [56] VOUCHSAFE—Deign to grant, allow.
[57] BE RESOLV'D—Satisfied, informed.
[58] THOROUGH—Through. Compare with the word "thoroughfare."
[59] HAZARDS OF THIS UNTROD STATE—Dangers attendant upon this unprecedented course.
[60] SO PLEASE HIM COME—Provided it please him to come.
[61] PRESENTLY—At once. [62] WELL TO FRIEND—As a good friend.
[63] STILL—Always. The meaning is: My suspicions invariably turn out to be well founded.

Reënter ANTONY

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,[64] who else is rank:[65]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, while your purpled hands do reek[66] and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure.[67] Live a thousand years,[68]
I shall not find myself so apt[69] to die:
No place will please me so, no mean[70] of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire,[71] so pity pity—[72]

[64] BE LET BLOOD—Be killed. The allusion is to the old practice of letting blood to cure disease. [65] RANK—Diseased. [66] REEK—Fume.

[67] FULFILL YOUR PLEASURE—Do as you will with me.

[68] LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS—Though I live a thousand years.

[69] APT—Ready.

[70] MEAN—Means. The meaning is: No place will please me so much as here by Cæsar, and no means so much as to be cut off by you.

[71] AS FIRE DRIVES OUT FIRE—The allusion is to the old belief that the smart might be taken from a burn by holding it near a fire—the fire would drive out the fire.

[72] SO PITY PITY—Brutus means that the conspirators' pity for Rome drives out their pity for Cæsar.

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points,[73] Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper,[74] do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.[75]

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver[76] you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit[77] me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy[78] spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer[79] than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,

[73] LEADEN POINTS—Blunted points. An allusion possibly to the caps placed over the points of dueling rapiers in practice in Shakespeare's time.

[74] OUR ARMS IN STRENGTH OF MALICE, AND OUR HEARTS OF BROTHERS' TEMPER—The meaning is: Our arms, in all the strength of their hatred of Cæsar's ambition, and our hearts, which toward all others have only a brotherly affection, do receive, etc.

[75] DIGNITIES—Offices, honors. The practical Cassius knows that such an appeal is more likely to win Antony than Brutus' idealism.

[76] DELIVER—Tell.

[77] CONCEIT—Conceive of, think.

[78] THY—Refers to Cæsar.

[79] DEARER—More keenly.

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It [80] would become me better than to close [81]
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,[82] brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil [83] and crimson'd in thy lethe.[84]
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart [85] of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.[86]

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd [87] in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore [88] I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point [89] by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon [90] this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle:

[80] IT—Refers to weeping.
[81] CLOSE—Come to agreement.
[82] BAY'D—Brought to bay, a hunting term.
[83] SIGN'D IN THY SPOIL—Marked with the evidences of your destruction.
[84] THY LETHE—Death. Compare with our word "lethal."
[85] HART . . . HEART—Note the pun.
[86] COLD MODESTY—Moderation
[87] PRICK'D—Marked.
[88] THEREFORE—That is, to make it clear I desired to be considered among your friends.
[89] SWAY'D FROM THE POINT—Turned away from the business in hand.
[90] UPON—That is, upon the strength of the hope, etc.

Our reasons are so full of good regard [91]
That, were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce [92] his body to the market place;[93]
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order [94] of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon:[95]
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest [96]
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true [97] rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.[98]

Cassius. I know not what may fall; [99] I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

[91] FULL OF GOOD REGARD—So worthy.
[92] PRODUCE—Catty, bear forth.
[93] MARKET PLACE—The forum. Shakespeare had in mind of course the market place of an English town. "Pulpit" means rostrum.
[94] IN THE ORDER OF—In the course of the funeral ceremonies.
[95] BY YOUR PARDON—Pardon me if I differ with you, but I will, etc.
[96] PROTEST—Proclaim, declare.
[97] TRUE—Due.
[98] IT SHALL ADVANTAGE MORE THAN DO US WRONG—It will do our cause more good than harm.
[99] FALL—Befall, happen.

And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony*

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.[100]
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,[101]—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber[102] all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,[103]
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd[104] with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd[105] with custom of fell deeds:[106]
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging[107] for revenge,
With Ate[108] by his side come hot from hell,

[100] TIDE OF TIMES—Course of time.
[101] PROPHESY—The object of "prophesy" is "curse" in the third line below, the two lines set off by dashes being parenthetical.
[102] CUMBER—Encumber, oppress.
[103] SO IN USE—So common.
[104] QUARTER'D—Cut to pieces.
[105] ALL PITY CHOK'D—All pity will be choked.
[106] WITH CUSTOM OF FELL DEEDS—By the usualness of savage deeds.
[107] RANGING—Unable to rest.
[108] ATE—(Pronounced ā'tē) In Greek mythology a goddess of vengeance.

Shall in these confines [109] with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," [110] and let slip [111] the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion [112] men, groaning [113] for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body*

Antony. Thy heart is big;[114] get thee apart and weep.
Passion,[115] I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies [116] to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post [117] back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome,[118] a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market place: there shall I try,[119]
In my oration, how the people take

[109] In these confines—Within the territory of Rome.
[110] Havoc—In early medieval times the cry "Havoc" in battle was the signal for plundering, or merciless slaughter.
[111] Let slip—Release; a hunting term. [112] Carrion—Dead and decaying.
[113] Groaning—Because it was once believed that the spirit could not rest until the proper burial rites had been performed.
[114] Big—Overflowing with grief. [115] Passion—Grief, feeling.
[116] Lies—Lodges. To "lie" at an inn was a common expression in Shakespeare's day.
[117] Post—Hasten. Compare with the expression "posthaste."
[118] Rome—A pun is no doubt intended since the words "room" and "Rome" were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day.
[119] Try—Make trial to discover.

The cruel issue [120] of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse [121]
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body*

[120] ISSUE—Deed.
[121] DISCOURSE TO—Tell.

SCENE 2

The Forum

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied;[1] let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience,[2] friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.[3]
These that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered [4]
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally [5] we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes in to the pulpit*

3 Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: [6] silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! [7] hear me for my cause,[8] and

[1] SATISFIED—Have a satisfactory explanation for the assassination.
[2] GIVE ME AUDIENCE—Listen to me.
[3] PART THE NUMBERS—Divide the crowd.
[4] PUBLIC REASONS SHALL BE RENDERED—Reasons shall be publicly given.
[5] SEVERALLY—Separately.
[6] IS ASCENDED—Has gone up into the public "pulpit."
[7] LOVERS—Friends.
[8] FOR MY CAUSE—Brutus asks his hearers to listen out of respect for the great cause which he represents rather than out of their regard for him personally.

be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to[9] mine honor, that you may believe: censure[10] me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his; if then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As[11] Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would[12] be a bondman?[13] If any,[14] speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude[15] that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol;[16] his glory not extenuated,[17] wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforc'd,[18] for which he suffer'd death.

[9] HAVE RESPECT TO—Consider.
[10] CENSURE—Judge, not censure in the sense of blame.
[11] AS—Since.
[12] THAT WOULD—That he would.
[13] BONDMAN—Slave.
[14] IF ANY—That is, if there is anyone so base, let him speak, for it is only such as he that I can have offended by my part in killing Cæsar.
[15] RUDE—Lacking in self-respect that he would not be a Roman in preference to being a slave.
[16] THE QUESTION OF HIS DEATH IS ENROLL'D IN THE CAPITOL—The reason why Cæsar was killed has been placed on record in the Capitol.
[17] EXTENUATED—Belittled, diminished.
[18] ENFORCED—Enlarged, exaggerated.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,[19] a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen—

2 Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace[20] to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit*

1 Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;[21]
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding[22] to you.

[19] THE BENEFIT OF HIS DYING—The expression "a place in the commonwealth" is in apposition with "benefit." Brutus means that while Cæsar lived no citizen had his rights, and now that Cæsar is dead every man, including Antony, has had his rights restored.

[20] GRACE—Honor.

[21] CHAIR—The curule chair.

[22] BEHOLDING—Beholden, indebted to you for your willingness to listen.

4 Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?
3 Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans—
All. Peace, ho! Let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred[23] with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,[24]
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers[25] fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that[26] the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

[23] INTERRED—Buried.
[24] GRIEVOUS FAULT—Evil fault. There is evidently a play on words intended, for "grievously" in the line below is used in the sense of "dearly."
[25] GENERAL COFFERS—The public treasury. [26] WHEN THAT—When.

You all did see that on the Lupercal [27]
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn [28] for him?
O judgment! [29] thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;[30]
My heart is in the coffin [31] there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Citizen. Has he, masters? [32]
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.[33]

2 Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Citizen. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

[27] LUPERCAL—The feast of the Lupercal. See Act I, Scene 2.
[28] WITHHOLDS YOU THEN TO MOURN—Keeps you from mourning.
[29] JUDGMENT—Discrimination, the ability to see things in the true light.
[30] BEAR WITH ME—Be considerate of my feelings.
[31] COFFIN—Shakespeare had in mind the burial customs of his day. The Romans cremated their dead.
[32] MASTERS—Gentlemen.
[33] DEAR ABIDE IT—Dearly answer for it, dearly suffer for it.

And none so poor to do him reverence.[34]
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet;[35] 'tis his will:
Let but the commons[36] hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[37] in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.[38]

4 Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.[39]

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet[40] you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

[34] None so poor to do him reverence—There is none so poor or humble but that he thinks Cæsar beneath his regard.

[35] Closet—Study.

[36] Commons—The common people. Shakespeare used the term "commons" as it was employed in his day in the expression "lords and commons."

[37] Napkins—Handkerchiefs.

[38] Issue—Children, descendants.

[39] We will hear Cæsar's will—Note the pun on "will."

[40] Meet—Well, a good thing. See the fourth line below: " 'Tis good you know not, etc."

4 Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself [41] to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd [42] Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Citizen. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Citizen. Descend.

3 Citizen. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down from the pulpit*

4 Citizen. A ring, stand round.

1 Citizen. Stand from the hearse,[43] stand from the body.

2 Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far [44] off.

All. Stand back; room; bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.[45]
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

[41] I HAVE O'ERSHOT MYSELF—I have gone too far
[42] STABB'D—Note the brutal effect of this word.
[43] HEARSE—Bier.
[44] FAR—Farther.
[45] THE NERVII—The Nervii, "the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae," were defeated by Cæsar in a hard-fought battle of his Gallic Wars. Antony's reference to the battle is intended to appeal to the Romans' love of military fame and to call up their former admiration for Cæsar.

See what a rent the envious [46] Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing [47] out of doors, to be resolv'd [48]
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: [49]
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest [50] cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint [51] of pity: these [52] are gracious [53] drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

2 Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

3 Citizen. O woeful day!

4 Citizen. O traitors, villains!

1 Citizen. O most bloody sight!

[46] ENVIOUS—Malicious.
[47] AS RUSHING—As if rushing.
[48] RESOLV'D—Informed, assured.
[49] ANGEL—Favorite.
[50] UNKINDEST—Unnatural.
[51] DINT—Force.
[52] THESE—The tears Antony sees in the eyes of his hearers.
[53] GRACIOUS—Full of sympathy. Antony means: Your tears now are but the tears of sympathy and you have beheld only the vesture of Cæsar. Wait until I show you his body.

2 Citizen. We will be reveng'd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs [54] they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons [55] answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,[56] nor words, nor worth,
Action,[57] nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

[54] PRIVATE GRIEFS—Personal grievances.
[55] REASONS—Explanations.
[56] WIT—Ability.
[57] ACTION—Gesture.

All. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man,[58] seventy-five drachmas.[59]

2 Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge[60] his death.

3 Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,[61]
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad[62] and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Citizen. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Citizen. Go fetch fire.

3 Citizen. Pluck down benches.

4 Citizen. Pluck down forms,[63] windows,[64] any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

[58] SEVERAL—Separate, individual.
[59] DRACHMA—An ancient Greek coin, the equivalent of fifteen cents.
[60] REVENGE—We say "avenge." [61] ORCHARDS—Gardens.
[62] TO WALK ABROAD—For walking abroad.
[63] FORMS—Benches.
[64] WINDOWS—Shutters such as were pulled together over windows in Shakespeare's day.

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow!

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight [65] to visit him:
He comes upon a wish.[66] Fortune is merry,[67]
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid [68] like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike [69] they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring [70] me to Octavius. [*Exeunt*

[65] WILL I STRAIGHT—Will I go straightway.
[66] UPON A WISH—As opportunely as I could wish.
[67] FORTUNE IS MERRY—Fortune smiles.
[68] ARE RID—Have ridden.
[69] BELIKE—Probably.
[70] BRING—Conduct, take.

SCENE 3

A street

Enter CINNA *the poet*

Cinna. I dreamt to-night [1] that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy: [2]
I have no will to wander forth of doors,[3]
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS

1 Citizen. What is your name?

2 Citizen. Whither are you going?

[1] TO-NIGHT—Last night.
[2] THINGS UNLUCKILY CHARGE MY FANTASY—Things of evil omen weigh on my imagination.
[3] FORTH OF DOORS—Out of doors.

3 Citizen. Where do you dwell?

4 Citizen. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 Citizen. Answer every man directly.[4]

1 Citizen. Ay, and briefly.

4 Citizen. Ay, and wisely.

3 Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.[5]

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Citizen. That's as much to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang[6] for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 Citizen. As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

4 Citizen. For your dwelling,[7] briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 Citizen. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.[8]

3 Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt*

[4] DIRECTLY—Clearly.

[5] YOU WERE BEST—It were best for you, you had better.

[6] YOU'LL BEAR ME A BANG—You will get a blow from me for that remark.

[7] FOR YOUR DWELLING—As to your dwelling, where do you live?

[8] TURN HIM GOING—Let him go.

ACT IV

Scene I

A house in Rome [1]

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table*

Antony. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.[2]
Octavius. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lepidus. I do consent—
Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.
Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn [3] him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.[4]
Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?
Octavius. Or [5] here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus*
Antony. This is a slight [6] unmeritable [7] man,
Meet [8] to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold [9] world divided,[10] he should stand
One of the three to share it?

[1] *A House in Rome*—According to history this meeting was on an island in the river Rhenus near Bononia (Bologna).
[2] Prick'd—Marked.
[3] Damn—Condemn to death.
[4] Cut off some charge in legacies—Reduce the legacies left by Cæsar to the citizens of Rome.
[5] Or—Either.
[6] Slight—Insignificant.
[7] Unmeritable—Without merit.
[8] Meet—Fit for nothing else but.
[9] Threefold—Europe, Asia, and Africa.
[10] Divided—When the threefold world shall be divided among us.

Octavius. So you thought him;[11]
And took his voice who[12] should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.[13]

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:[14]
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.[15]

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint[16] him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind,[17] to stop, to run directly on,[18]
His corporal[19] motion govern'd by my spirit.

[11] So you thought him—Octavius is evidently much astonished at Antony's proposal to rob Lepidus of his share of the threefold world; and no doubt decides here that he will watch Antony carefully lest he himself suffer the fate of Lepidus.

[12] Took his voice who—Took his vote as to who, etc. See third line of scene.

[13] Proscription—The list of persons to be killed. It is said that 300 senators and 2,000 knights were put to death to avenge Cæsar's assassination. See origin of "proscription" in *Historical Background,* Section XVI.

[14] I have seen more days than you—In substance Antony's reply is as follows: "Octavius, I have had more experience with the world than you. I know how such things as our proscription generally turn out. In the end we shall be greatly blamed for killing so many persons, and then it will be useful to have a scapegoat. We shall say that the proscription was the work of Lepidus, and by so saying escape blame ourselves."

[15] Commons—The unenclosed and untilled land about a medieval English village. Here the villagers turned their animals loose to find what forage they could. See *Historical Background,* Section II.

[16] Appoint—Give.

[17] Wind—Wheel about, turn.

[18] To run directly on—To charge.

[19] Corporal—Physical or bodily.

And, in some taste,[20] is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited[21] fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion:[22] do not talk of him
But as a property.[23] And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers:[24] we must straight make head:[25]
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,[26]
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd[27] out;
And let us presently go sit in council,[28]
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,[29]
And open perils surest answered.[30]

Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,[31]
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt*

[20] IN SOME TASTE—In a sense.

[21] BARREN-SPIRITED—Dull, lacking spirit.

[22] ONE THAT FEEDS . . . FASHION—Antony means that Lepidus is not a man of independence or originality in thought or opinion. He gets his ideas, as it were, second-hand, from other men.

[23] A PROPERTY—A tool.

[24] LEVYING POWERS—Raising an army.

[25] STRAIGHT MAKE HEAD—Get our forces together immediately.

[26] BE COMBIN'D—Be made fast.

[27] OUR BEST MEANS STRETCH'D OUT—Let us make the most of the means at our disposal.

[28] PRESENTLY GO SIT IN COUNCIL—At once consider.

[29] HOW COVERT MATTERS MAY BE BEST DISCLOS'D—How we may find out about those matters concerning which we now know nothing.

[30] AND OPEN PERILS SUREST ANSWERED—How to meet the dangers we know of.

[31] STAKE—The allusion is to "bear-baiting," an amusement popular in Shakespeare's day. The bear was tied or chained to a stake by a rope about fifteen feet long, and then set upon or "baited" by bulldogs, especially trained for the purpose. The object of the sport was of course to see whether the bear could kill the dogs, or the dogs could kill the bear.

Scene 2

Before Brutus' *tent, in the camp near Sardis*[1]

Drum. Enter Brutus, Titinius, Lucius, *and* Soldiers; Lucilius *and* Pindarus *meet them*

Brutus. Stand, ho![2]

Lucilius. Give the word,[3] ho! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucilius. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation[4] from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus*

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,[5]
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.[6]

Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard[7] and honor.

Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.[8]

Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough;

[1] *Sardis*—A city in Asia Minor where, according to Plutarch, Brutus and Cassius joined forces.

[2] Ho—The signal to complete the stand or halt. It may still be heard in cavalry and artillery regiments, e.g., "Forward, ho!" Here "Forward" is the preparatory command, and "ho" the completion of the command.

[3] Give the word—Pass the word along the files.

[4] To do you salutation—To greet you.

[5] In his own change, or by ill officers—Either because of a change in his feelings toward me or by indiscretion in his officers.

[6] Satisfied—Have an explanation of the "things done," which were displeasing to Brutus.

[7] Full of regard—Full of qualities worthy of regard or esteem.

[8] How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd—Let me know how Cassius received you.

But not with such familiar instances,[9]
Nor with such free and friendly conference,[10]
As he hath us'd of old.[11]

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.[12]
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,[13]
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;[14]
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall[15] their crests, and, like deceitful jades,[16]
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within*[17]

Brutus. Hark! he is arriv'd.
March gently[18] on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and his Powers*

Cassius. Stand, ho!
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
1 Soldier. Stand!
2 Soldier. Stand!
3 Soldier. Stand!
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

[9] FAMILIAR INSTANCES—Marks of familiarity or friendship.
[10] CONFERENCE—Meeting.
[11] AS HE HATH US'D OF OLD—As has always been his custom.
[12] ENFORCED CEREMONY—Forced, or artificial politeness.
[13] HOT AT HAND—Spirited enough when held in check.
[14] METTLE—Spirit.
[15] FALL—Let fall, lower; that is, lose their spirits.
[16] JADES—Worn-out, worthless animals.
[17] *Low march within*—See *The Elizabethan Theatre.*
[18] GENTLY—In a not too impetuous manner.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form [19] of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content; [20]
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,[21]
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,[22]
And I will give you audience.[23]
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges [24] off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt*

[19] SOBER FORM—Grave, dignified manner of behavior.
[20] BE CONTENT—Be calm.
[21] FROM US—We should say "between us."
[22] ENLARGE YOUR GRIEFS—State your grievances in full.
[23] GIVE YOU AUDIENCE—Listen well to what you say.
[24] CHARGES—Troops.

SCENE 3

BRUTUS' *tent*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted [1] Lucius Pella
For taking bribes [2] here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,[3]

[1] NOTED—Disgraced.
[2] BRIBES—According to Plutarch, Pella, who had been prætor, was accused by the Sardians of having stolen public money.
[3] PRAYING ON HIS SIDE—Pleading in his behalf, written his defense.

Because I knew the man,[4] was slighted off.[5]

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself [6] to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.[7]

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have [8] an itching palm,[9]
To sell and mart [10] your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,[11]
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,[12]
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement! [13]

Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? [14] What! shall one of us,

[4] BECAUSE I KNEW THE MAN—This is Cassius' explanation for having written in defense of Pella. It sounds rather weak, and we may well wonder if this was Cassius' real reason.

[5] SLIGHTED OFF—Slighted, given no consideration.

[6] YOU WRONG'D YOURSELF—It was not much to your credit to defend such a man.

[7] IN SUCH A TIME . . . BEAR HIS COMMENT—This is no time to criticize every little (nice) offense.

[8] CONDEMNED TO HAVE—Accused of having.

[9] AN ITCHING PALM—A none too scrupulous conscience in taking money.

[10] MART—Barter, sell.

[11] YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE BRUTUS THAT SPEAKS THIS—You know that I should stand such an accusation from no one else, and that the only reason I take it from you is that I consider that no one except a man with your nice sense of honor would ever accuse me of "an itching palm."

[12] THE NAME OF CASSIUS HONORS THIS CORRUPTION—A good retort to Cassius' speech. Brutus says in effect: What would otherwise be considered dishonorable will be regarded as quite honorable if only your name, Cassius, is connected with it!

[13] CHASTISEMENT—Punishment. Cassius is much astonished that anyone should think of punishing him. Brutus has in mind of course only such a punishment as Cæsar suffered at the hands of the "people."

[14] WHAT VILLAIN TOUCHED HIS BODY, THAT DID STAB, AND NOT FOR JUSTICE—Who among those that stabbed Cæsar was villain enough to do so for any motive other than justice?

That struck the foremost man of all this world
But [15] for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell [16] the mighty space of our large honors [17]
For so much trash as may be grasped thus? [18]
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,[19]
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bait [20] not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; [21] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[22]

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health,[23] tempt [24] me no farther.

Brutus. Away, slight man![25]

Cassius. Is 't possible? [26]

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler? [27]
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

[15] BUT—For no other reason except.
[16] SELL—Barter away, lose.
[17] THE MIGHTY SPACE OF OUR LARGE HONORS—Our great honors.
[18] MAY BE GRASPED THUS—What gesture accompanies these words?
[19] BAY THE MOON—Bark at the moon.
[20] BAIT—Provoke. A pun is intended.
[21] HEDGE ME IN—Restrict me in my actions.
[22] OLDER IN PRACTICE, ABLER THAN YOURSELF TO MAKE CONDITIONS—More experienced in deciding what ought to be done in a campaign. Cassius now implies that he defended Pella as a matter of policy.
[23] HAVE MIND UPON YOUR HEALTH—Take care for yourself.
[24] TEMPT—Do not try my patience.
[25] SLIGHT MAN—Petty fellow. The expression is about equivalent to our term "windbag."
[26] IS 'T POSSIBLE—Cassius, conscious of the truth of Brutus' accusations, possibly pretends a greater astonishment than he feels.
[27] RASH CHOLER—Hot temper.

Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret [28] till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? [29]
Must I observe [30] you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,[31]
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.[32]

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting [33] true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not!

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him!

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

[28] FRET—Chafe.
[29] MUST I BUDGE—The emphasis is on "I."
[30] OBSERVE—Humor, always give in to you.
[31] DIGEST THE VENOM OF YOUR SPLEEN—Swallow your own wrath.
[32] WASPISH—Irritable, angry.
[33] VAUNTING—Boasting.

That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.[34] I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.[35] I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock[36] such rascal counters[37] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd[38] my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,[39]
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them[40] on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.[41]

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

[34] Respect not—Pay no attention to. [35] Indirection—Underhand means.
[36] So covetous, to lock—So miserly as to lock.
[37] Counters—Coins.
[38] Riv'd—Broken.
[39] Infirmities—Weaknesses.
[40] Them—Refers to infirmities.
[41] Olympus—A high mountain of northern Greece, believed in Greek mythology to be the abode of the gods.

For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd [42] by his brother;
Check'd [43] like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,[44]
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within,[45] a heart
Dearer than Plutus' [46] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; [47]
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.[48]
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced,[49] shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd [50] vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

[42] BRAV'D—Defied.
[43] CHECK'D—Rebuked, reproved.
[44] CONN'D BY ROTE—Learned by heart.
[45] WITHIN—Within my breast.
[46] PLUTUS—God of riches.
[47] IT SHALL HAVE SCOPE—It shall have free range.
[48] DISHONOR SHALL BE HUMOR—I shall henceforth think whatever seems to be dishonest in you is dishonest only because I am such an exacting person.
[49] MUCH ENFORCED—Greatly irritated. "Who" refers to "lamb" rather than to "flint."
[50] GRIEF AND BLOOD ILL-TEMPER'D—Grievance and bad temper.

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,[51]
When that rash humor [52] which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest [53] with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet.[54] [*Without*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Without*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* Lucilius, Titinius, *and* Lucius

Cassius. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic [55] rhyme!

[51] Bear with me—To put up with, to forgive me.

[52] Rash humor—Hot temper.

[53] Overearnest—When you take me too sharply to task.

[54] Poet—This incident comes from Plutarch. One Favonius, an imitator of Cato, who valued himself less on his dignity as a senator than on a kind of cynical freedom in saying everything, "in despite of the doorkeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of a purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in *Homer*:

> 'My lords I pray you harken both to me,'
> For I have seen mo years than suchie three.'

Cassius fell a-laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber," telling him that he pretended to be Cynic but was in reality a dog.

[55] Cynic—The proper noun "Cynic" designates a school of Greek philosophers, and is derived from the name of the place where these men were accustomed to meet, the gymnasium (school) Cynosarges. The Cynics advocated extreme simplicity in living, and carried their doctrine so far that they came to despise cleanliness, civilization, and labor. They cultivated a surly, antisocial attitude, so that they were sneeringly referred to as "dog-like," there being a close resemblance between the name of the sect and the Greek word "kunikos," which means dog-like.

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah;[56] saucy[57] fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.[58]

Brutus. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:[59]
What should the wars do with these jigging[60] fools?
Companion,[61] hence!

Cassius. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet*

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius*

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius*

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy[62] you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.[63]

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia!

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon[64] what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death

[56] SIRRAH—Fellow. The term implies contempt or inferiority.
[57] SAUCY—Presumptuous.
[58] FASHION—His way; that is, he can't help it.
[59] I'LL KNOW HIS HUMOR, WHEN HE KNOWS HIS TIME—I'll make allowance for his manner when he learns the proper time to exercise it.
[60] JIGGING—Rhyming.
[61] COMPANION—Fellow. Addressed to the Poet.
[62] YOUR PHILOSOPHY—Brutus was a Stoic, derived from the Greek "Stoa" meaning a porch or colonnade, where these men met for discussion. They taught that a man should be unmoved by joy or grief.
[63] GIVE PLACE TO ACCIDENTAL EVILS—Give way to misfortunes that cannot be helped.
[64] UPON—By.

That tidings came—[65] with this she fell distract,[66]
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.[67]

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Reënter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper*

Brutus. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks*

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks*

Brutus. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius*

Reënter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question[68] our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition[69] toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.[70]

[65] FOR WITH HER DEATH THAT TIDINGS CAME—Brutus received news of her death at the same time with news of the gathering strength of Octavius and Antony.

[66] FELL DISTRACT—Became distracted.

[67] SWALLOW'D FIRE—Plutarch says: "For Portia . . . determining to kill herself (her friends carefully looking to keep her from it) took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself."

[68] CALL IN QUESTION—Discuss.

[69] BENDING THEIR EXPEDITION—Directing their march. Philippi (fĭ-lĭp'ī) was a city in eastern Macedonia near the Thracian border. The place is now called Filibah or Felibejik.

[70] SELFSAME TENOR—To the same general effect.

Brutus. With what addition?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,[71]
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one!

Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,[72]
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art[73] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive.[74] What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

[71] PROSCRIPTION AND BILLS OF OUTLAWRY—By being declared outlaws and having their names posted (proscribed) as public enemies whom anyone might kill.

[72] ONCE—Sometime.

[73] IN ART—In belief. Cassius says that he believes in the Stoic doctrine as much as Brutus does, but that he could not practice it.

[74] TO OUR WORK ALIVE—Let us to our work with the living, and let the dead rest.

Cassius. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense;[75] while we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must of force[76] give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,[77]
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,[78]
By them shall make a fuller number up,[79]
Come on refresh'd, new-added,[80] and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon.[81] You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,[82]
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,[83]
Which, taken at the flood,[84] leads on to fortune;

[75] OFFENSE—Damage, injury.

[76] OF FORCE—Of necessity.

[77] THE PEOPLE . . . IN A FORC'D AFFECTION—The country between Philippi and Sardis is friendly to Brutus and Cassius out of fear only.

[78] ALONG BY THEM—Through their country.

[79] BY THEM SHALL MAKE A FULLER NUMBER UP—With their assistance will be reënforced.

[80] NEW-ADDED—Increased in numbers.

[81] UNDER YOUR PARDON—Please pardon me for differing with you.

[82] TRIED THE UTMOST OF OUR FRIENDS—Already assembled all the forces our friends can bring to our aid.

[83] THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN, etc.—Are these lines worth memorizing? Why?

[84] AT THE FLOOD—Ships oftentimes have to wait until the tide is full (at the flood) before they can put out from the harbor. The reason is that at the entrance of many harbors, especially such as are found at the mouths of rivers, there is generally a bar or shoal of sand or gravel, washed down by the stream. At low tide ships cannot pass over this bar.

Omitted,[85] all the voyage of their life
Is bound in[86] shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea[87] are we now afloat;
And we must take the current[88] when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.[89]

Cassius. Then, with your will,[90] go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;[91]
Which we will niggard with a little rest.[92]
There is no more to say?

Cassius. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Brutus. Lucius! [*Rëenter* Lucius] My gown.
[*Exit Lucius*]. Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassius. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus. Everything is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord.

Brutus. Good night, good brother.

Titinius and Messala. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala*

[85] Omitted—Neglected. [86] Bound in—Bound in by, prevented by.
[87] Full sea—Full tide, such as Brutus has described in the fourth line above.
[88] Current—The outrush of the tide.
[89] Ventures—Goods, merchandise risked (ventured) on shipboard. The word is used here more in the sense of opportunity.
[90] With your will—As you wish.
[91] Nature must obey necessity—The demand of nature for sleep must be satisfied.
[92] Which we will niggard with a little rest—And we shall satisfy the demand but scantily (niggardly) with a little rest. "Niggard" is here used as a verb.

Reënter LUCIUS, *with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here in the tent.

Brutus. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave,[93] I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd:[94]
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by-and-by
On business[95] to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch[96] your pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.[97]
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down*

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't[98] please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

[93] KNAVE—Boy, used with an implication of friendly familiarity.
[94] O'ERWATCH'D—Worn out with keeping awake.
[95] ON BUSINESS—To go on business.
[96] WATCH—Keep awake, that is, to be at hand should Brutus want them.
[97] OTHERWISE BETHINK ME—Change my mind.
[98] AN 'T—If it will.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;[99]
I know young bloods[100] look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous[101] slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden[102] mace[103] upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down[104]
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost *of* Cæsar

How ill this taper burns![105] Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous[106] apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?[107]

[99] Urge thy duty past thy might—Call upon you for services beyond your strength.

[100] Young bloods—Young people.

[101] Murderous—Because sleep resembles death.

[102] Leaden—Heavy as lead.

[103] Mace—A kind of staff carried before a magistrate as a symbol of his authority. The expression "to lay under the mace" means to cause to submit to authority.

[104] Leaf turn'd down—Here is another example of Shakespeare's attributing to the Romans the things with which he was familiar. The Romans had no books like ours.

[105] How ill this taper burns—It was formerly believed that the approach of a ghost would cause lights to dim or to burn blue.

[106] Monstrous—Unnatural.

[107] Stare—Stand on end.

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.[108]

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord?

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To Varro*] Fellow thou, awake!

Varro. My lord?

Claudius. My lord?

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro and *Claudius.* Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay: saw you anything?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes[109] before,
And we will follow.

Varro and Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt*

[108] FALSE—Out of tune.
[109] SET ON HIS POWERS BETIMES—Put his troops in motion in good season.

ACT V

Scene 1

The plains of Philippi

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their* Army

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:[1]
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles[2] are at hand;
They mean to warn[3] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut, I am in their bosoms,[4] and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places,[5] and come down
With fearful bravery,[6] thinking by this face[7]
To fasten in our thoughts[8] that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant[9] show;
Their bloody sign of battle[10] is hung out,

[1] Our hopes are answered—What we hoped for has happened.
[2] Battles—Battle lines.
[3] Warn—Challenge.
[4] In their bosoms—I know what their intent is.
[5] They could be content to visit other places—They would be glad enough to be somewhere else. Antony means to imply that they really do not wish to fight.
[6] Fearful bravery—With a show of bravery to create fear in us.
[7] Face—Show, appearance.
[8] Fasten in our thoughts—Make us believe.
[9] Gallant—Full of noble daring.
[10] Bloody sign of battle—Plutarch says that their "Signall of Battle" or battle standard was a scarlet cloak borne aloft on a spear.

And something to be done[11] immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly[12] on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?[13]

Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.[14] [*March*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others*

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.[15]

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?[16]

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.[17]
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows[18] are yet unknown;
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla[19] bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;

[11] TO BE DONE—Must be done. [12] SOFTLY—Slowly.
[13] EXIGENT—Exigency, critical moment.
[14] SO—As I have said, viz., lead upon the right.
[15] PARLEY—Conference.
[16] SIGN OF BATTLE—Signal to attack.
[17] ANSWER ON THEIR CHARGE—Await their attack and answer it.
[18] THE POSTURE OF YOUR BLOWS—The nature of your blows, or in other words, what kind of fighter you are.
[19] HYBLA—A town in Sicily famous in classic times for its honey, because the bees of Hybla fed upon thyme.

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
While damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue [20] had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause: [21] if arguing make us sweat,
The proof [22] of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar [23]
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,[24]
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cassius. A peevish [25] schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler! [26]

Antony. Old Cassius still! [27]

[20] THIS TONGUE—Antony's tongue. In what does Cassius refer in the next line?

[21] THE CAUSE—Let's stop this wrangling and get down to business.

[22] PROOF—Proving in battle the matter about which we are arguing.

[23] ANOTHER CÆSAR—That is, until Octavius himself has been killed.

[24] STRAIN—Family.

[25] PEEVISH—Senseless.

[26] MASKER AND A REVELER—Antony, who "revels long o' nights," is here made by Shakespeare to be a lover of masques—a form of amusement unknown to the Romans.

[27] OLD CASSIUS STILL—The same old Cassius!

Octavius. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.[28]

[*Exeunt Octavius, Anthony and their Army*

Cassius. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.[29]

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart*

Cassius. Messala!

Messala. What says my general?

Cassius. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.[30]
You know that I held Epicurus strong,[31]
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.[32]
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[33]
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted[34] us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;

[28] Stomachs—Courage.

[29] All is on the hazard—All depends upon the fortune of war.

[30] Am I compell'd to set upon one battle all our liberties—I am forced against my wish to risk everything on one battle. Pompey was forced against his own judgment by his less experienced officers to give battle to Cæsar at Pharsalia.

[31] Held Epicurus strong—Believed strongly in the teaching of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, who held that the gods concerned themselves but little with human affairs and that consequently it was foolish to pay attention to such things.

[32] Presage—Point to the future, foretell future events.

[33] Former ensign—Foremost standard.

[34] Consorted—Accompanied.

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As [35] we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.[36]

Brutus. Even so,[37] Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers [38] in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.[39]
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato [40] for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: [41] arming myself with patience
To stay [42] the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph

[35] As—As if.
[36] Constantly—Firmly, resolutely.
[37] Even so—This remark is addressed to Lucilius in concluding a conversation which has been carried on between him and Brutus.
[38] Lovers—Friends.
[39] Let's reason with the worst that may befall—Let us consider what we shall do if worse comes to worst.
[40] Cato—Cato the Younger who killed himself rather than submit to Julius Cæsar.
[41] Prevent the time of life—Anticipate the end of life by suicide.
[42] Stay—Await.

Through the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no:[43] think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassius. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt*

[43] No, Cassius, no—There seems to be some inconsistency between this and the previous speech by Brutus. Possibly the prospect of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome was too much for even Brutus' philosophy.

Scene 2

The field of battle

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[2]
Unto the legions on the other side:[3] [*Loud alarum*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor[4] in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt*

[1] *Alarum*—A call to arms sounded on the trumpet.
[2] Bills—Dispatches, orders.
[3] Other side—The left wing led by Cassius.
[4] Cold demeanor—Lack of spirit.

Scene 3

Another part of the field

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.[1]
This ensign[2] here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it[3] from him.
Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly:[4] his soldiers fell to spoil,[5]
While we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus

Pindarus. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far[6] off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough, Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

[1] Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy—I have turned an enemy to my own men. The explanation is in the following line.
[2] Ensign—Standard bearer.
[3] It—The standard.
[4] Took it too eagerly—According to Plutarch, Cassius was "marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their Enemies, and tarried not for the word of Battel, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful compass in the rest of the Enemies behind."
[5] Fell to spoil—Began to plunder, and consequently got out of formation so that they were quickly thrown into confusion by Octavius' counter attack.
[6] Far—Farther.

And here again;[7] that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.[8] [*Exit*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;[9]
My sight was ever thick;[10] regard Titinius,[11]
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.[12] Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cassius. What news?

Pindarus. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him[13] on the spur;[14]
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light.[15] O, he lights too:
He's ta'en. [*Shout*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cassius. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia[16] did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee,[17] saving of thy life,[18]
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

[7] AND HERE AGAIN—And ride back here again.
[8] EVEN WITH A THOUGHT—As quick as thought.
[9] HILL—See *The Theatre in Shakespeare's Day.*
[10] THICK—Dim.
[11] REGARD TITINIUS—Observe Titinius.
[12] HIS COMPASS—Its cycle, "this day" being Cassius' birthday.
[13] MAKE TO HIM—Hasten toward him.
[14] ON THE SPUR—At full gallop. [15] LIGHT—Dismount.
[16] PARTHIA—A region south of the Caspian Sea, subdued by Rome with the greatest difficulty. [17] SWORE THEE—Made thee swear.
[18] SAVING OF THY LIFE—Because I saved your life.

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman;[19] and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search[20] this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him*] Cæsar, thou art
reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*

Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit*

Reënter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Messala. It is but change,[21] Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success[22] hath done this deed.

[19] BE A FREEMAN—Earn your freedom by killing me.
[20] SEARCH—Pierce.
[21] CHANGE—Exchange; gain and loss on each side.
[22] MISTRUST OF MY SUCCESS—Doubt as to the outcome of my mission. Note that in the next line "good success" is the equivalent of our "success."

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt [23] thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Titinius. What,[24] Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, while I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, "thrusting" it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued [25] every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded [26] Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part: [27]
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies*

Alarum. Reënter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

[23] APT—Easily impressed.
[24] WHAT—Similar to "Oh" as in calling we say "Oh, John!"
[25] MISCONSTRUED—Misunderstood. [26] REGARDED—Honored.
[27] THIS IS A ROMAN'S PART—This killing of myself is but the duty of a Roman in such a case.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper [28] entrails. [*Low alarums*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, where he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.[29] Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos [30] send his body:
His funerals [31] shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.[32] [*Exeunt*

[28] PROPER—Own. The word emphasized the preceding "own."
[29] FELLOW—Equal, another like you.
[30] THASOS—An island off the coast of Thrace in the Aegean, where according to Plutarch, Cassius was buried.
[31] FUNERALS—Funeral rites.
[32] SECOND FIGHT—The second battle was actually fought twenty days later. Why Shakespeare departed from the facts here is explained in *A Study of the Drama.*

SCENE 4

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not?[1] Who will go with me?

[1] WHAT BASTARD DOTH NOT—Who is so baseborn that he will not?

I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, *and fight*

Lucilius. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honor'd being Cato's son.

1 Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die:[2]
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money*
Kill Brutus,[3] and be honor'd in his death.

1 Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner!

2 Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Soldier. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

[2] Only I yield to die—I yield only that I may die.

[3] Kill Brutus—Lucilius pretends to be Brutus in order to lead the soldiers away from his general.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanc'd.[4] [*Exeunt*

[4] Is CHANC'D—Has fallen out, or turned out.

SCENE 5

Another part of the field

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Clitus. Statilius[1] show'd the torchlight, but, my lord,
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering*
Clitus. What, I, my lord?[2] No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering*
Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?
Clitus. O Dardanius!
Dardanius. O Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

[1] STATILIUS—According to Plutarch: "Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, he would lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return with all speed to him. The torchlight was lifted up as he promised for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said 'If Statilius be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain."

[2] WHAT, I, MY LORD—What did Brutus whisper to Clitus?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel[3] full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several[4] times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:[5]
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:[6] [*Low alarums*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old,[7] I prithee,
Hold thou my sword hilts, while I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

[3] VESSEL—Person.
[4] SEVERAL—Separate.
[5] PHILIPPI FIELDS—Plutarch says, "The Romans called the Valley between both Camps, the Philippian Fields."
[6] BEAT US TO THE PIT—As hunters beat, or drive, animals.
[7] EVEN FOR THAT OUR LOVE OF OLD—If only for sake of our old friendship.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect; [8]
Thy life hath had some smatch [9] of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword*] Cæsar, now be still: [10]
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the* Army

Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but [11] make a fire [12] of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying [13] true.

[8] OF A GOOD RESPECT—Held in esteem.

[9] SMATCH—Smack, taste.

[10] CÆSAR, NOW BE STILL—Brutus addresses Cæsar's ghost, which can now rest, Cæsar's death having been avenged.

[11] BUT—Only.

[12] MAKE A FIRE—The reference is to the Roman custom of cremating their dead.

[13] LUCILIUS' SAYING—Find this in the previous scene.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.[14]
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time[15] with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer[16] me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save[17] only he,
Did that they did in envy of[18] great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all,[19] made one of them.
His life was gentle,[20] and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius. According to his virtue[21] let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.[22]
So call the field to rest;[23] and let's away
To part[24] the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*

[14] WILL ENTERTAIN THEM—Will consider employing them.
[15] BESTOW THY TIME—Take service.
[16] PREFER—Recommend.
[17] SAVE—Except.
[18] IN ENVY OF—Out of malice to.
[19] IN A GENERAL HONEST THOUGHT AND COMMON GOOD TO ALL—Honestly believing that he was acting for the good of all.
[20] GENTLE—Noble.
[21] VIRTUE—Worth.
[22] ORDER'D HONORABLY—Treated honorably.
[23] CALL THE FIELD TO REST—Give the signal to cease fighting.
[24] PART—Share.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564–1616)

I Parentage and Birth

It is said that more books have been written about Shakespeare than about any other man who ever lived. The writings and records of his day have been carefully sifted to screen out allusions and facts which might throw light on his life. Yet the undisputed facts bearing on his life and career are few. The very date of his birth is not definitely known. It is generally accepted that he was born on April 23, 1564, probably in a house on Henley Street in Stratford, one end of which was used by his father as a "Wool Shop." He was the third of eight children, the first two of whom died in infancy.

The father, John Shakespeare, has been variously referred to as a butcher, a tanner and glover, and a dealer in wool and grain and other farm products. At the time of the poet's birth he was a prosperous, well-to-do tradesman, well thought of by his fellow townsmen, who elected him to various offices including those of High Bailiff, or Mayor, and Chief Alderman. Sometime after 1564 he applied to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms, which carried with it the right to the title *Gentleman*. The application for this honor is an indication of his prosperity and of his standing in the community. Something of his make-up may be inferred from contemporary testimony that he was a "merry-cheekt old man," who evidently loved a joke. Shakespeare's mother was Mary Arden, daughter of a well-to-do landowner of Wilmecote, near Stratford.

II Boyhood and Education

What we know of Shakespeare's boyhood is for the most part an inference from his plays. The references there to the sports and games of boyhood justify the belief that he was a normal English boy, healthy in mind and body. He grew up in one of the most beautiful and historic sections of England—Warwickshire. That he was alive to the beauty of the English countryside, that he had seen the rising sun "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy," that he had lain under the greenwood tree and turned his note to the sweet bird's throat, that nothing of charm to eye or ear in field or stream or in the heavens above had escaped him

is the testimony of a myriad references to nature in his plays and poems. The neighborhood of Stratford was rich in historic associations of the kind which would appeal to an imaginative boy. Not far distant was Warwick with its "magnificent castle set upon a high rock of stone" surmounted by Cæsar's tower, which tradition said had been erected by Julius Cæsar. Possibly the play *Julius Cæsar* is an outgrowth of an interest in the great Roman which had its beginning in some imaginative fancy of boyhood.

John Aubrey (1626–97), an antiquarian to whom we are indebted for a few scraps of tradition about Shakespeare, has left us our only picture of the poet's boyhood. "His father," says Aubrey, "was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbors, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he kill'd a calfe he would doe it in high style, and make a speech."

For its bearing on Shakespeare's education, too much has probably been made of the remark by Ben Jonson that he had "small Latine and less Greek." It is a relative statement, and must be considered in light of the wide acquaintance with the ancient classics which passed for learning in those days. Shakespeare was no university man, it is true; but he certainly had far more schooling than Abraham Lincoln. He must have attended the King's New Grammar School at Stratford, which was a good school, until he was fourteen or fifteen. The course of study was in those days, even in what we call the grades, well ballasted with Latin authors, such as Virgil, Ovid, and Cicero; and the "making of latines" was begun early. For all Jonson's remark, Shakespeare had a better acquaintance with Latin than the average high-school or college graduate of our day, and there is evidence that he read many Latin authors, especially Ovid, with enjoyment.

Moreover, school in those days was heroic business. It usually opened at six o'clock in the morning and held until five in the afternoon. It was believed too "that the best Scholemaster . . . was the greatest beater." It is small wonder that Shakespeare's references to schools are generally uncomplimentary, and that he describes "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face" as "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." But it was not book learning which made Shakespeare great; it was rather his ability accurately to portray men from his own first-hand experience. His mind was alert and active. "His mind and hand," said the preface to the *Folio of 1623*, "went together; And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers."

III The Years Between

About 1576, the year in which *The Theatre* was opened in London, John Shakespeare seems to have fallen upon hard times. In 1579, the once prosperous wool dealer was himself too poor to pay his own "poor rate." According to local tradition the narrowness of the father's circumstances and the need for his son's assistance at home forced his father to withdraw Shakespeare from school. It was at this time probably that Shakespeare "exercised his father's trade."

During these years the only records we have of Shakespeare are those of his marriage in 1582 to Anne Hathaway, a woman some years his senior, and the records of the baptism of a daughter, Susannah, born in 1583, and the twins, Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585. After this he drops from sight until 1592. How Shakespeare was engaged in the years between his leaving school and his coming up to London has been the subject of much speculation. Aubrey says that "he had been in his younger yeares a Schoolmaster in the countrey," and a good case can be made out for the contention.

Just when Shakespeare went up to London, and what were the reasons for his going are uncertain. The oft-repeated story that Shakespeare fled his native Stratford to escape the ire of Sir Thomas Lucy in whose park he had been stealing deer seems to have no good foundation. Aubrey says that, "This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse, about 18; and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceeding well." This explanation has a naturalness which makes it seem probable. It should be remembered that Shakespeare had a family to support; and if he was naturally inclined to poetry and acting, what could be more natural than his going up to London to try his hand at the thing in which he was most interested. That he went up to London with some such motive in mind seems the more likely when we consider that he must surely have been aware of the development of the professional stage. Players frequently visited Stratford. In 1587, at least five companies played there. Shakespeare must have come to the conclusion that there was a good opportunity for one so inclined in the acting business. Just as in our day reports of fabulous salaries paid to screen stars have drawn great numbers to seek fame and fortune in the movies, so in Shakespeare's time the stories of "excessive gains" lured men to the business of common players. But whatever the facts, Shakespeare was in London probably by 1590, if not as early as 1588.

IV Shakespeare's Apprenticeship

There is a tradition that Shakespeare's first employment in the theater was that of "prompter's attendant: whose employment is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter . . . on the stage." There are other traditions, but none so likely as this. He started, no doubt, as a "hireling" or in some other subordinate capacity, but he certainly could have let no grass grow under his feet. He began early to try his hand at writing plays. Plays which would fill the house were in great demand by the ever-increasing companies of professional actors, just as scenarios which will draw the crowd are in demand in our day. Here again Shakespeare was evidently quick to sense opportunity, and he set himself to supplying the need. The first company of players with whom he became associated was the Earl of Pembroke's Men, and for this company he wrote his earlier plays, most of which are revisions or adaptions of older plays which had long been favorites with the public.

In 1592 and 1593 outbreaks of the plague caused the closing of the theaters in London. Pembroke's Men went on a tour in the country, but meeting with no success, they returned to the city, sold their stock of plays and disbanded. From the time the company went on tour until 1594, Shakespeare was apparently connected with no theater or troupe. During this period he turned to writing poetry with the purpose possibly of establishing a reputation as a literary man. It should be remembered that in his time plays were not published for the reading public, nor where they regarded as worthy the name of literature. He now wrote the poems *Venus and Adonis,* and *Lucrece,* and began the *Sonnetts.* These poems were well received and raised their author to a place of eminence in the literary world.

V Plays for The Lord Chamberlain's Men

In 1594, the famous company of players, The Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as The King's Men, was organized. It numbered among its members the most able and popular actors of the day, and it is significant of Shakespeare's reputation that he was taken in as full sharer apparently from the outset. With this company Shakespeare was actively associated as actor and as playwright for nearly twenty years. For it he wrote thirty-two of the thirty-seven plays which have come down to us in the *Folio of 1623,* and he had without doubt a hand in the writing and

revision of many more. *Julius Cæsar,* which was performed at the *Curtain* theater in 1599, was written in 1598 or 1599.

Of Shakespeare's career as an actor next to nothing is known. There is a tradition that he played Adam in *As You Like It* and the ghost in *Hamlet,* and he is known to have played in one of Jonson's plays. A man who knew him speaks of his having "played some kingly part in sport," and another contemporary pronounced him "excelent in the quality [profession] he professes." Possibly his fame as a playwright quite eclipsed his reputation as an actor, and for that reason, we hear little of his appearance on the boards.

VI Shakespeare in the Eyes of His Contemporaries

Of Shakespeare's engaging personality and of his uprightness of character there is the testimony of many who knew him. Jonson said, "I lov'd the man and doe honour his memory, on this side Idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature." He was evidently a most companionable man, open and gracious, without any touch of affectation. Men spoke of him as "good Will." Aubrey wrote, "He was a handsome, well shap't man: very good company, and a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." And Bishop Fuller, who had in mind no doubt many a tale of the Mermaid Tavern where the wits of the day used to foregather, set down in his book of *Worthies* that Shakespeare's "Genius generally was jocular, and inclining him to festivity."

VII Shakespeare the Man

Although we know pretty well what the world thought of Shakespeare, it is not so easy to discover what Shakespeare thought of the world and to find out what his own interests and opinions were. We have nothing to fall back upon but the plays, since he does not identify himself with his characters. We need always to guard against picking out here and there a few lines which agree with our own opinions, and saying Shakespeare thought thus and so. He gives us no sure clews as to what he himself thought about the men and women whom he presents to us. One cannot tell what he thought of Brutus as one cannot make out whether or not he sympathized with Shylock. He simply paints a life situation as he sees it, and walks away, leaving the beholder to make of the picture what he can. On the basis of the plays as a whole it is safe to say that his was a remarkably sane and well-balanced mind, quite without theories as to how the world should be run. He wrote as an impartial observer. He saw quite through the deeds of men, and possessed an understanding

of human nature unequaled by any other man in our literature. He was, moreover, a tolerant man, with broad human sympathies, and not without the saving sense of humor. And he certainly had an eye sensitive to natural beauty. We can also say that the plays give evidence of the alert, versatile mind of which his contemporaries spoke; he was quick to observe, and he saw accurately. He was no believer in popular government as we understand it; he introduces muddle-headed "citizens" into his plays, as he does in *Julius Cæsar,* only that they may show how muddle-headed they can be. He seems to have admired men of action who could keep their heads. And it is a commonplace to point out that he had no theories of how the world should be run, nor any moral lessons or reforms to force upon the world. To him evidently "the world was but as the world—a stage, where every man must play his part." He writes as one who says, "I will picture the world to you as it is, and you can draw your own conclusions."

VIII Shakespeare's Affairs

Although the known facts of Shakespeare's life are meager enough, it seems certain that he was successful financially. He was a full sharer in The Lord Chamberlain's Men and a part owner of the *Globe* and *Blackfriars* theaters. In addition, he received payment from his company for the plays with which he supplied it. In 1597, he purchased New Place, the "great house" of Stratford; in 1601, on his father's death he inherited two houses in Henley Street; in 1602, he gave £320 for 107 acres of land in Stratford and also purchased a house and lot adjoining New Place; in 1605, he invested £440 in the tithes of Stratford, and in 1613 he purchased a house in London for £140. His annual income from various sources at the time of his death has been estimated by Professor Adams at £386, well over $15,000 in our money, since in Shakespeare's day a pound was the equivalent of about $50 in our money.

Of the details of Shakespeare's life in London there is little enough. His heart seems ever to have been in his native Stratford, as his purchase of property there would indicate. No doubt he dreamed of the day when he could return to his great house to crown a life of labor with an age of ease. In 1596 he made application for a coat of arms, and ultimately received it. Did the life of a country gentleman beckon to him from the end of the road? He never described himself as a Londoner, but always as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gentleman."

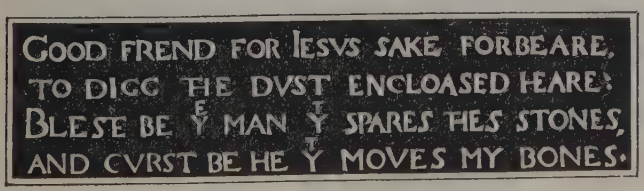
IX Shakespeare's Retirement and Death

In 1611, Shakespeare retired to his great house in Stratford. Why he should have left London at the summit of his career is a question for which there is no satisfactory answer. Possibly his health had begun to break. Perhaps he was satisfied with what the world had given him. Possibly the new fashion in the drama coming in at that time was little to his liking. It may be that he was simply realizing a long-cherished ambition. In 1613, however, he was back in London at work on *Henry VIII* with the dramatist Fletcher. There is reason to think that this was but a temporary return to meet an emergency, for he soon retired to Stratford again.

Of his closing years little definite is known. There is considerable evidence, however, that he held an honored position among his fellow townsmen, and that "his pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighborhood."

There is a story found in the diary of the Reverend John Ward (1629–81), Vicar of Stratford in the days of Charles II that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Drayton had a "merry meeting, and itt seems, drank too hard, for he died of a feavor there contracted." But whatever the facts, Shakespeare seems to have been ill for some time before his death on April 23, 1616.

He was buried in the church at Stratford, and on the flagstone over his grave was cut the inscription said to have been written "by himselfe a little before his death." This inscription, reproduced below, fulfilled a very practical purpose. It was the custom at Stratford, after a time, to remove the bones of those buried in the church to an adjoining "bone-house," and it was to prevent this that Shakespeare devised the inscription:


GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Tomb

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATER

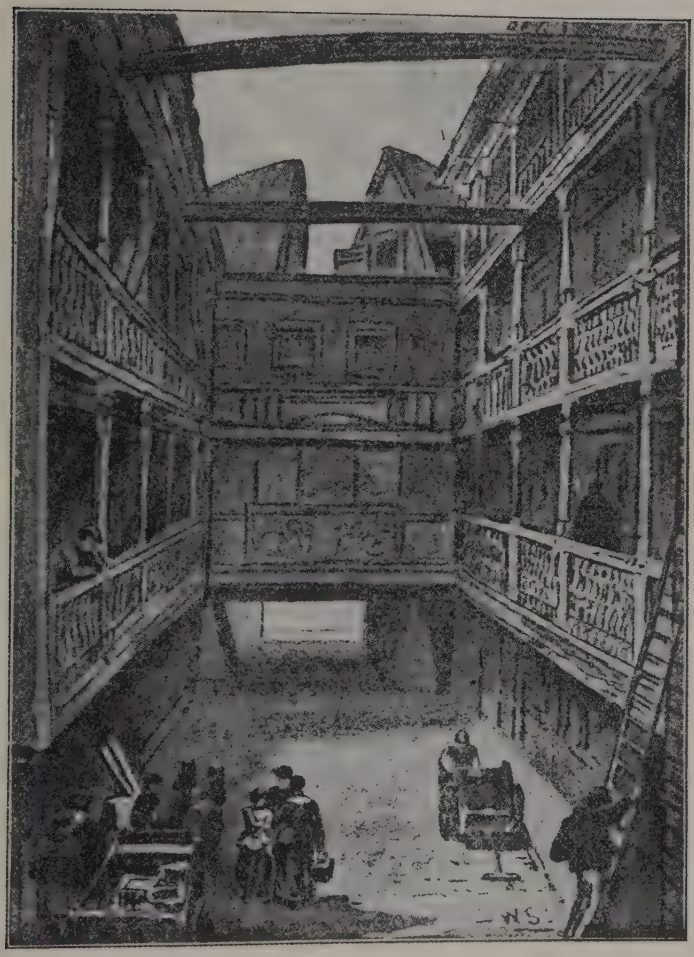
I Plays Given in Innyards

Although the first English playhouse was not erected until 1576, the public had long been familiar with the drama as an amusement. From the beginning of the sixteenth century mention of "Common Players" and "Strolling Players" of one kind or another became increasingly frequent in the documents of the time. The accounts of the corporation of Stratford, for example, show that companies of players frequently visited Shakespeare's birthplace. Wherever it was possible, such players set up their temporary stage, or scaffold as it was called, in the yard of an inn. These yards were well adapted to dramatic performances. They were open courts, usually quadrangular in shape, in the midst of the inn. As the picture of the yard of the Four Swans in Bishopgate shows, there were usually galleries, or porches, looking down upon the yard. The stage was set up at one end of the inclosure, where a near-by room might serve as a "tiring" or dressing room. The spectators, especially the common folk, stood in the yard, while the better class—the gentry, the burghers and the dignitaries of the town—occupied the galleries.

II The Theater of 1576

Nowhere, of course, was the popularity of the play more to be marked than in London, where it early attracted the displeasure of the Puritans who were strong enough in 1574 to secure the enactment of an Order of the Common Council in Restraint of Dramatic Exhibitions which read: "from henceforth no Inkeper, Tavern Keper, nor other person whatsoever within the liberties of this Cittie shall openlye shewe, or playe, nor cause or suffer to be openlye shewed or played with in the hous yarde or anie other place . . . anie play, interlude, comodye, tragidie, matter or shewe which shall not be firste perused, and allowed." This order led to the building of the first playhouse, called *The Theater,* which was erected by James Burbage in 1576 on a site just north of the city limits where the Order did not apply.

Burbage had formerly been a joiner, who "reaping but a small living by the same, gave it over and became a common player." He now



Yard of the Four Swans in Bishops Gate

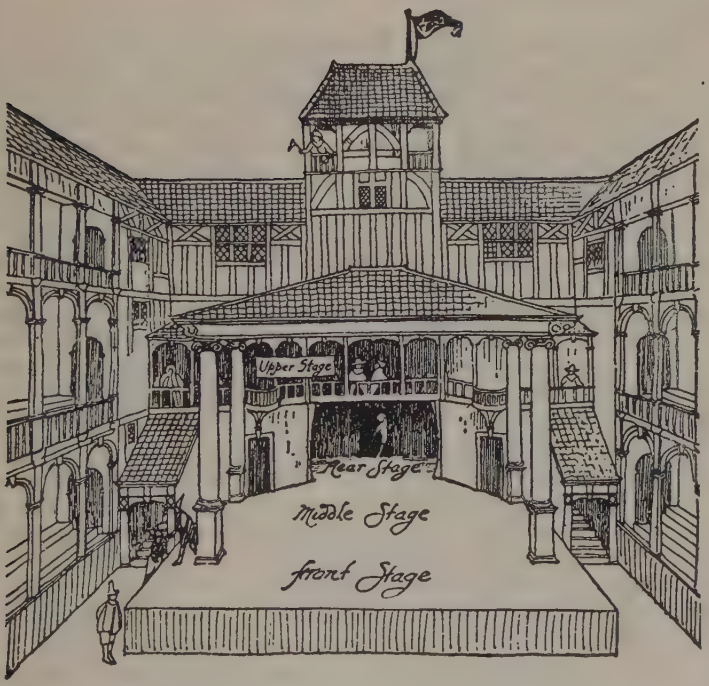
applied his knowledge of building to designing this new structure. For models he seems to have taken the innyard and the Bear Garden—a building south of the Thames where the popular sport of baiting

bears was housed. Contemporary prints picture the Bear Garden as an eight-sided tower-like structure enclosing a circular pit in which the bear was baited by the dogs. The picture of the *Globe* theater erected in 1598 from the materials of *The Theater* is on the exterior almost indistinguishable from that of the Bear Garden. It seems probably that the interior of *The Theater* was circular. In *Henry V,* written in 1598 very likely with the *Curtain* (a theater built in 1577 which seems to have been modeled after *The Theater*) in mind, Shakespeare speaks of the interior of the playhouse as "this wooden O," and the only picture of a playhouse interior which has come down to us, that of the *Swan,* probably modeled after *The Theater,* shows a circular interior. In this open space, which was called the *pit* or *yard,* on the hard-packed earth stood the "groundlings." About the inside walls on the three sides parallel and opposite to the stage were galleries, probably three tiers, after the fashion of the innyards. There was, likewise, as the pictures of the *Swan* and the *Fortune* show, a gallery over the rear stage. This was the "Lords roome."

III The Stage

The stage was a raised platform projecting out into the pit. In the *Fortune* theater the contract specified that it should be "in length forty and three foot . . . and in breadth to extend to the middle of the yard of the said house." It was "paled in below with good, strong, and sufficient new oaken boards." Over the "stage forward" was a "shadow or cover" supported by posts, "square and wrought pilaster-wise, with carved proportions called satyrs . . . placed and set on top of every" post. At the rear and under the Lords roome was a kind of recess—"the place behind the stage"—which might be cut off from the stage forward by a curtain or arras. This inner stage, without doubt, served for the closet of Brutus in Scene 1 of Act II, and again for the tent of Brutus on the plains of Philippi. Here Lucius placed the burning taper and here in the dim light appeared the ghost of Cæsar. The gallery above was also utilized on occasion. Here probably was "the Senate sitting above" in Scene 1 of Act III, and thither Pindarus "ascends the hill" in Scene 3 of Act V. Rising above the gallery was a turret from which flew a flag bearing the emblem of the theater. The swan on the flag shown above the playhouse of that name is clearly distinguishable in the picture. Here also was displayed at a window the flag hung out to give public notice when a play was to be given. This second flag is also to be seen in the picture. From this tower

also the trumpeter sounded the three blasts which announced that the play was about to begin. On each side of the middle stage were doors



Interior of the *Fortune* Theater, London, built in 1599

opening in to the tiring or dressing rooms. At one of these, no doubt, the conspirators knocked for admission to Brutus' garden.

IV Scenery and Properties

There was no scenery such as we know on the Elizabethan stage. It is possible that the curtain or arras at the rear sometimes bore a crude painted picture. A character in one of Jonson's plays speaks

of "a peece of perspective of some silke curtain . . . to hang the stage" and of "fresh pictures, that use to beautifie the decaied arras, in a public theater." It is probable, however, that the setting was generally indicated by no more than a placard or piece of cloth bearing the legend *Brutus' Orchard* or *Cæsar's House*. In Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* one of the characters exclaims: "Hang up the title: Our scene is Rhodes."

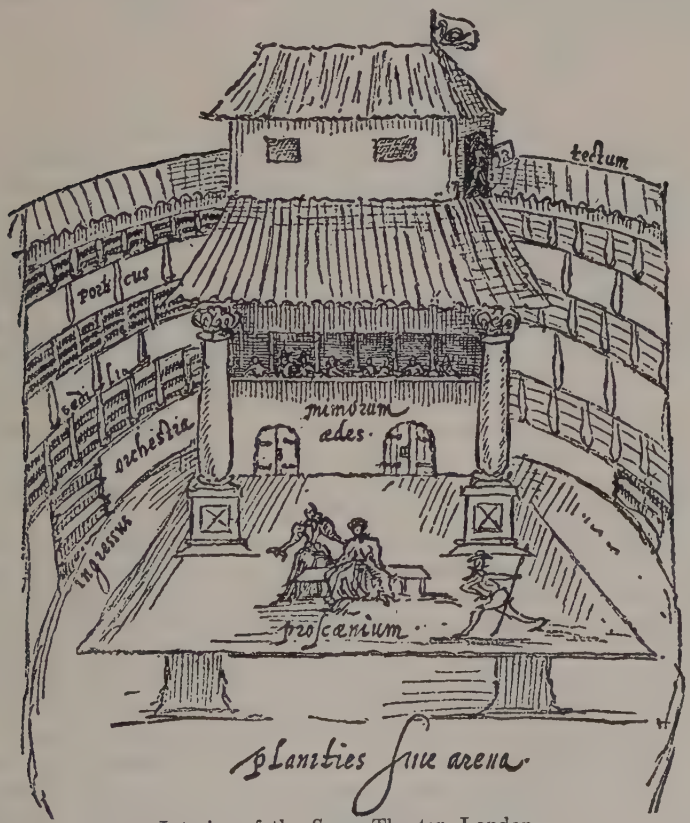
It has been pointed out by M. Jusserand that it was this lack of scenery which caused Shakespeare "to make up for the deficiency . . . by his wonderful descriptions of landscapes, castles, and wild moors. All that poetry would have been lost had he had painted scenery at his disposal." There is an example in the Conspiracy Scene in *Julius Cæsar,* where the conspirators dispute the position of the sunrise, and Cinna notes that "yon gray lines that fret the clouds are messengers of day." The effect and the necessity of Cinna's word painting will be realized if it is remembered that the Elizabethan theater was open at the top, and that the play was being staged in the broad daylight of afternoon. The same purpose is served in Scene 3 of Act I where Cinna exclaims, "What a fearful night is this!" In this last scene it is possible, however, that an attempt was made to simulate a storm. A writer of the time speaks of "the twelve-penny Hirelings that make artificiall Lightning" while "Drummers make Thunder in the Tyring-house." The stage direction *Thunder still* (Act I, Scene 3) would indicate that artificial thunder was to be continued throughout the scene.

Although there was little or no scenery, considerable use was certainly made of *properties*. The picture of the *Swan* shows a bench or settle on the stage, and other articles of furniture no doubt were used when required. A document of the time mentions "engines, weapons and powder used in plays," and it is known that the *Globe* theater was fired by the wadding of a cannon set off on the stage in the play *Henry VIII*. The diary or expense book of Philip Henslowe, a theater owner and producer of the time, mentions a number of things including a dragon, one rock and one tomb, and gives evidence that such things as a gallows and other "engines" were built as occasion required.

V Costumes and Display

Elizabethan actors made little or no attempt to dress according to the time and setting of the play. It has already been noted that Cæsar wore an Elizabethan doublet and that the commoners were evi-

dently abroad in the characteristic garb of English artisans. "Costume," says one writer, "was a means of indicating rank and office more than time or place; it was meant to reveal the characters rather than the setting of the story." The Elizabethan age delighted in extravagant display, especially in clothes, and the audience liked to



Interior of the *Swan* Theater, London

see Cæsar and Brutus and the great men of Rome appropriately attired in gorgeous apparel. The elaborate dress of actors is a matter of frequent comment in the literature of the day. Dekker says of him who "plaies the Roague on a stage," though he "weare rags, and patched filthy mantles upermost," his "under garments are hansome and in fashion." Edward Alleyn, a famous player of the time, paid

on one occasion over £20, which in Shakespeare's time was the equivalent of about one thousand dollars in our money, for "one blacke velvet cloake with sleves ymbrodered with silver and gold"; and when *Henry VIII* was first presented at the *Globe* there appeared in the play "Knights of the Order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like, sufficient in truth within awhile to make greatness very familiar."

VI Music, Songs, Eloquence and Noise

In the mere reading of the plays of Shakespeare, we are likely to overlook one of the chief attractions which appealed to an Elizabethan audience, and that is the appeal which was constantly being made to the ear throughout the play.

To begin with, Elizabethans were fond of music and song. Training in music was part of the education of every person of rank. Henry VIII, father of Queen Elizabeth, was even somewhat of a composer. The actors of the time were also accomplished in music, and there must have been in Shakespeare's company more than one excellent voice. The picture of the *Swan* shows at the left of the stage a place for the musicians—*orchestra.* In Shakespeare's comedies, songs with musical accompaniment were frequently inserted. Even in *Julius Cæsar* there is music and a song in Act IV, Scene 3, probably by Lucius who is mentioned elsewhere as carrying a musical instrument.

There was further delight for the ear and for the imagination likewise in the full-toned eloquence of Mark Antony; and the groundlings and swaggering gallants reveled in the "sour fashion" of Casca, the pompous and grandiloquent speeches of Cæsar, and the high words and threats of the Quarrel Scene. Many were the "play-scraps" hoarded up to be roared forth in the taverns which Dekker says are "the next places that are filled, after the Playhouses bee emptied."

But both groundlings and gallants also loved "sound and fury" for its own sake. They liked hurly-burly and commotion. The reader should note the frequency of trumpet calls and fanfares, and other appeals to the ear indicated in the stage directions by *Sennet, Flourish, Low march within, Cry within, Thunder and lightning, Drum, Clock strikes, Flourish and shout,* etc. And in Act V, the frequency of *Alarums* in the battle scenes no doubt served both to keep the audience on the alert and to stimulate its imagination. Shakespeare's audience found also in the noise and commotion of the mob scenes, such as Act III, Scene 3, the movement and excitement in which it delighted.

VII The Elizabtehan Audience

Plays were as popular in the days of Elizabeth as the movies are in our own. Everyone went to the theater except the Puritans, and some of them seem to have had first-hand knowledge of the playhouse.

The bulk of the audience was made up of groundlings—apprentices, serving men, soldiers, water men, carmen, colliers, tinkers, and the like—who stood to see the play on the hard-packed earth of the pit, admission to which might be had by paying a penny to the *gatherer* at the door. The Mayor complained that the theater was the "ordinary meeting place of all vagrant persons and masterless men that hang about the city, thieves, horse stealers" and others of ill-repute, and that the plays attracted "great multitudes of the basest sort of people," and were the cause for keeping the Queens' subjects from divine worship on Sundays and holy days at which time such plays were chiefly given; that they separated the poor from their money and were the occasion for robberies by the picking and cutting of purses; and that they corrupted the youth and were the cause of general disorder, frays, and quarrels.

The best seats were in the galleries. In the *Fortune* the galleries had "four convenient divisions for gentlemen's rooms, and other sufficient and convenient division for two-penny rooms," with necessary seats in these rooms and "throughout all the rest of the galleries." Here sat the "gallery-commoner"—the merchants and gentry. In the Lords roome, or "twelve-penny room next the stage," sat the more aristocratic patrons of the play, both men and women, the latter carefully masked. On the very edge of the stage itself sat the swaggering gallants of the day. Here "our fethered Estridge [ostrich]," as Dekker called the gallant, resplendent in satin doublet, white ruff and plumed hat might "have a good stoole for sixpence" and gain "a conspicuous Eminence . . . by which meanes, the best and most essenciall parts of a Gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tollerable beard) are perfectly revealed."

At best the audience was a turbulent and unruly one, and it took the genius of a Shakespeare to hold its attention. Thomas Dekker, a dramatist of the time, in his *Gul's Horn-booke,* which contains a satirical piece of advice entitled: *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse* gives us between the lines of his advice a vivid picture of a gallant playing "the Antickes" at the theater. "Though the Scarecrows in the yard," he writes, "hoot at you, hisse at you, spit at you,

yea, throw durt even in your teeth: 'tis most Gentleman like patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly Animals"; but if the "garlike [garlic] mouthd stinkards . . . cry out, *Away with the fool,*" as they evidently sometimes did, then Dekker warns the gallants that he "were worse than a madman to tarry by it." "It shall crowne you with rich commendation," he writes again, "to laugh alowd in the middest of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest Tragedy: and to let that clapper [your tongue] be tost so high, that all the house may ring of it: your Lords use [do] it; your knights are Apes to the Lords, and do so too: your Inne-a-court-man [students?] is Zany [mimic] to the knights." If the gallant is bored with the play, he is advised to "turne plain Ape, take up a rush [the stage was generally covered with rushes] and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing: mewe at passionate speeches, blare at merrie, find faulte with the musicke, whew at the children's Action [women's parts were played by boys], whistle at the songs: and above all, curse the sharers." If such on occasion was the behavior of Lords, Knights, and Gallants, what must have been the "hisses and mewes [catcalls] of the rascalitie"!

VIII Actors

Shakespeare's career as a playright was closely bound up with two famous companies of actors—The Lord Chamberlain's Company, which after the accession of James I, became The King's Men. The plays were written with definite actors in mind, and in some of them it is known for a certainty by whom the different parts were taken. In *Julius Cæsar,* however, it is impossible to do more than guess at the cast.

It can be safely said that Shakespeare's associates included some of the greatest actors who ever lived. The outstanding member of the group was Richard Burbage, son of the builder of *The Theater.* To two famous actors long associated with Shakespeare the world owes a great debt. These are John Heninges and Henry Condell, who "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare" collected and published the plays in the first complete edition, known as the *First Folio of 1623.* (A *folio* book is one in which the leaves are made by folding a sheet of paper, 19 x 15 inches, once, thus making four pages.) Had it not been for these devoted actor friends of Shakespeare, we should probably not now have the complete plays, for the plays were written to be acted rather than read

and when they had run their course on the stage there was little further interest in them. In Shakespeare's day plays were not regarded as literature of any merit; furthermore the companies who owned them did not encourage their publication lest they fall into the hands of rival actors.

One peculiarity of the Elizabethan stage was the absence of actresses. Women's parts were taken by boys—the "children"—especially trained. This accounts for the fact that Shakespeare frequently has his women characters impersonate men as Portia and Nerissa do in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for the further fact that in the plays as in *Julius Cæsar* men predominate.

The leading actors of Shakespeare's day were anything but vagabonds and roisterers. The men of The Lord Chamberlain's Company, like Shakespeare, made for the most part comfortable fortunes from their acting and their shares in the playhouse, and were not only men of substance but men of integrity and good citizens as well. Edward Alleyn was not only a great actor but an excellent business man as well. He must have made not far from a million dollars, most of which went to the founding of the College of God's Gift at Dulwich, which still exists; and he spent his declining years managing the affairs of the institution.

The actor's life was a strenuous one. Professor Adams in his *A Life of William Shakespeare* writes: "Elizabethan troupes . . . not only performed as a rule every week day, and often on Sundays, but also changed their plays from day to day in a most astonishing fashion. The following list from Henslowe's record of performances at the *Rose* in 1594 will illustrate how taxing this must have been on the memory of the actors [the list shows eleven different plays given on eleven consecutive days]. To care for such an elaborate repertoire, the forenoons of the actors were commonly spent in rehearsals, absence or even tardiness being heavily fined. The afternoons, of course, were occupied with performances before the public, lasting from two or three o'clock until five or six. As to the evenings, not a small share of the time, surely had to be devoted to learning new, or refreshing the memory on old, plays."

IX New Plays for Old

After the opening of *The Theater* in 1576, other playhouses followed in quick succession. At the time of Shakespeare's death in 1616 there were in London at least seven well-established theaters in which plays

were regularly given, not to mention certain great inns, such as the Boar's Head, where plays evidently continued.

So great was the demand for plays that not only professional literary men but scholars and courtiers as well tried their hand at playmaking. In their search for material, they ransacked the past. History, classic myth, legend, medieval romance, and folk tale were all grist to the mill. The situation much resembled that of our own day in which to meet the insatiable demand for movies the literature of the past has been freely used. Originality of subject matter was the last thing sought for. The play was the thing, and the dramatist thought no more of working well-known stories into his play than the scenario writer of our day does of adapting *Silas Marner* or *A Tale of Two Cities* to the screen. In fact, many of the old stories were popular, and people went to see them on the stage for the same reason that we go to see our favorite novel done in the movies.

There is a familiar note in the complaint of a writer of 1580 who accused the dramatist of "faining countries never heard of; monsters and prodigious creatures that are not; . . . the Pigmeies, the Cranes, and such other notorious lies. And if they write of histories that are knowen, as the *Life of Pompeie; the martial affairs of Cæsar* [there was evidently an old play based on Cæsar's life before Shakespeare wrote his], and other worthies, they give them a new face, and turne them out like counterfeits to showe themselves on the stage. It was therefore aptly applied to him, who likened the writers of our daies unto Tailors, who having sheers in their hand can alter the facion of anie thing into another forme; and with a newe face make that seem new which is old."

Shakespeare invariably made use of old material. In fact, he began his distinguished career as a re-vamper of old plays. His originality consisted in the treatment of his borrowed material, and before we criticize the dramatist we should remember Lowell's comment on Chaucer that if a man discover a process for converting a lump of lead into gold, we should not complain when he hands us the gold that he stole the lead.

X The Globe

Although Shakespeare's earlier masterpieces, including *Hamlet*, were for the most part presented to the public at *The Theater*, where The Lord Chamberlain's Men held forth from June, 1594, until the spring

The *Globe* Theater

of 1597, the great plays of his mature years were staged at the *Globe.* This theater was built in 1597 on the bankside south of the Thames. "Into the construction of the new playhouse," says Professor Adams in his *Shakespearean Playhouses* "went the timber and other materials secured from the old *Theater;* but much new material, of course, had to be added. It is a mistake to believe that the *Globe* was merely the old *Theater* set up on the Bankside, and perhaps strengthened here and there. When it was completed, it was regarded as the last word in theatrical architecture." The building was hexagonal in shape, of frame construction, and probably stuccoed on the outside. The interior was circular.

During the interval between the closing of *The Theater* and the opening of the *Globe,* Shakespeare's company played at the *Curtain.* Here *Julius Cæsar* was first produced in 1598–99. It was at the *Globe,* however, that The Lord Chamberlain's and The King's Men played during the height of their fame. In June, 1613, during the playing of *Henry VIII,* the last of Shakespeare's plays, the *Globe* caught fire from the wadding of a cannon, and burned to its foundations.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF JULIUS CÆSAR

I Julius Cæsar is a History Play

The incidents and characters of the play come with little alteration from the *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes,* a famous book of biographies written by the Greek scholar Plutarch who flourished in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. Shakespeare was familiar with the *Lives* in the vivid translation of Sir Thomas North. Shakespeare's interpretation of the characters of Brutus and Cæsar is somewhat different from that which history gives to each. His conception of each was shaped to serve the purposes of the drama—a matter concerning which more will be said at the proper time. The conflict of the play is that of history—the struggle for the mastery of Rome waged between the old republican senatorial nobility, represented by Brutus and Cassius on the one side, and one-man power coupled with kingly ambition, represented by Cæsar on the other. To enjoy seeing or reading the play an intimate acquaintance with Roman history is not necessary, yet an understanding of the historical traditions and the habits of thought which motivated the characters of the drama helps to make one's reading more meaningful and increases appreciation. The drama, of course, is to be read for itself rather than for its historical or informational content, which is in many places not accurate, yet as a portrayal of the great forces at conflict in Rome in the days of Cæsar, it is as authentic and certainly as vivid as any history has ever given us.

II The Beginnings of Rome

Rome began its great career as a small city state. Ferrero, the great Italian historian, thus describes it—"a community of free peasants occupying an area of nearly 400 square miles, with a population certainly not exceeding 150,000 almost entirely dispersed over the countryside and divided into . . . districts or rural tribes. Most of the families had a small holding and a cottage of their own, where father and sons worked together, growing corn [grain] for the most part, with here and there a strip of vine or olive. Their few head of cattle were kept at pasture on the neighboring common land; their clothes and simple

implements of husbandry they made for themselves at home. Only at rare intervals and on special occasions would they make their way into the fortified town, which was the center at once of their religion and their government." The citizens of early Rome were for the most part hardy and frugal tillers of the soil, distinguished for their simplicity, and for their civic and moral virtues. They were, moreover, redoubtable soldiers, and their prowess in war gradually established the sure supremacy of Rome over neighboring tribes.

III The Establishment of the Republic

According to legend, Rome was at first governed by kings, the last of whom, Tarquin the Tyrant, was driven from the city by his enraged subjects under the leadership of Junius Brutus, said to have been an ancestor of the Marcus Brutus of the play. A factor, no doubt, in the expulsion of the Tarquin was an extreme fearfulness of permitting too much power to one man—a characteristic of the Romans, especially of the aristocratic senatorial nobility, even down to the days of Cæsar, and one which the Brutus of the play is made to exhibit. (See Act II, Scene 1.) The kings driven out, a republican aristocracy was set up. At the head of the government were two magistrates called *consuls*, each chosen for a period of one year from the *patrician* order. The patricians ("men of the fathers") were probably descendants of the founders of Rome, heads of families *(gentes)*, and great landowners. All other citizens of the community *(populus)* were known as *plebs*, or *plebeians* ("fillers-up"). In the early days of the Republic, the line between *patrician* and *plebeian* was sharply drawn. Plebeians were excluded from the consulship and from other important offices of state.

IV The Republic an Aristocracy

We must not think of the Roman Republic as similar to the great democratic republic of the United States with which we are familiar. It was an aristocracy—a government by the "best men"—the members of the patrician nobility, who chose officials from their own order, and watched them carefully lest any one man rise to power above his fellows. It was for this reason that two consuls were chosen, so that one might be a check upon the other. And as a further safeguard against one man's growing too great, a law of the year 151 B.C. forbade reëlection altogether. The great mass of citizens, the plebeians, were at first excluded from many effective participation in the government; and so jealous were the members of the patrician order that it on occa-

sion banished or put to death those of its own members who it suspected were trying to raise themselves to power by soliciting the favor and support of the multitude.

V The Roman Senate

Supreme power was vested in the consuls, but force of custom required the consuls to listen to the advice of the *Senate*. This body, more or less continuously in session, numbered among its 300 members the most influential and able men of Rome. In it sat representatives of the noble patrician families and ex-magistrates experienced in the affairs of state. It was not an elected body, but its members, who held office for life, were in the early days appointed for character and ability by the *censors*, and later by the consuls. Though in theory an advisory body only, it was the Senate which throughout the history of the Republic was the actual governing body of Rome.

VI The Tribunes

The early years of the Republic saw a stubborn struggle between patricians and plebeians. In the course of time the latter succeeded in wresting concessions from the former. Perhaps the most significant plebeian victory was the concession of the right to elect two officers (later increased to ten) called *tribunes* (tribe leaders) who were given authority to veto (Latin, *I forbid*) acts of the consuls. The tribunes, who were elected by the plebeians in an assembly called for the purpose, came in time to exercise very broad powers of which we shall hear more later.

VII The Assemblies

The political power of the mass was exercised through *assemblies*, or gatherings of all the citizens of Rome. There were different assemblies for different purposes, but we need not concern ourselves with their distinctions. Apparently all these assemblies came in time to have legislative powers, including the exclusively plebeian assembly which elected the tribunes. An important thing to note is that these assemblies were not legislative bodies in our sense. They were mass meetings rather than meetings of elected representatives. They had no power to debate or amend measures; they might only vote on whatever was

laid before them by the presiding magistrate, and after the voting the assembly was dismissed. The voting was not by individuals but by groups. For example, in the *Assembly of the Tribes* the voting was by tribes, each citizen being enrolled in some one of the 35 tribes. The significant thing to note is that these assemblies were clumsy, unwieldy affairs, and that they afforded the great mass of citizens no means for educating themselves through effective participation in the business of government. It is no wonder that the small, compact, well-organized Senate maintained the direction of affairs.

VIII The Government of Rome Unsuited to Large Territory

The governmental machinery described above did well enough for a small city-state whose territory was not much greater than half the average county in the State of New York. As soon as Rome began to expand, the weaknesses of the system began to become manifest. By military prowess and fortunate circumstance Rome became in a comparatively short time mistress of the "threefold world," but once she had conquered the world, she had then to govern it. And at this Rome failed in the end completely. To begin with, Roman citizenship was held in jealous regard by patrician and plebeian alike, and the extension of citizenship was selfishly resisted, even to the neighboring Latins who resembled the Romans in blood and customs. In the second place, Rome devised no system of representative government, such as that which has enabled the English speaking people to govern their far-flung domains. It is interesting to note that after the battle of Cannæ in which many senators were killed, a proposal was made to fill up the Senate by inviting representatives from local senates in the Italian towns. Had this proposal been adopted the course of history might have been changed. The result of Rome's conquest was to place the whole Roman world at the mercy of 300 senators and the citizenry of a single city.

IX Increased Wealth Brings Trouble

The Romans were ever keen in money matters. The conquest of the world opened up great opportunities for money-making. Tribute poured into the city on the Tiber from conquered provinces, and returning generals brought many "captives home to Rome whose ran-

soms did the general coffers fill." Governors sent out to administer the provinces made themselves rich at the expense of the vanquished provincials. Stock companies bought the right to levy taxes in subject territories and earned fat returns for their shareholders by collecting a substantial surplus above the tax. Slave traders did a thriving business in captives taken in war. Land speculators and money lenders flourished. Companies engaged in trade made their members rich. Others prospered from favorable state contracts. Even the common soldier came to look upon war as an opportunity to better himself financially through plunder and the taking of captives who might be sold into slavery at Rome. With this influx of wealth came great changes in Roman life and politics. Simplicity in living gave way to luxury which demanded more money. The old Roman principles and virtues died out. In politics the high sense of duty which had characterized the early Roman aristocrat gave way to self-seeking, and the nobility joined in the race for wealth. There grew up, too, a class of "new rich" or profiteers—men for the most part of plebeian and non-noble origin who began to force their way into political life.

X Decline in the Character and Prestige of the Senate

The Senate, made up as it was, by the men to whom Rome's conquests would offer the greatest opportunity for money-making, was first to reflect the changes. Governorships in rich provinces became the objects of political ambition. Since it was customary to give to a retiring consul the government of a province, the consulship came to be sought in many cases simply as a stepping-stone to the provincial governorship. Wealthy plebeians, who had made money in trade, tax farming, and other ventures, now began to force their way into the Senate and the consulship for the advantage which political power would bring. The old nobility, the "best men," looked upon these "new men" somewhat as upstarts, and used its power to thwart them and their bargains. Here was the beginning of a division in the Senate between the *optimates* and the *populares* which in the end all but paralyzed the Senate as an effective instrument of government. The *populares* have sometimes been spoken of as the champions of the people against the corrupt nobility. Having come up from the people no doubt they had a natural sympathy for the mass and in their struggle against the *optimates* they found it to advantage to seek the support of the people, but it is to be doubted if they were any less selfish and corrupt than their opponents.

XI Senatorial Inefficiency Favorable to One-Man Power

The former efficiency and prestige of the Senate was greatly reduced by jealousies and factional strife. This became a serious matter when emergency demanded vigorous and energetic action. Such an emergency arose a few years before the birth of Cæsar when Rome became involved in a quarrel between two contestants for the throne of Numidia in Africa. Numidia was an independent state, but Roman business men had built up a valuable commerce in the country, a consideration which made them favor Roman intervention. One of the contestants for the throne sought aid of Rome, but found the Roman Senate, many of its members having been bribed by his rival, cold to his plea. His successful rival, Jugurtha, in the course of his conquest of the kingdom, massacred a number of Roman traders. The act angered the *populares* in the Senate, and they stirred the assemblies to action. As a consequence a war against Jugurtha was undertaken. In this war there came to the front one Marius—a man of humble origin, one of the "new men" who had made a fortune as a tax farmer and who had already forced himself into important offices in the Republic. Marius soon demonstrated that he knew how to raise and how to use an army. He defeated Jugurtha, and then turned to break up a threatened barbarian invasion which had thrown Rome into panic. The result was to make the plebeian Marius a hero in the eyes of the people. It happened that Marius was an ambitious man, and he wanted to be consul. The senatorial nobility—the *optimates*—hated him, but he had the enthusiastic backing of the assemblies, and what is more, he had a devoted army at his back. He was, moreover, the one man able to handle the military situation. The aristocrats swallowed their pride, and Marius was elected not only once but several times. The law forbidding the reëlection of a consul was set aside on the ground of necessity—an act which stood as a dangerous precedent to a later day.

XII The Change in the Army

Marius' success in politics was in part due to the support of the "new army" which he had created. In times past Roman armies had been recruited from the citizen-soldier class—men of property who were able to equip themselves and who served out of a sense of duty to the state. The enlistment was for a short period, and no standing army was

maintained. Rome's many wars, however, had somewhat depleted the citizen-soldier man-power and the changing conditions of Roman life had weakened the old duty motive, so that men were less and less willing to serve. Marius freed himself from the inefficiency and embarrassment of the old system. He enlisted men from the riffraff of Rome, and took into his service soldiers from alien peoples who cared nothing for Rome at all. He introduced better methods into the army and increased the period of enlistment to sixteen years. The important thing to note is that Marius built up a professional army composed of men to whom war was a business and not a mere duty of citizenship. Marius was careful to make war profitable to his soldiers and to use them well. The result was that this new professional army was more loyal to the person of Marius than it was to the state of Rome, and it was ready to support him even in defiance of the government.

XIII What Cæsar Learned from the Example of Marius

From the example of Marius, Cæsar, who was a shrewd observer of men and affairs, drew two conclusions. He learned that whoever wished to make himself master of Rome must have a loyal army at his back and he must have the support of the people. He saw that the old republican aristocratic jealousy of one-man power was still strong in the Senate, but he also saw that the growing power of the people might be used to thwart the will of the now declining Senate. Moreover, Marius' repeated reëlection as consul demonstrated that the law which forbade reëlection might safely be set aside by a strong man.

XIV Changes in the Tribunate

The first tribunes were elected by the plebeians to watch over their interests, and were given authority to veto, or block, acts of consuls and Senate whenever such acts seemed unfavorable to the people. As time went by, the office increased in importance. Various reforms took powers from the Senate and transferred them to the assemblies. The effect of these transfers had not been to increase the efficiency of the assemblies, which still continued to be the clumsy voting organizations they had always been, so much as to enlarge the powers of the magistrates, such as the tribunes, who were authorized to call the assemblies and lay business before them. As the struggle between *optimates* and *populares* became more acute, the assemblies, or rather the presiding

magistrates, came to hold the balance of power, so that that side won which could secure the support of the people. The tribuneship came now to be sought by ambitious men who were sometimes the tools of the nobility, but more often the servants of the "new men" in the Senate. Marius saw in this situation of affairs that one man, by securing the election of tribunes favorable to him, might raise himself to power on the support of the people. And this was another lesson not lost on Cæsar who took good care at a later day that the tribunes might be counted upon to influence the assemblies in his favor.

XV Change in the Citizenry of Rome

The changes which had been revolutionizing Roman life had not left the great mass untouched. By the time of Cæsar, the citizenry of Rome had degenerated into a rabble of state paupers. The causes steadily in operation to produce the result were numerous. Chief among them was the ruin of the independent citizen farmer described by Ferrero in Section I. Wars and uprisings of one kind or another in Italy itself tended to unsettle agriculture, but most discouraging to the farmer was a change in the system of agriculture resulting from Rome's conquest of great grain-growing countries. From these there flowed into Rome a steady stream of cheap grain which destroyed the market for the home farmer. The consequence was a giving up of grain growing and a turning to cattle raising and cultivation of the olive and the vine. Grazing and the growing of olives and grapes could be most profitably carried on only on the great estates of the rich, who had already stolen the public land under pretext of renting it from the state, and who worked their estates by slave labor. More and more of the small farmers gave up the unequal struggle each year and drifted to the great city of Rome, there to swell the numbers of an idle, restless, indigent city rabble. Whatever incentive to industry these men had was undermined by the ease with which one might get a full stomach in Rome. The practice by the state of selling grain below cost, originally begun to relieve the hardships occasioned by the Punic Wars, had been continued. In the struggle to get the support of the people, politicians won quick popularity by further reducing the price of grain. Marius used this method to catch votes, as did Cæsar at a later day. Finally, the state came to distribute grain free of any charge whatever. It is said that in the days of Cæsar 300,000 citizens were receiving grain *gratis* from the state. But feeding the mob was not all; it soon became necessary

to entertain it. Religious festivals, such as the "Lupercal" (see Act I, Scene 2), and the *triumphs* granted to returning generals became occasions of lavish outlay. Chariot races, dramatic shows, wild animal fights, exhibitions by jugglers, athletes, and dancers, and most popular of all, gladiatorial combats, came to be features of most entertainments. Moreover, wealthy men seeking political advancement found a way to favor and popularity by providing amusement for the mob. The nature of many of these shows was to degrade and brutalize a people already pauperized and without self-respect; and from the example of the rich it is said that drunkenness and immorality spread among the poor. Such was the citizenry of Rome whom the tribunes Marullus and Flavius, the tools of Pompey and the senatorial party, meet celebrating the return of Cæsar in Act I, Scene 1 of the play.

XVI The Breakdown of Government and Civil War

To checkmate Marius and the *populares,* the republican aristocrats of the Senate at length found a champion in Sulla, a patrician military leader, who in 88 B.C. for the first time in history invaded Rome with a Roman army, and by force of arms drove the Marians from the city Then followed a period of senatorial government under the protection of Sulla who began the practice of *proscription*—posting the names of his opponents as outlaws whom anyone might kill, and for the act receive the property of the slain man. During this period the power of the *populares* was broken, but time was on the side of the "new men" whom Rome's prosperity kept increasing in wealth and numbers. Following Sulla came Pompey, another military leader, who raised himself to a position of supreme power by much the same means as those employed by Marius, and under him the influence of the *populares* revived. But Pompey, outwitted by the more astute Cæsar, went over to the senatorial nobility and perished miserably as their leader on the battle-field of Pharsalia where the legions of Cæsar crushed forever the power of the republicans.

XVII The Rise of Julius Cæsar

Cæsar was a patrician by birth, but as a young man he seems to have seen clearly that the days of the Republic were numbered, and he cast his lot with the *populares.* Plutarch says that he had an "ill will

unto Sulla . . . by means of marriage," for Marius had married Cæsar's aunt. While Cæsar was yet a young boy, Sulla, seeing "many Marians" in him, endeavored to have him put to death, but he fled from Rome and went into exile.

Cæsar began his career by courting the favor of the people. Plutarch says, "The people loved him marvellously also, because of the courteous manner he had to speak to every man, and to use them gently." But he did not win popular support by courteous words alone. "He was very liberal in expenses, buying . . . the favor of the people . . . Some say that, before he bare any office in the commonwealth, he was grown in debt to the sum of thirteen hundred talents [$1,404,000 in our money]. And . . . when he was made Aedilis [an officer who assisted the tribune, and whose business was to provide for the public games], for that he did show the people the pastime of three hundred and twenty couple of sword players, and did besides exceed all other in sumptuousness in the sports and common feasts which he made to delight them withal (and did, as it were, drown all the stately shows of others in the like, that had gone before him), he so pleased the people, and won their love therewith, that they devised daily to give him new offices for to requite him."

One of the new offices to which the support of the people helped Cæsar was the *prætorship,* a kind of assistant consulship. As prætor, Cæsar went out to govern the province of Spain. Here he first showed his genius for war and administration. He returned "very rich, and his soldiers also full of rich spoils, who called him Imperator." He now aspired to the consulship. "His device was this. Pompey and Crassus, two of the greatest personages of the city of Rome, being at jar together [rivals], Cæsar made them friends, and by that means got unto himself the power of them both." These three men, designated by a later generation *triumvirs* (the three men), were for a long time the unofficial masters of Rome. Cæsar, who had most to gain from the alliance, made the most of the support of these two powerful men. As consul he continued to court the favor of the people and "put forth laws . . . distributing . . . corn to every citizen, *gratis,* to please them withal." When the nobility of the Senate protested against this practice, Pompey and Crassus threatened to support him by force.

After his term as consul, Cæsar went out to govern the province of Gaul. Here he achieved great fame which kept him before the eyes of the Romans. Moreover, he built up a formidable army which was loyally devoted to him. During Cæsar's campaigns, Crassus was killed in a war in Asia, leaving Pompey and Cæsar masters of the Roman

world. "Now Cæsar," according to Plutarch, "had of a long time determined to destroy Pompey." Pompey, who "had not long feared him, but always before set light by him, thinking it as easy matter for him to put him down when he would," at length became alarmed at Cæsar's growing fame and influence. He easily got the Senate, alarmed at the increasing power of this new popular hero, Cæsar, to make him sole consul. As such he began to embarrass Cæsar by recalling the latter's legions and attempting to deprive him of his command in Gaul. Cæsar in distant Gaul replied by sending his men to make suit in his name for the consulship. He made liberal use of the "treasure he had gotten among the Gauls" to bribe tribunes and to buy "the voices of the people with ready money." However, the two tribunes who were most active in the interests of Cæsar—Curio and Mark Antony—were driven from the city by the Senate.

Cæsar had no choice now but to march on Rome with his army. At the passage of the little river Rubicon, which separated Gaul from Italy, he hesitated, knowing "what mischiefs the beginning of this passage over that river would breed in the world." "But at length casting from him . . . all those perilous thoughts to come," he marched on Rome. Pompey flew to Epirus where he assembled an army. Cæsar, after being created consul, pursued Pompey and overcame him at the battle of Pharsalia.

Cæsar now set out to win greater military glory. He waged successful war in Egypt, in the kingdom of Pontus, and destroyed a republican army under Cato, who killed himself, in Africa. On his return to Rome, he made three great triumphs. "He very liberally rewarded his soldiers: and to curry favor with the people, he made great feasts and common sports. For he feasted all the Romans at one time at two-and-twenty thousand tables, and gave them the pleasure to see divers sword-players to fight at the sharp [gladiatorial combats], and battles also by sea."

There was yet in Spain a hostile army under the sons of Pompey. Against them Cæsar now marched and destroyed them at the battle of Munda. "This was the last war that Cæsar made." On his return to Rome he celebrated another triumph, and was proclaimed perpetual Dictator by a subservient and helpless Senate.

Plutarch says that Cæsar now aspired to become king, and that this covetous desire "made him mortally hated"—especially without doubt by the republican nobility, who had, as we have seen, always been jealous of any powerful man. It was out of this hatred that the conspiracy to murder Cæsar grew.

XVIII The Opening Scene of the Play

The opening scene of the play presents in dramatic form some of the historical facts which have been given in narrative form in the paragraphs preceding. The occasion is the festival of the Lupercalia. The Roman rabble is represented by "certain Commoners," who as enthusiastic supporters of the popular hero Cæsar, are abroad to make holiday and rejoice in Cæsar's triumph over the sons of Pompey. They are met by the tribunes Flavius and Marullus, who it is clear are the partisans of the republican senatorial party, for they belittle Cæsar's triumph and endeavor to undermine Cæsar's popularity by reminding the commoners of the greatness of Pompey. The impression which the commoners give is not a creditable one. They strike us as a rather unintelligent lot, easily won by outward show. They are quickly cowed by authority, and depart like scolded children, "tongue-tied in their guiltiness."

It is one purpose of the scene to give us a glimpse of the degenerate citizenry of Rome, and we come to the end of it with the feeling that the citizens are poor stuff. They are without integrity or independence of mind. They will support whoever is the hero of the moment and whoever distributes corn *gratis* and provides gladiatorial combats for their amusement. We are given a hint that they will turn from Cæsar as they did from Pompey. It was evidently the intention of Shakespeare that we should get this impression, for the play turns upon the fickleness and instability of the people, whom we shall find turning from Cæsar to Brutus, and as rapidly from Brutus to Antony.

The passage in North's *Plutarch* on which this scene is based reads: "Then were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison."

XIX Scene 2 of Act I

As the story is told in Plutarch this scene precedes Scene 1. It must be remembered, however, that Shakespeare is not bound to tell his story as the historian must. He is privileged to present the facts as he sees fit for the sake of dramatic effect.

The passage upon which the scene is based reads: "Antonius, who

was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So, when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But, when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then, Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But, when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the people shouted. Cæsar having made this proof found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol."

As a conclusion to this scene Shakespeare has used an incident which preceded it in Plutarch, who relates that on Cæsar's return to Rome from the city of Alba when "the Consuls and Prætors accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence, . . . he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them . . . as if they had been private men, answered them: that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common pepole also, to see that he should so lightly esteem the magistrates of the commonwealth: inasmuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease of the falling evil."

XX Shakespeare Followed Plutarch Closely

Throughout the rest of the play, Shakespeare followed Plutarch closely. All the events of the drama come from the three lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antonius as Shakespeare knew them in North's translation. This translation should be available to students for supplementary reading. An inexpensive edition of the three lives may be had from the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In the footnotes Plutarch has been quoted sometimes in the North translation and again in the more modern but less picturesque Langhorne version.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHARACTER STUDY AND DISCUSSION

I The Chief Characters in Julius Cæsar

In discussing the characters of the play, it should be remembered that Shakespeare was presenting the characters about which he had read in North's *Plutarch*. He was not writing as a biographer, interested in giving us the true picture of Brutus and Cæsar and the others, but as a dramatist whose purpose was to portray on the stage the characters as he met them in his reading. In the three hundred years since Shakespeare wrote, there has been a tendency perhaps to read into the persons of the drama things that Shakespeare never intended. Take Brutus, for example. Since Shakespeare's day the idea of "government of the people, for the people, by the people" has grown up, and the term *republic* has come to be synonymous with *democracy*. As a result, there is a tendency, perhaps, to think of Brutus as the champion of democracy against autocracy, and to identify Cæsar with autocracy. Nothing could be further from Shakespeare's conception of either character. To Shakespeare, Brutus was what he was to Plutarch—a champion of the old republican aristocracy of the "best men." When Brutus speaks of liberty, it is *his* liberty in the sense of his ancient privilege as a member of his class, and not liberty in the sense in which we use it to-day. Of popular government, Shakespeare repeatedly shows his contempt. He looked upon the "commoners" of Rome much as he did upon the "groundlings" of his own day—poor addle-pated stuff much in need of a master. For Cæsar, there is evidence that Shakespeare owned a great admiration. His treatment of him in the play is somewhat more favorable than Plutarch's and in other plays he has expressed appreciation of Cæsar's great qualities. History has given to both Cæsar and Brutus characters somewhat different from those of Plutarch. The former has fared the worse, the latter the better. In the play, for the purposes of the drama (see *The Drama*) the less likable characteristics of Cæsar have been emphasized, as have the virtue and admirable qualities of Brutus.

II The Characters as Shakespeare Had Them in Mind

When you read the following excerpts, you are reading what Shakespear read before he wrote the play, and these excerpts will give you

the pictures of Cæsar and the other characters which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote. There is a tendency to read into the characters, especially that of Brutus, traits that Shakespeare never intended. Our understanding of the term "republic," for example, is likely to make us think Brutus a great champion of democracy in our sense. It should be remembered that neither Shakespeare nor Brutus knew such a government as we have, and that they did not understand "republic" in the sense in which we use it.

The safest method in studying and discussing the characters of the play is to try in each case to answer the question: What did Shakespeare intend the character in question to be? Obviously, in trying to answer such a question it is very necessary to begin with the descriptions of the characters which Shakespeare himself read. This is the reason these excerpts from North's *Plutarch* are given. You will find the language old-fashioned and quaint, such as the English wrote in Shakespeare's time.

III The Character of Julius Cæsar

(a) When Sulla was determined to have killed him [Cæsar], some of his [Sulla's] friends told him, that it was to no purpose to put so young a boy as he to death. But Sulla told them again, that they did not consider that there were many Marians in that young boy.

(b) When Cæsar was taken by pirates, they asking him at the first twenty talents for his ransom, Cæsar laughing them to scorn, as though they knew not what a man they had taken, and of himself promised them fifty talents. Then he sent his men to get this money, so that he was left alone among these thieves; yet he made so little reckoning of them, that, when he was desirous to sleep, he sent unto them tó command them to make no noise. Thus he was not kept as a prisoner, but rather waited upon by them as a prince. All this time he would boldly exercise himself in any sport or pastime they would go to. And other while also he would write verses, and make orations, and call them together to say them before them: and if any of them seemed as though they had not understood him, he called them blockheads and, laughing, threatened them that he would hang them up. But they took all in good part, thinking that this his bold speech came through the simplicity of youth. So when he again set at liberty, he presently armed, and took many of them and hung up all these thieves openly upon a cross.

(c) It is reported that Cæsar had an excellent natural gift to speak well before the people, and besides that rare gift, he was excellently well studied, so that doubtless he was counted the second man for eloquence in his time [Cicero was first], and gave place to the first because he [Cæsar] would be the first and chiefest man of war and authority, because he was given rather to follow wars and to manage great matters, which in the end brought him to be lord of all Rome.

(d) In his journey, passing over the mountains of the Alps, they came through a little poor village. There, his friends asked him merrily, if there were any contending for offices in that town. Cæsar, speaking in good earnest, answered: "I cannot tell that," said he, "but for my part, I had rather be the chiefest man here, than the second person in Rome."

(e) But the time of the great armies and conquests he made, and of the war in which he subdued all the Gauls, made him to be known for as valiant a soldier and as excellent a captain to lead men, as those that afore him had been counted the wisest and most valiantest generals that ever were, and that by their valiant deeds had achieved great honor.

(f) Furthermore, he was so beloved by his soldiers, that to do him service (where otherwise they were no more than other men in any private quarrel) if Cæsar's honor were touched, they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves, and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them.

(g) For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain): but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but, contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, traveling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field.

(h) But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king: which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill will.

(i) Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age: so he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country.

IV The Character of Brutus

(a) This Marcus Brutus, having framed his manners of life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting of great things: was rightly made and framed unto virtue.

(b) He was properly learned in the Latin tongue, and was able to long discourse in it, besides that he could also plead very well in Latin. But, for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. [Note the style of Brutus' speech, Act III, Scene 2.]

(c) When the empire of Rome was divided into factions, and that Cæsar and Pompey both were in arms one against the other, it was thought then that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey had not long before put his father to death. But Brutus preferring the respect of his country and commonwealth before private affection, then took part with Pompey.

(d) When Cæsar left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy, where others [the people of other provinces] were spoiled and polled [plundered] by the insolency and covetousness of the governors, as if it had been a country conquered, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto their former troubles and miseries they sustained.

(e) When Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate house, the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day, that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate, "For myself then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty."

(f) Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to the conspiracy.

(g) Brutus, for his virtue and valiantness, was well-beloved of the people and his own, esteemed of noblemen, and hated of no man, not so much as of his enemies: because he was a marvelous lowly and gentle person, noble-minded, and would never be in any rage, nor carried away with pleasure and covetousness [Brutus was a Stoic], but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yield to any wrong or injustice, the which was the chiefest cause of his fame, of his rising, and of the good-will that every man bare him; for they were all persuaded that his intent was good.

(h) It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus only, that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him.

V The Character of Cassius

(a) Cassius being a choleric man, and hating Cæsar privately, more than he did the tyranny openly, he incensed Brutus against him [Cæsar]. It is also reported that Brutus could evil away [wanted only to do away with as an evil] the tyranny, and that Cassius hated the tyrant. For Cassius even from his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants.

(b) And men reputed him commonly to be very skillful in wars, but otherwise marvelous choleric and cruel, who sought to rule men by fear, rather than lenity.

(c) And as for Cassius, a hot, choleric, and cruel man, that would oftentimes be carried away from justice for gain: it was certainly thought that he made war, and put himself into sundry dangers, more to have absolute power and authority, than to defend the liberty of his country.

VI The Character of Marcus Antonius

(a) Now Antonius being a fair young man, and in the prime of his youth, he fell acquainted with Curio, whose friendship and acquaintance was a plague unto him [Antonius]. For he [Curio] was a dissolute man, given over to all lust and insolency, who, to have Antonius the better at his commandment, trained him on in great follies, and vain expenses upon women, in rioting and banqueting.

(b) He [Antonius] used a manner of phrase in his speech, called Asiatic, which carried the best grace and estimation at that time, and was much like to his manners and life: for it was full of ostentation, foolish bravery, and vain ambition.

(c) He had a noble presence, and showed a countenance of one of a noble house: he had a goodly thick beard, a broad forehead, crook-nose, and there appeared such a manly look in his countenance, as is commonly seen in Hercules' pictures. Now it had been a speech of old time, that the family of the Antonii were descended from one Anton,

the son of Hercules, whereof the family took name. This opinion did Antonius seek to confirm in all his doings: not only resembling him in the likeness of his body, but also in the wearing of his garments. For, when he would openly show himself abroad before many people, he would always wear his cassock girt down low upon his hips, with a great sword hanging by his side. Furthermore, things that seem intolerable to other men, as to boast commonly, to jest with one or other, to drink like a good fellow with everybody, to sit with soldiers when they dine, and to eat and drink with them soldierlike: it is incredible what wonderful love it won him among them. But, besides all this, that which most procured his rising and advancement was his liberality, who gave all to the soldiers and kept nothing for himself.

(d) The noblemen (as Cicero saith) did not only mislike him, but also hate him for his naughty life: for they did abhor his banquets and drunken feasts he made at unseasonable times, and his extreme wasteful expenses: and then in the daytime he would sleep or walk out his drunkenness, thinking to wear away the fume of the abundance of wine which he had taken overnight. In his house they did nothing but feast, dance, and mask: and himself passed away the time in hearing of foolish plays.

(e) Antonius, flying upon this overthrow [his defeat at Modena], fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity, and, the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself.

(f) He understood not many of the thefts and robberies his officers committed by his authority in his treasure and affairs: not so much because he was careless, as for that he over simply trusted his men in all things. For he was a plain man, without subtilty: but when he heard of them he was much offended, and would plainly confess it unto them whom his officers had done injury unto by countenance of his authority. He had a noble mind, as well to punish offenders, as to reward well-doers: and yet he did exceed more in giving, than in punishing.

(g) Antonius' nobility and ancient house, his eloquence, his plain nature, his liberality and magnificence, and his familiarity to sport and to be merry in company: but specially the care he took at that time to help, visit, and lament those that were sick and wounded [in the war against the Parthians], seeing every man to have that which was meet for him: that was of such force and effect, as it made them that were sick and wounded to love him better, and were more desirous to do him service, than those that were whole and sound.

A STUDY OF THE DRAMA

I The Drama Differs from Other Forms of Literary Work

In order to read any literary work with understanding and appreciation, it is necessary to know what it is that the author is trying to do. Knowledge of the purpose of any literary form is a help in discovering the purpose of the author. The literary form called *drama* may be defined as a composition written to be acted on the stage. Like every other form it has its own peculiar rules. It has already been pointed out that the dramatist is not bound by the rules which govern the biographer and the historian. He is not bound to give a true well-rounded picture of a character as the former is, nor is he restricted to presenting events in their chronological order as we expect the latter to do. Unlike the novelist, he may safely take liberties with details of life, for his purpose is not to give us an accurate picture of the life of the period.

II Illustrations from Julius Cæsar

How the drama differs from these forms may be illustrated from the play *Julius Cæsar*. It has already been pointed out that Shakespeare was engaged in presenting the characters he found in Plutarch. That the Cæsar and the Brutus of history differ from the Cæsar and Brutus of Shakespeare in no wise detracts from the play. It has been shown too that in Plutarch Scene 2 of Act I precedes Scene 1. This is not the only case where Shakespeare has taken liberties with events. According to Plutarch, Brutus' speech was not made until the day after the assassination of Cæsar, and again, there were actually two battles at Philippi with an elapse of twenty days between them. In the details of Roman life Shakespeare is frequently guilty of *anachronism*, that is, of introducing into Roman life things belonging to Elizabethan England. He speaks of the Romans as throwing up their sweaty nightcaps, Cæsar wears a doublet instead of a toga, the conspirators pluck their hats about their ears and Cassius tells time by a clock. Again, the forum is always called the market place, the rostrum is the pulpit, Cæsar is placed in a coffin, and the conspirators pluck down shutters

such as tradesmen in Shakespeare's day closed over their windows when they "shut up shop." Brutus turns down the corner of a leaf in his book, and he talks of the devil. The Romans knew nothing of night-caps, doublets, hats, clocks, market places, pulpits, coffins, shutters, and books. The details of the picture are English from the "commoners" who represent the Roman rabble to the "watch" of English constables which saw such marvelous sights before Cæsar was assassinated.

III The Law of the Drama

The anachronisms of which Shakespeare is guilty and the liberties which he takes with events in no wise detract from his greatness as a dramatist. The reason for this is that they do not violate the so-called law of the drama. This law demands first of all that the drama be built around a conflict. At the center of the play there must be a struggle—one central character must want something and he must be opposed. In *Julius Cæsar* if we regard Brutus as the chief character, Brutus wants to preserve the Republic and he finds himself opposed by Cæsar who wants to overthrow the Republic and make himself king. Now the dramatist is forbidden to present this struggle after the fashion of the historian who can tell us all the details, present all the causes for the struggle and give us his comment on the various aspects of it. The dramatist must present it to us on the stage through the medium of action. The law of the drama, therefore, demands that whoever writes a play show us human desire, or will, in action. We do not go to see *Julius Cæsar* to learn Roman history or to find out whether or not Cæsar's monarchy would have been better for the Romans than Brutus' republic. We go to see, or read it to see imaginatively, the struggle between Brutus and Cæsar. It is the conflict in which we are interested and we want to see it portrayed through action—or as we say, dramatized.

IV Limitations and Privileges of the Playwright

In the presentation of his characters and incidents on the stage in dramatic form the playwright is restricted by certain limitations. To begin with he is limited by the nature of the form he uses. What he presents must be given through the media of dialogue and action. He cannot, as the novelist can, tell us directly what kind of man a character is, how he looks, or what is going on in his mind, nor can he present

the story in narrative form. Of character, he can give us an understanding only in the following ways: (1) having the character tell us of himself, (2) having another character tell us about him, (3) showing us the character and leaving us to draw our own conclusions from his utterances and behavior. A second set of limitations are physical. The dramatist is limited to the kind of action which can be successfully presented on the stage of definite dimensions in a theater equipped with certain definite stage devices for producing effects. And a third limitation is one of time. The dramatist must write a composition which can be played in two or three hours. He cannot take all the time he wishes as the novelist can. Finally he is bound by the unities of action and character; and he must give us characters who act in accordance with what we may call the laws of human nature.

On the other hand, he is permitted certain privileges. He may pretend that characters speak *aside* and in *soliloquy*. He may pretend that his stage is now a castle, or a battle-field, or the deck of a ship. He may pretend that half a dozen men constitute an army or a mob. And he may take liberties with events to arrange them in the way which best serves his purpose.

In subsequent paragraphs these matters will be discussed more in detail.

V The Plot

The plot has to do with the arrangement of events. Everyone has had the experience of having heard a story "spoiled" because the teller let the cat out of the bag before the proper time. We say that he spoiled the point of his story. When at length he came to the point, it did not come with the effect which it might otherwise have carried. Another name for point is *climax*. We may define a plot then as the arrangement of events to produce a climax.

Shakespeare found the events of *Julius Cæsar* dispersed throughout the three lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. He took these and rearranged them to suit his purpose. It has already been pointed out that in Plutarch, Scene 2 of Act I precedes Scene 1, and Shakespeare's purpose in Scene 1 has been explained. In rearranging these events he acted in accordance with certain principles of dramatic construction. First, he recognized the necessity of presenting to the audience the preliminary material which it should need to comprehend whatever came afterwards. This was his purpose in giving us a glimpse of the fickle

populace of Rome in Scene 1 of Act I before proceeding with Scene 2. Second, he took care to arrange events and scenes so that our interest keeps rising or stepping up to the climax of the play. To this part of the plot the names *complication* and *rising action* are sometimes given. Our interest in the conflict keeps increasing throughout the rising action; we follow the play to see if the central character will succeed or not. In *Julius Cæsar,* if we regard Brutus as the chief character, the climax comes in the speech of Mark Antony at the point where Antony pauses first to observe the effect of his remarks upon the citizens. Up to this point the fortunes of Brutus have been in the ascendant. Here we see the mob waver, and we know that both Brutus and the Republic are done for. We know now how the play will end, but our interest lingers—we want to see what becomes of Brutus. To this part of the plot we give the names *resolution* and *falling action.* The death of Brutus is the *catastrophe,* and then in short space comes the *conclusion.*

The type of play to which *Julius Cæsar* belongs is called *tragedy,* for the chief character is defeated, and in all Shakespearean tragedy he is killed.

VI Unity of Action in the Drama

The dramatist's first problem is the selection of the events which he will use. Shakespeare did not use all the incidents he found in Plutarch's *Lives.* He took only those which served his purpose, and his purpose was not, as we have seen, to give us some interesting historical information, but to present a conflict. Therefore he took only those incidents and events which would, when he had rearranged them in his plot, serve to heighten our interest in the struggle between Brutus and the forces opposed to him.

Purpose is the determining factor in achieving what we call *unity* in the drama. If each of the eleven men of a football team plays with the single purpose of making a given play succeed, a unity in action results. We often say that such team works as *one* man. But if one man on the team for the sake of attracting attention to himself attempts a stunt of his own, he invariably destroys the result which unity of action, or teamwork, is designed to effect. It is so with the drama. No scene or event must be inserted simply because it is interesting as an episode in itself. It must always in some way contribute to increase our interest in the conflict. Scenes oftentimes serve two or three pur-

poses, but this purpose must always be one of them. It follows, therefore, that the dramatist in selecting what he will use must often decide what he will leave out. There is a good illustration in Scene 2 of Act III. The speech of Cassius to the citizens is not given in the play. Shakespeare might have had Cassius give it, but if we consider the dramatic situation here, we shall see that it would have served no purpose, and that it would on the other hand actually have marred the scene. At this point in the play we are rapidly approaching the climax—the crucial contest in the conflict. Shakespeare wished to present in sharp contrast the two forces in the struggle—the high-minded, plain-spoken Brutus, who appeals to the patriotism and civic virtue of his hearers, and the self-seeking, silver-tongued Antony, who panders to their baser natures. The speech of Cassius is quite unnecessary, and inserting it here would both slow up the action and distract our attention.

Unity of action, therefore, means only that every event and scene must in some way serve to increase our interest in the conflict.

VII Various Purposes of Scenes and Incidents

It has been pointed out that a scene may serve more than one purpose. Those which advance the main action, such as the Conspiracy Scene in Act II, are sometimes called *essential* scenes. Such a scene as Scene 3 in Act II, however, can hardly be called essential; yet it does not violate unity, for it heightens our interest in the main action by creating *suspense*. We learn here that news of the conspiracy has leaked out, and we wonder whether or not Artemidorus will succeed in warning Cæsar. Sometimes the effect of a scene or incident is to give a kind of relief to the intensity of the action. Often such scene or incident presents a *contrast* which heightens the effect of essential scenes. Such is the result of the Portia-Brutus episode in the Conspiracy Scene, or the Lucius incident in the same scene where the agitation of Brutus is heightened by the innocence of Lucius enjoying the "honey-heavy dew of slumber." Other scenes serve to create the impression that time has elapsed. Such is the effect of Scene 3 of Act III, and of the whole of Act IV. Again, such a short, hurried scene as Scene 2 of Act V creates an impression of the rapidity of movement in battle. The total effect of these different scenes and incidents is to give *variety* to the action and keep our attention alert by stimulating first one interest and then another.

VIII Relation of Plot and Character

In *Julius Cæsar* there is a close connection between plot and character. In tragedy, the plot or events must grow out of character and not happen by *accident*. Here is the distinction between tragedy proper and *melodrama,* and to make this clear it is necessary to explain what is meant by the term *accident*. As it is here used, the word does not mean accident in the usual sense of an unexpected happening without apparent cause, for in tragedy as in life, such an accident may happen. In the literary sense, accident refers to the practice of having an event arbitrarily happen simply to serve the convenience of the author or to satisfy the demands of "poetic justice." An illustration will make this point clearer. The writer of melodrama paints his villain an intense black, he has him perform all manner of wickedness, and he makes him cordially hated by the audience. When the author has done all this, he has on his hands the problem of satisfying the demands of the audience that the villain be "come up with." An easy way to meet the problem, appease the audience, punish the villain, and satisfy the feeling that "something ought to happen to the villain" is to kill him by accident in the usual sense—he is drowned, run over by a train, crushed by a falling tree, or otherwise violently cut off, or he may perish as one of Dickens' characters does by spontaneous combustion! We say that such a death is an *accident* also in the literary sense, inasmuch as it does not grow by the sequences of cause and effect from the character of the villain.

In *Julius Cæsar* the defeat of Brutus results by the operation of cause and effect from his own acts and his acts are what they are because Brutus is what he is. To illustrate: Brutus is an idealist—at least, he has no political sense. It has been said that Cassius thought of men as they are while Brutus thought of men as they ought to be. The whole play turns on the fact that for want of political sense, Brutus cannot see that the Republic is done for anyway, and that the Roman populace has become a degenerate rabble without honor, patriotism or self-respect. Again, Brutus' refusal to consent to the assassination of Antony and his second mistake in permitting Antony to speak are causes which lead to his own undoing, and in each of these cases his act results from his inability to see things as they are. There is another good illustration in Cæsar's vainglorious refusal to read the schedule of the soothsayer. His vanity cost him his life.

The melodrama invariably makes out to have a happy ending—the villain perishes miserably, the hero and heroine live happily ever after. In *Julius Cæsar,* to have Brutus and Portia reunited to live happily under pardons of Augustus would be impossible and ridiculous. For the tragedy of the play is not in the mere killing of either Cæsar or Brutus; it is rather in the fact that Brutus kills his friend to save Rome only to find when the mob shouts "Let Brutus be king" that the killing has been quite useless. It is a relief to see the disillusioned, grief-laden Brutus fall on his sword.

IX True to Human Nature and Consistency in the Creation of Character

Although the dramatist is not bound to scrupulous accuracy in handling the life of a period, he is bound to give us characters who act in accordance with human nature, or the laws of human life. This requirement is frequently misunderstood. Asking if a character is such a one as might actually be found to-day is not the same as asking if it is true to human life. Any newspaper will give evidence that there is no character in literature so abnormal but that his like may be found in life, as there is no act so foolish or so brutal but that one similar may be found in the news. What consistency with human nature means is that given a character such as the dramatist sets before us would the character act as the dramatist makes him in the circumstances of the play. It is, therefore, always necessary to get an accurate understanding of the characters as the dramatist unfolds them.

In the play, for example, the question is not: Do you think that the Cæsar of history would have been so easily played upon by Decius? (See Scene 2, Act II.) It is rather: Does Cæsar act consistently with the character which Shakespeare has given him? Or take Scene 3 of Act III, does the mob in lynching Cinna the poet, simply because he bears the name of one of the conspirators, act as a mob would? If so, we must say that the picture is true to human life.

Another quality which we look for in the characters of a play is individuality. They must not be true to human life in the sense that they are mere stock characters or animated types. Perhaps the best test of such a quality is: Does the character stand out in your mind as distinctly as some person you know? The character may in general characteristics, it is true, somewhat resemble some person you have known or of whom you have read, as Brutus may be said in some re-

spects to resemble John Brown, yet he has his own individuality as clearly cut as that of the historical idealist who believed that single-handed he could end human slavery. Shakespeare was very successful in creating characters at once true to human nature and yet strikingly individual. Even minor characters illustrate the point. Compare for the purpose the two tribunes Marullus and Flavius, or read consecutively the speeches of each of the citizens in the Funeral Scene and note how each citizen seems to be somewhat different from the other in his make-up.

HOW TO READ JULIUS CÆSAR

Fully to appreciate a drama, one must always bear in mind as he reads that the drama is a composition written to be acted on the stage. For this reason seeing a play once is better than reading it twice, for it is designed to be seen, heard, and felt. You need to read not merely with your eyes, but with your imagination alert, picturing how the characters look and act. Are they old or young? grave or gay? happy or downcast? Are they pleasing in manner, or offensive? How are they dressed? With what tone of voice do they speak? What expressions play over their faces? With what display of feeling do they act and talk? What motives or reasons are behind the things they say and do? Such are the questions which you must be perpetually asking yourself as you read, and your enjoyment of your reading will be proportionate to your ability to re-create in your mind's eye the characters and scenes of the play.

Getting the meaning from the printed word is not the end of your reading. This is but the means to a more important end—the realization, or making real in your experience, of everything in the drama itself. Re-creating the characters, and coming to understand human nature the better through entering sympathetically into the feelings and moods of those characters—becoming temporarily someone else—are the things which will give you pleasure and profit. Shakespeare's vocabulary is difficult for the modern reader. Many words which he knew have dropped from use since his day, and many other have quite changed their meanings. Nor is his grammar our grammar. Constructions and expressions which were instantly clear to the unlettered apprentices who heard Shakespeare's plays, now give college professors cause for dispute. Now to dig out the meanings of Shakespeare's language is not to read him except in a very limited sense. For this reason

this book carries an abundance of footnotes explaining difficult passages and unusual words, so that your attention in reading may be directed to creating the pictures and feelings which Shakespeare's words, when put together, will call up in your imagination.

When you open to the play itself, you will note that it is not written in the language which people speak every day. Nor did the people of the days of Shakespeare speak as the dramatist wrote, for the play is in poetry. It is done in what is known as *blank verse,* a name given in English poetry particularly to the unrimed iambic pentameter line. In this verse pattern some of the most famous poems of our literature have been written. Any good rhetoric or encyclopedia will explain in detail what is meant by the terms *iambic* and *pentameter* and if you are interested, you may look them up. The significant point here is that the play is in poetic form, and that being such, it is meant to be read aloud, for the reason that the very sound of poetry has power to heighten the imaginative and emotional effects which it seeks to produce in the reader. Learn to read aloud the passages and scenes which you like. In the notes which follow you will find suggestions as to the manner in which the various characters speak in the different situations of the play.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Begin by reading the play through in a few assignments to get a general idea of it and an impression of it as a whole. Do not spend much time on trying to understand passages which seem difficult. Get acquainted with the mere facts of the story and the chief characters.

After this first reading hold a class discussion on the play as a whole. Exchange opinions about it. At the close of the discussion formulate your impressions, that is, write down in a few sentences your ideas about anything in the play which strikes your attention or interest. Answering some such questions as the following will probably help you to get at your own ideas. Would you recommend the play to another boy or girl? If so, why? What scenes do you like? What do you think of Cæsar? of Brutus? Which was the greater man? Do you think Cæsar should have been assassinated? Should Brutus have been killed? Why did Brutus conspire against Cæsar? Do you understand people about you any better for reading the play? Do you think Shakespeare as interesting as some other writer you know? If not, why? After you have written your impressions of the play, turn them

in to your teacher without signing your names. After the second reading of the play, let the teacher read the opinions to the class. Hold a second discussion and let the class decide whether or not the first opinions are correct. Possibly you yourself will have changed your mind.

On your second reading of the play, go over it scene by scene. Keep in mind in every discussion the following four things:

1. Acting, Stage Business, and Appearance of the Characters—How do the characters look, and handle themselves on the stage? What is their manner? Would they be seated or standing or walking about? What facial expressions accompany their speeches? In short, how would you act if you were to play the part? Here you will have to use your imagination. Getting a picture of the general situation, trying to discover just what kind of person each character is, and trying to hear his words will help you decide these questions. Visualize each scene as a whole, having a mind to the circumstances under which each character is acting.

2. Character—It is important to get as complete and as accurate a conception of each character as possible when he first appears in the play. Reconstruct their lives before you meet them in the play to understand why they are what they are, and to get at their motives or reasons for acting as they do. As you read, watch for the things which reveal character: the actions, the speeches of the character, and the speeches of others about the character.

3. Effect of the Language—Try to detect in each speech the attitude, or state of mind of the speaker. The author does not simply put speeches into the mouths of his characters; they grow out of the nature of the characters and the particular situation. Sensing the whole situation and asking yourself how the character must have felt under the circumstances will help you get the feeling in each speech. Put yourself in the place of each character. Reading aloud will help you, for the sound of the language often suggests the mood or feeling.

4. Plot—(a) Note instances of how the arrangement of the scene increases interest. (b) Find places where everything that passed between the characters is not given. Discover if you can what the effect of including everything would be on the reader's interest. (c) Watch to see proof of the fact that the events do not "just happen" but that they come about because the characters are what they are.

The questions below have been devised with the above four things in mind. Make these questions the basis for your class discussions, and try in each case to relate the question to the appropriate topic.

THE PLAY BY ACTS AND SCENES

Act I

Scene 1.

The Commoners: What is your impression of the commoners? Do they strike you as being intelligent citizens? Do they seem to have any good reason for rejoicing in Cæsar's triumph? Do you think their support can be depended on? What effect has the speech of Marullus on them? Do they have minds of their own? Do they act as if they might easily be swayed by whoever is in power at the moment? Do you think them good judges of public men and measures?

Marullus and Flavius: What is your opinion of the tribunes? Do you like them? Are they actuated by patriotic motives? Are they jealous of Cæsar? What characteristics do they display which the commoners do not? Is there any difference between them? What feeling is expressed in Marullus' speech?

Where is the scene laid? How would you arrange the characters on the stage? Would you have the commoners enter first, or the tribunes? What would you have the commoners do before the entry of the tribunes? How do the commoners look and act? What is the dress of the tribunes? How do the tribunes bear themselves and speak? What is their manner toward the commoners? Is there any humor in the scene? What things in the scene must have appealed to the "groundlings"? How do the commoners leave the stage? Would you run this scene on to Scene 2? Why? Find a stirring speech in the scene.

Read the *Historical Background*, Sections XIV and XV.

Do the commoners seem to be drawn with historical accuracy? What characters represent the patrician nobility?

Scene 2.

Cæsar: What is your first impression of Cæsar? Is it favorable or not? Upon what do you base your feeling? What is Cæsar's manner toward Calpurnia? What impression is created by Cæsar's speech, "Would he were fatter?" Why did the "angry spot glow on Cæsar's brow"? Does Cæsar give any evidence of understanding the men about him? What is the effect of Cæsar's physical weakness on your attitude toward him?

BRUTUS: How does Brutus describe himself? Find lines. Do you like Brutus? How does his manner differ from Cæsar's? What characteristics of Brutus are emphasized? How does Brutus speak of Cæsar? Is he envious of Cæsar? Is Brutus ambitious? Why does he not join in the ceremonies in Cæsar's honor? Compare his behavior with that of Cassius, Casca, and Antony. Do these men outwardly honor Cæsar? Does Cassius' long envious speech seem to influence Brutus? Why? To what motive in Brutus does Cassius finally appeal? Has Brutus any vanity or any characteristic in which he prides himself? What is Brutus' chief weakness? Is Brutus a good judge of men?

CASSIUS: Do you like Cassius? What is his attitude toward Cæsar? Is he jealous? Compare his attitude with Brutus' attitude. Find lines which show Cassius' attitude. Read Cassius' speech, "Well, Brutus, thou art noble." Is he playing fair with Brutus? Is he a selfish man? Does he understand Brutus' weakness? Is Cæsar's estimate of Cassius earlier in the scene a good one? Find in this speech two lines which seem particularly applicable to Cassius.

CASCA: What characteristic of Casca is emphasized? What is his attitude toward the people? toward Cæsar? Find good examples of Casca's style or manner of speaking. Do you like it? Why? Does his manner reveal his personality?

ANTONY: What is your impression of Antony? Can you find any points of difference between him and Brutus? What is Antony's attitude toward Cæsar? Is he a mere flatterer or an admirer?

CICERO: Find a reference to Cicero. Does it give you any insight into his character? What?

Find in your history a scene which would make an effective stage setting for this scene. Make a ground plan of the way the characters would be arranged on the stage. Would you have the characters in the opening lines stop to make their speeches, or would you have them moving across the stage? What other characters would you have appear? Would you have soldiers, trumpeters, and a crowd? What sounds would be heard other than the speeches? Does the scene give opportunity for elaborate costumes and properties? Can you visualize the scene? What clews are given to the physical appearance of Antony, of Brutus, of Cassius? Does Brutus seem to pay careful attention to Cassius' speeches? Why not? Where is his attention? How would you have him act? How does Brutus act when he hears the *Flourish and Shout?* Is there any scorn in his remark about Cæsar: "'Tis very like: he hath

the falling sickness"? Describe Casca's facial expression and gestures as he told the story of Cæsar's refusing the crown. How did Cæsar act on his return from the games? What is the effect of the warning of the soothsayer? Why have it repeated? What character in the scene is a cynical, bitter fellow? What one is sincere and honestly troubled by the turn of events? What character is a shrewd schemer? What character is somewhat arrogant and pompous? Read *Suggestions for Character Study and Discussion.* Does Shakespeare give you a similar impression of these characters? Is his picture of Cæsar more or less favorable? What would be the effect on his audience of making Cæsar well liked? Would it damage the play?

Why not have the scene in which Cæsar refuses the crown given? Before you answer this question, consider in what character you are most interested and what the main action is. Would the scene if given detract from the main action?

Find three or four instances of expressive or striking lines or phrases which appeal to you and which you think worth remembering. For each character make a list of brief quotations which tell you something about each.

Scene 3.

To what motives in Casca does Cassius appeal? How does Cassius approach to the subject reflect his shrewdness? Does Cassius appeal to Casca on grounds of patriotism? Find lines to illustrate your answer. What characteristics of Cicero are developed in this scene? Do you think Cicero likely to make one of the conspirators? Why? For what reason do Cassius and Casca want Brutus in the conspiracy? Find lines to illustrate your answer. What characteristic of Brutus is mentioned? How does Cassius intend to play upon Brutus' weakness?

What is the effect of having a storm during this scene? How do you suppose the effect of lightning was produced? of thunder? What action accompanies the description of the storm by Casca? What action accompanies Cassius' speech? What action takes place as Cinna enters? What action accompanies Cassius' remark: "There's a bargain made"? Where on the Elizabethan stage do you think there could have been found a somewhat dark, obscure place fit to represent "Pompey's porch"? What information as to the progress of the conspiracy does the scene give? Would you omit it?

Add to your list of brief quotations which reveal character.

What striking descriptions are given in this scene? Are they vivid?

Act II

Scene 1.

Brutus: Read Brutus' soliloquy carefully. Does Brutus have any personal reason for wishing Cæsar's assassination? Does he find any good public reason for it in anything Cæsar has already done? Are his arguments based on facts or are they academic and theoretical? Is the reasoning such as one would expect from a man of Brutus' temperament? What is the effect on Brutus of the letters? Does he suspect their origin? Would Cassius have been fooled by such letters? Why doesn't Brutus suspect the letters? In what state of mind is Brutus? Find lines which tell. Does Brutus want to kill Cæsar? Find lines which tell. What struggle is going on in Brutus? Why does Brutus oppose the oath? Why doesn't Brutus appreciate the value of Cicero's connection with the conspirators? Why does he oppose the assassination of Antony? Is Brutus a practical thinker? Is he a good judge of men? Why is he unfit to head the conspiracy? Do you feel sorry for Brutus or not? Why? Contrast Brutus' state of mind with that of Lucius. Compare Brutus' manner toward Portia with that of Cæsar toward Calpurnia. What quality in Brutus does his consideration for the boy, Lucius, show?

Cæsar: What characteristics of Cæsar are mentioned by Brutus? by Cassius? by Decius? Do you think Cæsar easily influenced by flatterers? Is your impression of Cæsar changed for better or worse by this scene?

Cassius: What evidence does Cassius give of being a good judge of men? A practical man? Why does Cassius give in to Brutus? Would Cassius make a better head for the conspiracy than Brutus? Why?

Antony: What characteristics of Antony are mentioned? What hint is given that Antony may cause trouble?

Cicero: What comment is made on Cicero? Does it agree with the impression you have formed of him?

How is the audience made aware of the time in this scene? Where on the stage in all probability was Brutus' study? At what door did the conspirators probably enter? (See the picture of the *Fortune* theater.) What is the effect of the reference to the Ides of March? What clew is given as to the appearance and manner of the conspirators? Why have the names of the conspirators been

mentioned? What is the effect on the audience of having Brutus and Cassius whisper? What did Brutus tell Cassius? What action is suggested in the next ten lines? About whom does attention center in this scene? Is this an essential scene? Does the scene between Portia and Brutus heighten the tragic effect? How? What is the effect on your interest of having Ligarius knock just as Brutus was about to tell Portia of the conspiracy? Do you wish Brutus had had time to tell Portia? Why? Do you want to see the conspiracy succeed? Is your dislike of Cæsar or your sympathy for Cæsar the stronger? Do you feel sympathy for Portia?

Find two passages you think worth memorizing.

Continue your list of brief quotations which show character.

Scene 2.

CÆSAR: Compare Cæsar's manner toward Calpurnia with Brutus' manner toward Portia. Do you find the same relationship between Cæsar and Calpurnia that you do between Brutus and Portia? What characteristics of Cæsar are emphasized in this scene? Find lines to illustrate your answer. Are they likable qualities? What influences Cæsar to say that he will stay at home? Is it Calpurnia or his fears? What finally influences him to go? Why does Calpurnia not interfere when Decius has finally persuaded Cæsar to go? Can Cæsar be flattered? Is he arrogant? Is he vain? Does he have a contempt for other men?

ANTONY: What characteristic of Antony is mentioned?

BRUTUS: What evidence is there that Brutus' heart is not in the business? Compare his manner with that of the other conspirators. Do they seem to have troubled consciences?

How does this scene create suspense? How would you have Cæsar speak and act? Decius? Brutus? What clew is given as to the appearance of Ligarius?

Find a striking passage worth remembering. Continue your list of brief quotations which show character.

Scene 3.

What is the effect of this scene on your interest? Do you want Artemidorus to succeed in giving the paper to Cæsar? Describe Artemidorus as you think he might have looked.

Are there any lines in this scene which express a noteworthy sentiment?

Scene 4.

What seems to be Portia's state of mind? Contrast her manner in this scene with that in Scene 2. What change do you note? How do you account for it? Is Lucius agitated? Does this scene heighten the tragic effect of the play? Is it an essential scene? Would you omit it? Is Portia's state of mind well portrayed? Find lines to illustrate your answer. How would you have Portia act? What directions would you give to one who was to play her part?

Do you find any expressive lines in this scene?

Act III

Scene 1.

Cæsar: What impression does Cæsar create in this scene? What do you think of his singling out the soothsayer to taunt him with his prophecy? What does Cæsar mean to imply in the exclamation, "What, is the fellow mad?" Find lines in which Cæsar refers to himself. Do you like him? What does Cæsar imply when he exclaims, "What, Brutus!"? What when he asks, "Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?" Do you find anything to admire in the way Cæsar met his death? Does your attitude toward Cæsar change as soon as he has been struck down?

Brutus: What do you think probably went through Brutus' mind as he kissed the hand of Cæsar? Why does Brutus propose that the conspirators bathe their hands in Cæsar's blood? Does this indicate brutality in him? Does he look upon the assassination as a holy work? Do you think the other conspirators relished touching Cæsar's blood? Why? Does this incident give the clew to the deep-seated differences between Brutus and the others? Can you explain that difference as it is illustrated in this incident? How do you account for Brutus' calm after the assassination? Why does Brutus let Antony speak?

Cassius: Why does Cassius want Brutus to lead the conspirators forth? Would Cassius have let Antony speak? Why? Why does Cassius check Antony? Find evidences of Cassius' practical nature.

Antony: Why did Antony send his servant to Brutus rather than to Cassius? Is Antony a coward? Is he a "shrewd contriver"? Did Antony love Cæsar? Find lines which illustrate your answer. Would Brutus in Antony's place have shook hands with the conspirators? What difference is here brought out between Antony and Brutus? Does Antony the more resemble Cassius or Brutus?

How does Brutus play into Antony's hands? Would you like to see Antony overcome Brutus?

What is the effect on the audience of opening this scene with a reference to the Ides of March? Does it increase interest? What is the effect of having Artemidorus attempt to get his paper to Cæsar? How would you have the conspirators grouped with respect to Cæsar? Why? What is the effect of Popilius Lena's remark: "I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive"? What action should accompany the remark: "Trebonius knows his time"? What is Cæsar's manner in replying to Cimber and to Cassius? What feeling should be expressed in the exclamations, "What, Brutus!" and "Et tu, Brute!"? What was the general effect of the assassination of Cæsar? How would you produce this on the stage? Suggest an effective setting for this scene. About what does the action center after the assassination? How do the conspirators look and act during Antony's speech "O mighty Cæsar!" Does your interest in Antony now begin to increase? Why? What new character is mentioned? Have you any curiosity about him? Why?

Find a passage which expresses feeling. Tell what the feeling is.

Continue your list of quotations which show character.

Do you find evidence that Shakespeare admired Julius Cæsar?

What lines worth memorizing can you find in this scene?

Scene 2.

BRUTUS: Read Brutus' speech carefully. Is it an appeal to the feelings or to the intelligence and to high patriotic motives? Is it characteristic of Brutus? Is it suited to his hearers? Does it reveal Brutus' chief weakness? Why does Brutus wish to depart alone? Why does he not permit the citizens to escort him to his house? Is he disillusioned? Do you think he realizes that he has made a mistake? What are your reasons? (Read the speeches of the citizens carefully.) Do you feel sorry for him? Why?

ANTONY: What is the attitude toward Antony as he goes to the public chair? Why does he say: "For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you"? Read Antony's speech carefully. To what in his hearers does Antony appeal? Would this speech stir memories of the great public entertainments Cæsar had given the people? What is the effect of his repeated reference to Brutus as an honorable man? Does the tone of the expression change as he goes on? How? Does Antony really prove that Cæsar was not ambitious? Why does Antony pause? Does he give his real reason? Does he listen to the comment of the mob? What conclusion does he draw from their

remarks? How does the rest of his speech differ from the first part? What is the effect of the word "stabb'd"? of Antony's displaying the robe? of the sight of the body of Cæsar? Is Antony an orator or not? Does he understand the people better than Brutus does?

CITIZENS: What is your opinion of the citizens? Do you think they are competent to govern themselves? Read the speeches of each of the citizens consecutively throughout the scene. Are these citizens similar to those in Act I, Scene 1?

If you were staging this scene what directions would you give to the "mob"? How should the mob act? Why is the speech of Cassius not given? Would it detract attention from the main action? When does Brutus leave the scene? How would you have him make his exit? When do the other conspirators leave the scene? How do they make their exits? What in this scene would appeal to Shakespeare's audience? How does the mob act as it leaves the stage?

Find three or four short passages worth remembering.

Find a good example of vivid or graphic expression.

Scene 3.

What is the purpose of this scene? Is it essential to the story? Is it true to human nature? What would you have the citizens carrying?

ACT IV

Scene 1.

ANTONY: What characteristic of Antony is developed in this scene?

OCTAVIUS: What is your impression of Octavius? Do you prefer him to Antony?

What information does the scene give you relative to Brutus and Cassius? Do you wish to see Antony and Octavius victorious over Brutus and Cassius? Why? How does this scene emphasize the impracticability of Brutus' hope of preserving the Republic?

Scene 2.

How does this scene affect your interest in the outcome of the play? What in this scene must have appealed to Shakespeare's audience? Find a good quotation in the scene.

Scene 3.

What is the cause of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius? Do Brutus and Cassius think and act consistently with the natures Shakespeare has given them? Is Cassius' or Brutus' argument the more practical? Does Brutus still reason like a theorist or like the idealist? Is Cassius acting for effect or is he sincere? Do you like Brutus' manner toward Cassius? What is the purpose of having the poet enter? What is Cassius' attitude toward the poet? Brutus' attitude? Which shows the greater sympathy for and understanding of human nature? Has Brutus any sense of humor? Is Brutus' code only for others, or does he live up to his own high standards of conduct himself? Compare Cassius' burst of feeling with Brutus' attitude toward Portia's death. Is Brutus indifferent to the death of his wife? What characteristic of Brutus is revealed by his manner toward Lucius? toward Varro and Claudius? How account for Brutus' calm reply to Cæsar's ghost?

What in this scene must have appealed to Shakespeare's audience? Where on the Elizabethan stage was Brutus' tent? What is the effect upon the audience of the music and song just before the entrance of Cæsar's ghost? Where did the ghost appear on the stage? Your reasons. What hint as to the outcome does the ghost give? Find four lines in the scene worth memorizing.

Act V

Scene 1.

What characteristic of Octavius comes out in this scene? Are you glad to see him oppose Antony? Why? What still keeps your interest up? What in the parley scene must have appealed to Shakespeare's audience? What reference is made to Antony's character? What does Antony mean by: "Old Cassius still!"? What does Brutus say to Lucilius? How was Cassius compelled to give battle against his will? What hint of possible disaster is given? How does it increase interest? Is Cassius or Brutus the more likely to be influenced by evil omens? What is Brutus' attitude toward possible failure?

Scene 2.

What is the effect of this scene? What information does it give? How does it create excitement? What is the effect of its brevity?

How does it give an impression of action? What is the effect of the *Loud alarum* on an audience?

Scene 3.

How do the opening lines create interest? What other characters would you have on the stage? What directions would you give to Cassius and Titinius for acting their parts? Where in the theater did Pindarus go to "get higher on that hill"? How is the tragic effect heightened by Pindarus' mistake? What is the meaning of Brutus' exclamation: "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!"?

Scene 4.

What characteristic of Antony is revealed here? What in this scene must have appealed to Shakespeare's audience?

Scene 5.

What is the mood of this scene? What is the effect of the whispering? What does Brutus whisper to Clitus? to Dardanius? What is the effect of the *alarums?* What does Brutus mean by saying, "Cæsar . . . I kill'd not thee with half so good a will"? Is Antony's estimate of Brutus correct?

THE PLAY AS A WHOLE

Are you satisfied with the end of the play?
How does the course of the play grow out of Brutus' character?
What mistakes did he make? Why did he make them?
Is the play more interesting than a history book? Why?
Is it easy to pass judgment upon the chief characters of the play?
Is the play true to human life and nature?

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

SECTION VI

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

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THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

Nathaniel Hawthorne

I THE OLD PYNCHEON FAMILY

Halfway down a by-street of one of our New England towns stands a rusty wooden house with seven acutely peaked gables, facing toward various points of the compass, and a huge, clustered chimney in the midst. The street is Pyncheon Street; the house is the old Pyncheon house; and an elm tree, of wide circumference, rooted before the door, is familiar to every town-born child by the title of the Pyncheon elm. On my occasional visits to the town aforesaid, I seldom failed to turn down Pyncheon Street, for the sake of passing through the shadow of these two antiquities—the great elm tree and the weather-beaten edifice.

The aspect of the venerable mansion has always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive, also, of the long lapse of mortal life, and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within.

The House of the Seven Gables, antique as it now looks, was not the first habitation erected by civilized man on precisely the same spot of ground. Pyncheon Street formerly bore the humbler appellation of Maule's lane, from the name of the original occupant of the soil, before whose cottage door it was a cow path. A natural spring of soft and pleasant water—a rare treasure on the seagirt peninsula,[1] where the Puritan settlement was made—had early induced Matthew Maule to build a hut, shaggy with thatch, at this point, although somewhat too remote from what was then the center of the village. In the growth of the town, however, after some thirty or forty years, the site covered by this rude hovel had become exceedingly desirable in the eyes of a prominent and powerful personage, who asserted plausible claims to the proprietorship of this, and a large adjacent tract of land, on the strength of a grant from the legislature. Colonel Pyncheon, the claimant, as we gather from whatever traits of him are preserved, was characterized by an iron energy of purpose. Matthew Maule, on the other hand, though an obscure man, was stubborn in the defense of what he considered his right; and, for several years, he succeeded in protecting the acre or two of earth, which, with his own toil, he had hewn out of the primeval forest, to be his garden ground and homestead. No written record of this dispute is known to be in existence. Our acquaintance with the whole subject is derived chiefly from tradition. It would be bold, therefore, and possibly unjust, to venture a decisive opinion as to its merits; although it appears to have been at least a matter of doubt, whether Colonel Pyncheon's claim were not unduly stretched, in order to make it cover the small metes and bounds of Matthew Maule. What greatly

[1] SEAGIRT PENINSULA—See *The Historical Background* at end of story.

strengthens such a suspicion is the fact that this controversy between two ill-matched antagonists—at a period, moreover, laud it as we may, when personal influence had far more weight than now—remained for years undecided, and came to a close only with the death of the party occupying the disputed soil. The mode of his death, too, affects the mind differently, in our day, from what it did a century and a half ago. It was a death that blasted with strange horror the humble name of the dweller in the cottage, and made it seem almost a religious act to drive the plow over the little area of his habitation, and obliterate his place and memory from among men.

Old Matthew Maule, in a word, was executed for the crime of witchcraft.[2] He was one of the martyrs to that terrible delusion, which should teach us, among its other morals, that the influential classes, and those who take upon themselves to be leaders of the people, are fully liable to all the passionate error that has ever characterized the maddest mob.

Amid the disorder of such various ruin, it is not strange that a man of inconsiderable note, like Maule, should have trodden the martyr's path to the hill of execution almost unremarked in the throng of his fellow sufferers. But, in after days, when the frenzy of that hideous epoch had subsided, it was remembered how loudly Colonel Pyncheon had joined in the general cry, to purge the land from witchcraft; nor did it fail to be whispered, that there was an invidious acrimony[3] in the zeal with which he had sought the condemnation of Matthew Maule. It was well known that the victim had recognized the bitterness of personal enmity in his persecutor's conduct toward him, and that he declared himself hunted to death for his spoil. At the moment of execution—with the halter about his neck, and while Colonel Pyncheon sat on horseback, grimly gazing at the scene—Maule had addressed him from the scaffold, and uttered a prophecy, of which history, as well as fireside tradition, has preserved the very

[2] WITCHCRAFT—See *The Historical Background* at end of story.
[3] INVIDIOUS ACRIMONY—Unjust bitterness.

words. "God," said the dying man, pointing his finger, with a ghastly look, at the undismayed countenance of his enemy—"God will give him blood to drink!"

After the reputed wizard's death, his humble homestead had fallen an easy spoil into Colonel Pyncheon's grasp. When it was understood, however, that the Colonel intended to erect a family mansion—spacious, ponderously framed of oaken timber, and calculated to endure for many generations of his posterity—over the spot first covered by the log-built hut of Matthew Maule, there was much shaking of the head among the village gossips. Without absolutely expressing a doubt whether the stalwart Puritan had acted as a man of conscience and integrity throughout the proceedings which have been sketched, they, nevertheless, hinted that he was about to build his house over an unquiet grave. His home would include the home of the dead and buried wizard, and would thus afford the ghost of the latter a kind of privilege to haunt its new apartments, and the chambers into which future bridegrooms were to lead their brides, and where children of the Pyncheon blood were to be born. The terror and ugliness of Maule's crime, and the wretchedness of his punishment, would darken the freshly plastered walls, and infect them early with the scent of an old and melancholy house. Why, then—while so much of the soil around him was bestrewn with the virgin forest leaves—why should Colonel Pyncheon prefer a site that had already been accursed?

But the Puritan soldier and magistrate was not a man to be turned aside from his well considered scheme, either by dread of the wizard's ghost, or by flimsy sentimentalities of any kind, however specious. Had he been told of a bad air, it might have moved him somewhat; but he was ready to encounter an evil spirit on his own ground. Endowed with common sense, as massive and hard as blocks of granite, fastened together by stern rigidity of purpose, as with iron clamps, he followed out his original design, probably without so much as imagining an objection to it. On the score of delicacy, or any scrupulousness which a finer sensibility might have taught him, the colonel, like most of

his breed and generation, was impenetrable. He, therefore, dug his cellar, and laid the deep foundations of his mansion, on the square of earth whence Matthew Maule, forty years before, had first swept away the fallen leaves. It was a curious, and, as some people thought, an ominous fact, that, very soon after the workmen began their operations, the spring of water, above mentioned, entirely lost the deliciousness of its pristine [4] quality. Whether its sources were disturbed by the depth of the new cellar, or whatever subtler cause might lurk at the bottom, it is certain that the water of Maule's Well, as it continued to be called, grew hard and brackish.[5] Even such we find it now; and any old woman of the neighborhood will certify that it is productive of intestinal mischief to those who quench their thirst there.

The reader may deem it singular that the head carpenter of the new edifice was no other than the son of the very man from whose dead grip the property of the soil had been wrested. Not improbably he was the best workman of his time; or, perhaps, the colonel thought it expedient, or was impelled by some better feeling, thus openly to cast aside all animosity against the race of his fallen antagonist. Nor was it out of keeping with the general coarseness and matter-of-fact character of the age, that the son should be willing to earn an honest penny, or, rather, a weighty amount of sterling pounds, from the purse of his father's deadly enemy. At all events, Thomas Maule became the architect of the House of the Seven Gables, and performed his duty so faithfully that the timber framework fastened by his hands still holds together.

Thus the great house was built. Familiar as it stands in the writer's recollection—for it has been an object of curiosity with him from boyhood, both as a specimen of the best and stateliest architecture of a long-past epoch, and as the scene of events more full of human interest, perhaps, than those of a gray feudal

[4] PRISTINE—Former, early.
[5] BRACKISH—Saltish, distasteful.

castle—familiar as it stands, in its rusty old age, it is therefore only the more difficult to imagine the bright novelty with which it first caught the sunshine. The impression of its actual state, at this distance of a hundred and sixty years, darkens inevitably through the picture which we would fain give of its appearance on the morning when the Puritan magnate bade all the town to be his guests. A ceremony of consecration, festive as well as religious, was now to be performed. A prayer and discourse from the Rev. Mr. Higginson, and the outpouring of a psalm from the general throat of the community, was to be made acceptable to the grosser sense by ale, cider, wine, and brandy, in copious effusion, and, as some authorities aver, by an ox, roasted whole, or at least, by the weight and substance of an ox, in more manageable joints and sirloins. The carcass of a deer, shot within twenty miles, had supplied material for the vast circumference of a pasty. A codfish of sixty pounds, caught in the bay, had been dissolved into the rich liquid of a chowder. The chimney of the new house, in short, belching forth its kitchen smoke, impregnated [6] the whole air with the scent of meats, fowls and fishes, spicily concocted with odoriferous [7] herbs and onions in abundance. The mere smell of such festivity, making its way to everybody's nostrils, was at once an invitation and an appetite.

Maule's Lane, or Pyncheon Street, as it were now more decorous to call it, was thronged, at the appointed hour, as with a congregation on its way to church. All, as they approached, looked upward at the imposing edifice, which was henceforth to assume its rank among the habitations of mankind. There it rose, a little withdrawn from the line of the street, but in pride, not modesty. Its whole visible exterior was ornamented with quaint figures, conceived in the grotesqueness of a Gothic fancy,[8] and drawn or stamped in the glittering plaster, composed of lime, pebbles, and bits of glass, with which the woodwork of the walls

[6] IMPREGNATED—Infused, saturated.
[7] ODORIFEROUS—Diffusing an agreeable odor.
[8] GOTHIC FANCY—A style of architecture which flourished between the Twelfth and Sixteenth centuries.

was overspread. On every side the seven gables pointed sharply toward the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices, breathing through the spiracles[9] of one great chimney. The many lattices, with their small, diamond-shaped panes, admitted the sunlight into hall and chamber, while, nevertheless, the second story, projecting far over the base, and itself retiring beneath the third, threw a shadowy and thoughtful gloom into the lower rooms. Carved globes of wood were affixed under the jutting stories. Little spiral rods of iron beautified each of the seven peaks. On the triangular portion of the gable, that fronted next the street, was a dial, put up that very morning, and on which the sun was still marking the passage of the first bright hour in a history that was not destined to be all so bright. All around were scattered shavings, chips, shingles, and broken halves of bricks; these, together with the lately turned earth, on which the grass had not begun to grow, contributed to the impression of strangeness and novelty proper to a house that had yet its place to make among men's daily interests.

The principal entrance, which had almost the breadth of a church door, was in the angle between the two front gables, and was covered by an open porch, with benches beneath its shelter. Under this arched doorway, scraping their feet on the unworn threshold, now trod the clergymen, the elders, the magistrates, the deacons, and whatever of aristocracy there was in town or county. Thither, too, thronged the plebeian classes[10] as freely as their betters, and in larger number. Just within the entrance, however, stood two serving men, pointing some of the guests to the neighborhood of the kitchen, and ushering others into the statelier rooms—hospitable alike to all, but still with a scrutinizing regard to the high or low degree of each. Velvet garments, somber but rich, stiffly plaited ruffs and bands, embroidered gloves, venerable beards, the mien and countenance of authority, made it easy to distinguish the gentlemen of worship, at that

[9] SPIRACLES—Breathing holes.
[10] PLEBIAN CLASSES—Common people.

period, from the tradesman, with his plodding air, or the laborer, in his leathern jerkin, stealing awe-stricken into the house which he had perhaps helped to build.

One inauspicious circumstance there was, which awakened a hardly concealed displeasure in the breasts of a few of the more punctilious visitors. The founder of this stately mansion—a gentleman noted for the square and ponderous courtesy of his demeanor—ought surely to have stood in his own hall, and to have offered the first welcome to so many eminent personages as here presented themselves in honor of his solemn festival. He was as yet invisible; the most favored of the guests had not beheld him. This sluggishness on Colonel Pyncheon's part became still more unaccountable, when the second dignitary of the province made his appearance, and found no more ceremonious a reception. The Lieutenant Governor, although his visit was one of the anticipated glories of the day, had alighted from his horse, and assisted his lady from her side saddle, and crossed the Colonel's threshold, without other greeting than that of the principal domestic.

This person—a gray-headed man, of quiet and most respectful deportment—found it necessary to explain that his master still remained in his study, or private apartment; on entering which, an hour before, he had expressed a wish on no account to be disturbed.

"Do not you see, fellow," said the high sheriff of the county taking the servant aside, "that this is no less a man than the Lieutenant Governor? Summon Colonel Pyncheon at once! I know that he received letters from England this morning; and, in the perusal and consideration of them, an hour may have passed away without his noticing it. But he will be ill pleased, I judge, if you suffer him to neglect the courtesy due to one of our chief rulers, and who may be said to represent King William,[11] in the absence of the Governor himself. Call your master instantly!"

[11] King William—William III, the then reigning King of England.

"Nay, please your worship," answered the man, in much perplexity, but with a backwardness that strikingly indicated the hard and severe character of Colonel Pyncheon's domestic rule; "my master's orders were exceeding strict; and, as your worship knows, he permits of no discretion in the obedience of those who owe him service. Let who list open yonder door; I dare not, though the Governor's own voice should bid me do it!"

"Pooh, pooh, master high sheriff!" cried the Lieutenant Governor, who had overhead the foregoing discussion, and felt himself high enough in station to play a little with his dignity. "I will take the matter into my own hands. It is time that the good Colonel came forth to greet his friends; else we shall be apt to suspect that he has taken a sip too much of his Canary wine,[12] in his extreme deliberation which cask it were best to broach in honor of the day! But since he is so much behindhand, I will give him a remembrancer myself!"

Accordingly, with such a tramp of his ponderous riding boots as might of itself have been audible in the remotest of the seven gables, he advanced to the door, which the servant pointed out, and made its new panels reëcho with a loud, free knock. Then, looking round, with a smile, to the spectators, he awaited a response. As none came, however, he knocked again, but with the same unsatisfactory result as at first. And now, being a trifle choleric [13] in his temperament, the Lieutenant Governor uplifted the heavy hilt of his sword, wherewith he so beat and banged upon the door, that, as some of the bystanders whispered, the racket might have disturbed the dead. Be that as it might, it seemed to produce no awakening effect on Colonel Pyncheon. When the sound subsided, the silence through the house was deep, dreary, and oppressive, notwithstanding that the tongues of many of the guests had already been loosened by a surreptitious cup or two of wine or spirits.

"Strange, forsooth!—very strange!" cried the Lieutenant Gov-

[12] Canary wine—Imported from the Canary Islands.
[13] Choleric—Inclined to anger.

ernor, whose smile was changed to a frown. "But seeing that our host sets us the good example of forgetting ceremony, I shall likewise throw it aside, and make free to intrude on his privacy!"

He tried the door, which yielded to his hand, and was flung wide open by a sudden gust of wind that passed, as with a loud sigh, from the outermost portal through all the passages and apartments of the new house. It rustled the silken garments of the ladies, and waved the long curls of the gentlemen's wigs, and shook the window hangings and the curtains of the bed-chambers; causing everywhere a singular stir, which yet was more like a hush. A shadow of awe and half-fearful anticipation —nobody knew wherefore, nor of what—had all at once fallen over the company.

They thronged, however, to the now open door, pressing the Lieutenant Governor, in the eagerness of their curiosity, into the room in advance of them. At the first glimpse they beheld nothing extraordinary: a handsomely furnished room, of moderate size, somewhat darkened by curtains; books arranged on shelves; a large map on the wall, and likewise a portrait of Colonel Pyncheon, beneath which sat the original Colonel himself, in an oaken elbow chair, with a pen in his hand. Letters, parchments, and blank sheets of paper were on the table before him. He appeared to gaze at the curious crowd, in front of which stood the Lieutenant Governor; and there was a frown on his dark and massive countenance, as if sternly resentful of the boldness that had impelled them into his private retirement.

A little boy—the Colonel's grandchild, and the only human being that ever dared to be familiar with him—now made his way among the guests, and ran toward the seated figure; then pausing halfway, he began to shriek with terror. The company, tremulous as the leaves of a tree, when all are shaking together, drew nearer, and perceived that there was an unnatural distortion in the fixedness of Colonel Pyncheon's stare; that there was blood on his ruff, and that his hoary beard was saturated with it. It was too late to give assistance. The iron-hearted Puritan, the relentless persecutor, the grasping and strong-willed

man, was dead! Dead, in his new house! There is a tradition, only worth alluding to as lending a tinge of superstitious awe to a scene perhaps gloomy enough without it, that a voice spoke loudly among the guests, the tones of which were like those of old Matthew Maule, the executed wizard—"God hath given him blood to drink!"

Thus early had that one guest—the only guest who is certain, at one time or another, to find his way into every human dwelling—thus early had Death stepped across the threshold of the House of the Seven Gables!

Colonel Pyncheon's sudden and mysterious end made a vast deal of noise[14] in its day. There were many rumors, some of which have vaguely drifted down to the present time, how that appearances indicated violence; that there were the marks of fingers on his throat, and the print of a bloody hand on his plaited ruff; and that his peaked beard was disheveled, as if it had been fiercely clutched and pulled. It was averred, likewise, that the lattice window, near the Colonel's chair, was open; and that, only a few minutes before the fatal occurrence, the figure of a man had been seen clambering over the garden fence, in the rear of the house. But it were folly to lay any stress on stories of this kind, which are sure to spring up around such an event as that now related, and which, as in the present case, sometimes prolong themselves for ages afterwards, like the toadstools that indicate where the fallen and buried trunk of a tree has long since moldered into the earth. For our own part, we allow them just as little credence as to that other fable of the skeleton hand which the Lieutenant Governor was said to have seen at the Colonel's throat, but which vanished away, as he advanced farther into the room. Certain it is, however, that there was a great consultation and dispute of doctors over the dead body. One—John Swinnerton by name—who appears to have been a man of eminence, upheld it, if we have rightly understood his terms of art, to be a case of apoplexy. His professional brethren, each for

[14] VAST DEAL OF NOISE—Caused much comment.

himself, adopted various hypotheses,[15] more or less plausible, but all dressed out in a perplexing mystery of phrase, which, if it do not show a bewilderment of mind in these erudite physicians, certainly causes it in the unlearned peruser of their opinions. The coroner's jury sat upon the corpse,[16] and, like sensible men, returned an unassailable verdict of "Sudden Death!"

It is indeed difficult to imagine that there could have been a serious suspicion of murder, or the slightest grounds for implicating any particular individual as the perpetrator. The rank, wealth, and eminent character of the deceased must have insured the strictest scrutiny into every ambiguous circumstance. As none such is on record, it is safe to assume that none existed.

The family of Colonel Pyncheon, at the epoch of his death, seemed destined to as fortunate a permanence as can anywise consist with the inherent instability of human affairs. It might fairly be anticipated that the progress of time would rather increase and ripen their prosperity, than wear away and destroy it. For, not only had his son and heir come into immediate enjoyment of a rich estate, but there was a claim through an Indian deed, confirmed by a subsequent grant of the General Court,[17] to a vast and as yet unexplored and unmeasured tract of eastern lands. These possessions—for as such they might almost certainly be reckoned—comprised the greater part of what is now known as Waldo County, in the State of Maine, and were more extensive than many a dukedom, or even a reigning prince's territory, on European soil. When the pathless forest that still covered this wild principality should give place—as it inevitably must, though perhaps not till ages hence—to the golden fertility of human culture, it would be the source of incalculable wealth to the Pyncheon blood. Had the colonel survived only a few weeks longer, it is probable that his great political influence, and powerful connections at home and abroad, would have consum-

[15] Hypotheses—Theories.
[16] Sat upon the corpse—Held an investigation.
[17] General Court—The name of the Legislature in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

mated all that was necessary to render the claim available. But, this appeared to be the one thing which Colonel Pyncheon, provident and sagacious as he was, had allowed to go at loose ends. So far as the prospective territory was concerned, he unquestionably died too soon. His son lacked not merely the father's eminent position, but the talent and force of character to achieve it: he could, therefore, effect nothing by dint of political interest; and the bare justice or legality of the claim was not so apparent, after the colonel's decease, as it had been pronounced in his lifetime. Some connecting link had slipped out of the evidence, and could not anywhere be found.

Efforts, it is true, were made by the Pyncheons, not only then, but at various periods for nearly a hundred years afterwards, to obtain what they stubbornly persisted in deeming their right. But, in course of time, the territory was partly regranted to more favored individuals, and partly cleared and occupied by actual settlers. These last, if they ever heard of the Pyncheon title, would have laughed at the idea of any man's asserting a right—on the strength of moldy parchments, signed with the faded autographs of governors and legislators long dead and forgotten—to the lands which they or their fathers had wrested from the wild hand of nature by their own sturdy toil. This impalpable[18] claim, therefore, resulted in nothing more solid than to cherish, from generation to generation, an absurd delusion of family importance, which all along characterized the Pyncheons. It caused the poorest member of the race to feel as if he inherited a kind of nobility, and might yet come into the possession of princely wealth to support it.

In almost every generation, nevertheless, there happened to be some one descendant of the family gifted with a portion of the hard, keen sense, and practical energy, that had so remarkably distinguished the original founder. His character, indeed, might be traced all the way down, as distinctly as if the Colonel himself, a little diluted, had been gifted with a sort of

[18] IMPALPABLE—Intangible.

intermittent immortality on earth. At two or three epochs, when the fortunes of the family were low, this representative of hereditary qualities had made his appearance, and caused the traditionary gossips of the town to whisper among themselves, "Here is the old Pyncheon come again! Now the Seven Gables will be new-shingled!" From father to son, they clung to the ancestral house with singular tenacity of home attachment. For various reasons, however, and from impressions often too vaguely founded to be put on paper, the writer cherishes the belief that many, if not most, of the successive proprietors of this estate were troubled with doubts as to their moral right to hold it. Of their legal tenure there could be no question; but old Matthew Maule, it is to be feared, trod downward from his own age to a far later one, planting a heavy footstep, all the way, on the conscience of a Pyncheon. If so, we are left to dispose of the awful query, whether each inheritor of the property—conscious of wrong and failing to rectify it—did not commit anew the great guilt of his ancestor, and incur all its original responsibilities. And supposing such to be the case, would it not be a far truer mode of expression to say of the Pyncheon family, that they inherited a great misfortune, than the reverse?

The popular imagination, indeed, long kept itself busy with the affair of the old Puritan Pyncheon and the wizard Maule; the curse, which the latter flung from his scaffold, was remembered, with the very important addition, that it had become a part of the Pyncheon inheritance. If one of the family did but gurgle in his throat, a bystander would be likely enough to whisper, between jest and earnest, "He has Maule's blood to drink!" The sudden death of a Pyncheon, about a hundred years ago, with circumstances very similar to what have been related of the Colonel's exit, was held as giving additional probability to the received opinion on this topic. It was considered, moreover, an ugly and ominous circumstance that Colonel Pyncheon's picture—in obedience, it was said, to a provision of his will—remained affixed to the wall of the room in which he died. Those stern, immitigable features seemed to symbolize an evil influ-

ence, and so darkly to mingle the shadow of their presence with the sunshine of the passing hour, that no good thoughts or purposes could ever spring up and blossom there. To the thoughtful mind there will be no tinge of superstition in what we figuratively express, by affirming that the ghost of a dead progenitor —perhaps as a portion of his own punishment—is often doomed to become the Evil Genius of his family.

The Pyncheons, in brief, lived along, for the better part of two centuries, with perhaps less of outward vicissitude than has attended most other New England families during the same period of time. Possessing very distinctive traits of their own, they nevertheless took the general characteristics of the little community in which they dwelt; a town noted for its frugal, discreet, well-ordered, and home-loving inhabitants, as well as for the somewhat confined scope of its sympathies; but in which, be it said, there are odder individuals, and, now and then, stranger occurrences, than one meets with almost anywhere else. During the Revolution, the Pyncheon of that epoch, adopting the royal side, became a refugee; but repented, and made his reappearance, just at the point of time to preserve the House of the Seven Gables from confiscation. For the last seventy years the most noted event in the Pyncheon annals had been likewise the heaviest calamity that ever befell the race; no less than the violent death—for so it was adjudged—of one member of the family by the criminal act of another. Certain circumstances attending this fatal occurrence had brought the deed irresistibly home to a nephew of the deceased Pyncheon. The young man was tried and convicted of the crime; but either the circumstantial nature of the evidence, and possibly some lurking doubt in the breast of the executive, or lastly—an argument of greater weight in a republic than it could have been under a monarchy —the high respectability and political influence of the criminal's connections, had availed to mitigate[19] his doom from death to perpetual imprisonment. This sad affair had chanced about

[19] MITIGATE—Moderate.

thirty years before the action of our story commences. Lately, there were rumors (which few believed, and only one or two felt greatly interested in) that this long-buried man was likely, for some reason or other, to be summoned forth from his living tomb.

It is essential to say a few words respecting the victim of this now almost forgotten murder. He was an old bachelor, and possessed of great wealth, in addition to the house and real estate which constituted what remained of the ancient Pyncheon property. Being of an eccentric and melancholy turn of mind, and greatly given to rummaging old records and hearkening to old traditions, he had brought himself, it is averred, to the conclusion that Matthew Maule, the wizard, had been foully wronged out of his homestead, if not out of his life. Such being the case, and he, the old bachelor, in possession of the ill-gotten spoil—with the black stain of blood sunken deep into it, and still to be scented by conscientious nostrils—the question occurred, whether it were not imperative upon him, even at this late hour, to make restitution to Maule's posterity. To a man living so much in the past, and so little in the present, as the secluded and antiquarian old bachelor, a century and a half seemed not so vast a period as to obviate[20] the propriety of substituting right for wrong. It was the belief of those who knew him best, that he would positively have taken the very singular step of giving up the House of the Seven Gables to the representative of Matthew Maule, but for the unspeakable tumult which a suspicion of the old gentleman's project awakened among his Pyncheon relatives. Their exertions had the effect of suspending his purpose; but it was feared that he would perform, after death, by the operation of his last will, what he had so hardly been prevented from doing in his proper lifetime. But there is no one thing which men so rarely do, whatever the provocation or inducement, as to bequeath patrimonial[21] property away from

[20] Obviate—Do away with.
[21] Patrimonial—Hereditary.

their own blood. Accordingly, the mansion house, together with most of his other riches, passed into the possession of his next legal representative.

This was a nephew, the cousin of the miserable young man who had been convicted of the uncle's murder. The new heir, up to the period of his accession, was reckoned rather a dissipated youth, but had at once reformed, and made himself an exceedingly respectable member of society. In fact, he showed more of the Pyncheon quality, and had won higher eminence in the world than any of his race since the time of the original Puritan. Applying himself in earlier manhood to the study of the law, and having a natural tendency toward office, he had attained, many years ago, to a judicial situation in some inferior court, which gave him for life the very desirable and imposing title of judge. Later, he had engaged in politics, and served a part of two terms in Congress, besides making a considerable figure in both branches of the State legislature. Judge Pyncheon was unquestionably an honor to his race. He had built himself a countryseat within a few miles of his native town, and there spent such portions of his time as could be spared from public service in the display of every grace and virtue—as a newspaper phrased it, on the eve of an election—befitting the Christian, the good citizen, the horticulturist, and the gentleman.

There were few of the Pyncheons left to sun themselves in the glow of the judge's prosperity. In respect to natural increase, the breed had not thriven; it appeared rather to be dying out. The only members of the family known to be extant [22] were, first, the judge himself, and a single surviving son, who was now traveling in Europe; next, the thirty years' prisoner, already alluded to, and a sister of the latter, who occupied, in an extremely retired manner, the House of the Seven Gables, in which she had a life estate by the will of the old bachelor. She was understood to be wretchedly poor, and seemed to make it her choice to remain so; inasmuch as her affluent cousin, the judge, had re-

[22] EXTANT—In existence.

peatedly offered her all the comforts of life, either in the old mansion or his own modern residence. The last and youngest Pyncheon was a little country girl of seventeen, the daughter of another of the judge's cousins, who had married a young woman of no family or property, and died early and in poor circumstances. His widow had recently taken another husband.

As for Matthew Maule's posterity, it was supposed now to be extinct. For a very long period after the witchcraft delusion, however, the Maules had continued to inhabit the town where their progenitor[23] had suffered so unjust a death. To all appearances, they were a quiet, honest, well-meaning race of people, cherishing no malice against individuals or the public for the wrong which had been done them; or if, at their own fireside, they transmitted, from father to child, any hostile recollection of the wizard's fate and their lost patrimony, it was never acted upon, nor openly expressed.

The Maules, at all events, kept their resentments within their own breasts. They were generally poverty-stricken; always plebeian and obscure; working with unsuccessful diligence at handicrafts; laboring on the wharves, or following the sea, as sailors before the mast; living here and there about the town, in hired tenements, and coming finally to the almshouse as the natural home of their old age. For thirty years past, neither town record, nor gravestone, nor the directory, nor the knowledge or memory of man, bore any trace of Matthew Maule's descendants. His blood might possibly exist elsewhere; here, where its lowly current could be traced so far back, it had ceased to keep an outward course.

So long as any of the race were to be found, they had been marked out from other men—not strikingly, nor as with a sharp line, but with an effect that was felt rather than spoken of—by an hereditary character of reserve. Their companions, or those who endeavored to become such, grew conscious of a circle round about the Maules, within the sanctity or the spell of

[23] PROGENITOR—Forefather, ancestor.

which, in spite of an exterior of sufficient frankness and good-fellowship, it was impossible for any man to step. It was this indefinable peculiarity, perhaps, that, by insulating [24] them from human aid, kept them always so unfortunate in life. It certainly operated to prolong in their case, and to confirm to them as their only inheritance, those feelings of repugnance and superstitious terror with which the people of the town, even after awakening from their frenzy, continued to regard the memory of the reputed witches. The mantle, or rather the ragged cloak, of old Matthew Maule, had fallen upon his children. They were half believed to inherit mysterious attributes; the family eye was said to possess strange power. Among other good-for-nothing properties and privileges, one was especially assigned them—that of exercising an influence over people's dreams. The Pyncheons, if all stories were true, haughtily as they bore themselves in the noonday streets of their native town, were no better than bond servants to these plebeian Maules, on entering the topsy-turvy commonwealth of sleep. Modern psychology, it may be, will endeavor to reduce these alleged necromancies [25] within a system, instead of rejecting them as altogether fabulous.

A descriptive paragraph or two, treating of the seven-gabled mansion in its more recent aspect, will bring this preliminary chapter to a close. The street in which it upreared its venerable peaks has long ceased to be a fashionable quarter of the town; so that, though the old edifice was surrounded by habitations of modern date, they were mostly small, built entirely of wood, and typical of the most plodding uniformity of common life. Doubtless, however, the whole story of human existence may be latent in each of them, but with no picturesqueness, externally, that can attract the imagination or sympathy to seek it there. But as for the old structure of our story, its white-oak frame, and its boards, shingles, and crumbling plaster, and even the huge, clustered chimney in the midst, seemed to constitute only the least

[24] Insulating—Keeping from contact.
[25] Necromancies—Magic, enchantment.

and meanest part of its reality. So much of mankind's varied experience had passed there—so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed—that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart. It was itself like a great human heart, with a life of its own, and full of rich and somber reminiscences.

The deep projection of the second story gave the house such a meditative look, that you could not pass it without the idea that it had secrets to keep, and an eventful history to moralize upon. In front, just on the edge of the unpaved sidewalk, grew the Pyncheon elm, which, in reference to such trees as one usually meets with, might well be termed gigantic. It had been planted by a great-grandson of the first Pyncheon, and, though now fourscore years of age, or perhaps nearer a hundred, was still in its strong and broad maturity, throwing its shadow from side to side of the street, overtopping the seven gables, and sweeping the whole black roof with its pendent foliage. It gave beauty to the old edifice, and seemed to make it a part of nature. The street having been widened about forty years ago, the front gable was now precisely on a line with it. On either side extended a ruinous wooden fence of open latticework, through which could be seen a grassy yard, and, especially in the angles of the building, an enormous fertility of burdocks, with leaves, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, two or three feet long. Behind the house there appeared to be a garden, which undoubtedly had once been extensive, but was now infringed upon by other inclosures, or shut in by habitations and outbuildings that stood on another street. It would be an omission, trifling, indeed, but unpardonable, were we to forget the green moss that had long since gathered over the projections of the windows, and on the slopes of the roof; nor must we fail to direct the reader's eye to a crop, not of weeds, but flower shrubs, which were growing aloft in the air, not a great way from the chimney, in the nook between two of the gables. They were called Alice's Posies. The tradition was, that a certain Alice Pyncheon had flung up the seeds, in sport, and that the dust of the street and the decay of the roof

gradually formed a kind of soil for them, out of which they grew, when Alice had long been in her grave. However the flowers might have come there, it was both sad and sweet to observe how Nature adopted to herself this desolate, decaying, gusty, rusty old house of the Pyncheon family; and how the ever-returning summer did her best to gladden it with tender beauty, and grew melancholy in the effort.

There is one other feature, very essential to be noticed, but which, we greatly fear, may damage any picturesque and romantic impression which we have been willing to throw over our sketch of this respectable edifice. In the front gable, under the impending brow of the second story, and contiguous[26] to the street, was a shop door, divided horizontally in the middle, and with a window for its upper segment, such as is often seen in dwellings of a somewhat ancient date. This same shop door had been a subject of no slight mortification to the present occupant of the august Pyncheon house, as well as to some of her predecessors. The matter is disagreeably delicate to handle; but, since the reader must needs be let into the secret, he will please to understand, that, about a century ago, the head of the Pyncheons found himself involved in serious financial difficulties. The fellow (gentleman, as he styled himself) can hardly have been other than a spurious[27] interloper; for, instead of seeking office from the king or the royal governor, or urging his hereditary claim to eastern lands, he bethought himself of no better avenue to wealth than by cutting a shop door through the side of his ancestral residence. It was the custom of the time, indeed, for merchants to store their goods and transact business in their own dwellings. But there was something pitifully small in this old Pyncheon's mode of setting about his commercial operations; it was whispered, that, with his own hands, all beruffled as they were, he used to give change for a shilling, and would turn a halfpenny twice over, to make sure that it was a good one. Be-

[26] Contiguous—Adjoining, touching.
[27] Spurious—False, not genuine.

yond all question, he had the blood of a petty huckster in his veins, through whatever channel it may have found its way there.

Immediately on his death, the shop door had been locked, bolted, and barred, and, down to the period of our story, had probably never once been opened. The old counter, shelves, and other fixtures of the little shop remained just as he had left them. It used to be affirmed, that the dead shopkeeper, in a white wig, a faded velvet coat, an apron at his waist, and his ruffles carefully turned back from his wrists, might be seen through the chinks of the shutters, any night of the year, ransacking his till, or poring over the dingy pages of his daybook. From the look of unutterable woe upon his face, it appeared to be his doom to spend eternity in a vain effort to make his accounts balance.

And now—in a very humble way, as will be seen—we proceed to open our narrative.

II THE LITTLE SHOP WINDOW

It still lacked half an hour of sunrise, when Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon—we will not say awoke, it being doubtful whether the poor lady had so much as closed her eyes during the brief night of midsummer—but, at all events, arose from her solitary pillow, and began what it would be mockery to term the adornment of her person. The Old Maid was alone in the old house. Alone, except for a certain respectable and orderly young man, an artist in the daguerreotype [1] line, who, for about three months back, had been a lodger in a remote gable—quite a house by itself, indeed—with locks, bolts, and oaken bars on all the intervening doors. Inaudible, consequently, were poor Miss Hepzibah's gusty sighs. Inaudible the creaking joints of her stiffened knees, as she knelt down by the bedside. And inaudible, too, by

[1] Daguerreotype—An early kind of photograph, so named from Daguerre, the inventor of the process.

mortal ear, but heard with all-comprehending love and pity in the furthest heaven, that almost agony of prayer—now a whisper, now a groan, now a struggling silence—wherewith she besought the Divine assistance through the day! Evidently, this is to be a day of more than ordinary trial to Miss Hepzibah, who, for above a quarter of a century gone by, has dwelt in strict seclusion, taking no part in the business of life, and just as little in its intercourse and pleasures.

The maiden lady's devotions are concluded. Will she now issue forth over the threshold of our story? Not yet, by many moments. First, every drawer in the tall, old-fashioned bureau is to be opened, with difficulty, and with a succession of spasmodic jerks; then, all must close again, with the same fidgety reluctance. There is a rustling of stiff silks; a tread of backward and forward footsteps to and fro across the chamber. We suspect Miss Hepzibah, moreover, of taking a step upward into a chair, in order to give heedful regard to her appearance on all sides and at full length, in the oval, dingy-framed toilet glass, that hangs above her table. Truly! well, indeed! who would have thought it! Is all this precious time to be lavished on the matutinal [2] repair and beautifying of an elderly person, who never goes abroad, whom nobody ever visits, and from whom, when she shall have done her utmost, it were the best charity to turn one's eyes another way?

Now she is almost ready. Let us pardon her one other pause; for it is given to the sole sentiment, or, we might better say—heightened and rendered intense, as it has been, by sorrow and seclusion—to the strong passion of her life. We heard the turning of a key in a small lock; she has opened a secret drawer of an escritoire,[3] and is probably looking at a certain miniature, done in Malbone's [4] most perfect style, and representing a face worthy of no less delicate a pencil. It was once our good for-

[2] MATUTINAL—Pertaining to the morning, early.
[3] ESCRITOIRE—A writing desk.
[4] MALBONE—An American miniature painter in the latter part of the Eighteenth century.

tune to see this picture. It is a likeness of a young man, in a silken dressing gown of an old fashion, countenance of reverie, with its full, tender lips, and the soft richness of which is well adapted to the beautiful eyes, that seem to indicate not so much capacity of thought, as gentle and voluptuous emotion. Of the possessor of such features we shall have a right to ask nothing, except that he would take the rude world easily, and make himself happy in it. Can it have been an early lover of Miss Hepzibah? No; she never had a lover! poor thing, how could she?—nor ever knew, by her own experience, what love technically means. And yet, her undying faith and trust, her fresh remembrance, and continual devotedness toward the original of that miniature, have been the only substance for her heart to feed upon.

She seems to have put aside the miniature, and is standing again before the toilet glass. There are tears to be wiped off. A few more footsteps to and fro; and here, at last—with another pitiful sigh, like a gust of chill, damp wind out of a long-closed vault, the door of which has accidentally been set ajar—here comes Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon! Forth she steps into the dusky, time-darkened passage; a tall figure, clad in black silk, with a long and shrunken waist, feeling her way toward the stairs like a nearsighted person, as in truth she is.

The room which Hepzibah entered, after descending the stairs, was a low-studded room, with a beam across the ceiling, paneled with dark wood, and having a large chimney piece, set round with pictured tiles, but now closed by an iron fireboard, through which ran the funnel of a modern stove. There was a carpet on the floor, originally of rich texture, but so worn and faded in these latter years that its once brilliant figure had quite vanished into one indistinguishable hue. In the way of furniture, there were two tables: one, constructed with perplexing intricacy and exhibiting as many feet as a centipede; the other, most delicately wrought, with four long and slender legs, so apparently frail that it was almost incredible what a length of time the ancient tea table had stood upon them. Half a dozen chairs stood about the room, straight and stiff, and so ingeniously contrived for the

discomfort of the human person that they were irksome even to sight, and conveyed the ugliest possible idea of the state of society to which they could have been adapted. One exception there was, however, in a very antique elbow chair, with a high back, carved elaborately in oak, and a roomy depth within its arms, that made up, by its spacious comprehensiveness, for the lack of any of those artistic curves which abound in a modern chair.

As for ornamental articles of furniture, we recollect but two, if such they may be called. One was a map of the Pyncheon territory at the eastward, not engraved, but the handiwork of some skillful old draftsman, and grotesquely illuminated with pictures of Indians and wild beasts, among which was seen a lion; the natural history of the region being as little known as its geography, which was put down most fantastically awry. The other adornment was the portrait of old Colonel Pyncheon, at two-thirds length, representing the stern features of a Puritanic-looking personage, in a skullcap, with a laced band and a grizzly beard; holding a Bible with one hand, and in the other uplifting an iron sword hilt. The latter object, being more successfully depicted by the artist, stood out in far greater prominence than the sacred volume. Face to face with this picture, on entering the apartment, Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon came to a pause; regarding it with a singular scowl, a strange contortion of the brow, which, by people who did not know her, would probably have been interpreted as an expression of bitter anger and ill will. But it was no such thing. She, in fact, felt a reverence for the pictured visage, of which only a far-descended and time-stricken virgin could be susceptible; and this forbidding scowl was the innocent result of her nearsightedness, and an effort so to concentrate her powers of vision as to substitute a firm outline of the object instead of a vague one.

We must linger a moment on this unfortunate expression of poor Hepzibah's brow. Her scowl—as the world, or such part of it as sometimes caught a transitory glimpse of her at the window, wickedly persisted in calling it—her scowl had done Miss

Hepzibah a very ill office, in establishing her character as an ill-tempered old maid; nor does it appear improbable that, by often gazing at herself in a dim looking-glass, and perpetually encountering her own frown within its ghostly sphere, she had been led to interpret the expression almost as unjustly as the world did. "How miserably cross I look!" she must often have whispered to herself; and ultimately have fancied herself so, by a sense of inevitable doom. But her heart never frowned. It was naturally tender, sensitive, and full of little tremors and palpitations; all of which weaknesses it retained, while her visage was growing so perversely stern, and even fierce. Nor had Hepzibah ever any hardihood, except what came from the very warmest nook in her affections.

It has already been observed, that, in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor, nearly a century ago, had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade, and fell asleep under his coffin lid, not only the shop door, but the inner arrangements, had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up, too, in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide and seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained, until within a few days past.

But now, though the shop window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobwebs, which it had cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labor to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales, too, had evidently undergone rigid discipline, in an un-

availing effort to rub off the rust, which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account of stock, and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel—yea, two or three barrels and half ditto—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps, Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine wood, full of soap in bars; also, another of the same size, in which were tallow candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price, and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. There was a glass pickle jar, filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not, indeed, splinters of the veritable stone foundation of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow,[5] moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance, in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures, with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch, but less unsatisfactorily representing our own fashions than those of a hundred years ago. Another phenomenon, still more strikingly modern, was a package of lucifer matches, which, in old times, would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flame from the nether fires of Tophet.[6]

In short, to bring the matter at once to a point, it was incontrovertibly[7] evident that somebody had taken the shop and fixtures of the long-retired and forgotten Mr. Pyncheon, and was about to renew the enterprise of that departed worthy, with a different set of customers. Who could this bold adventurer be? And, of all places in the world, why had he chosen the House of the Seven Gables as the scene of his commercial speculations?

We return to the elderly maiden. She at length withdrew her

[5] JIM CROW—Character in an early American minstrel troupe.
[6] TOPHET—Place of destruction, hell.
[7] INCONTROVERTIBLY—Unquestionably.

eyes from the dark countenance of the colonel's portrait, heaved a sigh—indeed, her breast was a very cave of Æolus [8] that morning—and stepped across the room on tiptoe, as is the customary gait of elderly women. Passing through an intervening passage, she opened a door that communicated with the shop, just now so elaborately described. Owing to the projection of the upper story—and still more to the thick shadow of the Pyncheon elm, which stood almost directly in front of the gable—the twilight, here, was still as much akin to night as morning. Another heavy sigh from Miss Hepzibah! After a moment's pause on the threshold, peering toward the window with her nearsighted scowl, as if frowning down some bitter enemy, she suddenly projected herself into the shop. The haste, and, as it were, the galvanic [9] impulse of the movement, were really quite startling.

Nervously—in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say—she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings, and other little wares, on the shelves and at the shop window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, lady-like old figure there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a queer anomaly,[10] that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle, that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserably absurd idea, that she should go on perplexing her stiff and somber intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises. Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor, with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant, and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There, again, she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it

[8] Cave of Æolus—In classic mythology, the abode of the god of the winds.

[9] Galvanic—As caused by electrical shock or stimulus.

[10] Anomaly—Irregularity, abnormality.

can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees, in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy, from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader, it is our own fault, not that of the theme—here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady—who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences, and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself irremediably by doing aught for bread—this born lady, after sixty years of narrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty, treading closely at her heels for a lifetime, has come up with her at last. She must earn her own food, or starve! And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, too irreverently, at the instant of time when the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian woman.

This business of setting up a petty shop is almost the only resource of women, in circumstances at all similar to those of our unfortunate recluse. With her nearsightedness, and those tremulous fingers of hers, at once inflexible and delicate, she could not be a seamstress; although her sampler of fifty years gone by, exhibited some of the most recondite [11] specimens of ornamental needlework. A school for little children had been often in her thoughts; and, at one time, she had begun a review of her early studies in the New England Primer, with a view to prepare herself for the office of instructress. But the love of children had never been quickened in Hepzibah's heart, and was now torpid, if not extinct; she watched the little people of the neighborhood from her chamber window, and doubted whether she could tolerate a more intimate acquaintance with them. Besides, in our day, the very A B C has become a science greatly too abstruse

[11] Recondite—Intricate, little known.

to be any longer taught by pointing a pin from letter to letter. A modern child could teach old Hepzibah more than old Hepzibah could teach the child. So—with many a cold, deep heart-quake at the idea of at last coming into sordid contact with the world, from which she had so long kept aloof, while every added day of seclusion had rolled another stone against the cavern door of her hermitage—the poor thing bethought herself of the ancient shop window, the rusty scales, and dusty till. She might have held back a little longer; but another circumstance, not yet hinted at, had somewhat hastened her decision. Her humble preparations, therefore, were duly made, and the enterprise was now to be commenced. Nor was she entitled to complain of any remarkable singularity in her fate; for, in the town of her nativity, we might point to several little shops of a similar description, some of them in houses as ancient as that of the Seven Gables; and one or two, it may be, where a decayed gentlewoman stands behind the counter, as grim an image of family pride as Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon herself.

It was overpoweringly ridiculous—we must honestly confess it—the deportment of the maiden lady while setting her shop in order for the public eye. She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm tree, with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk, as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her. It might have been fancied, indeed, that she expected to minister to the wants of the community unseen, like a disembodied divinity or enchantress, holding forth her bargains to the reverential and awe-stricken purchaser in an invisible hand. But Hepzibah had no such flattering dream. She was well aware that she must ultimately come forward, and stand revealed in her proper individuality; but, like other sensitive persons, she could not bear to be observed in the gradual process, and chose rather to flash forth on the world's astonished gaze at once.

The inevitable moment was not much longer to be delayed. The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam, struggling through the boughs of the elm tree, and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be waking up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door; and the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch shell was heard far off, around the corner. None of these tokens escaped Hepzibah's notice. The moment had arrived. To delay longer would be only to lengthen out her misery. Nothing remained, except to take down the bar from the shop door, leaving the entrance free—more than free—welcome, as if all were household friends—to every passer-by, whose eyes might be attracted by the commodities at the window. This last act Hepzibah now performed, letting her bar fall with what smote upon her excited nerves as a most astounding clatter. Then—as if the only barrier betwixt herself and the world had been thrown down, and a flood of evil consequences would come tumbling through the gap—she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the ancestral elbow chair, and wept.

III THE FIRST CUSTOMER

Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon sat in the oaken elbow chair, with her hands over her face, giving way to that heavy down sinking of the heart which most persons have experienced, when she was suddenly startled by the tinkling alarum—high, sharp, and irregular—of a little bell. The maiden lady arose upon her feet, as pale as a ghost at cockcrow; for she was an enslaved spirit, and this the talisman [1] to which she owed obedience. This little bell—to speak in plainer terms—being fastened over the shop

[1] Talisman—Possessing magic powers.

door, was so contrived as to vibrate by means of a steel spring, and thus convey notice to the inner regions of the house when any customer should cross the threshold. Its ugly and spiteful little din (heard now for the first time, perhaps, since Hepzibah's periwigged predecessor [2] had retired from trade) at once set every nerve of her body in responsive and tumultuous vibration. The crisis was upon her! Her first customer was at the door!

Without giving herself time for a second thought, she rushed into the shop, pale, wild, desperate in gesture and expression, scowling portentously, and looking far better qualified to do fierce battle with a housebreaker than to stand smiling behind the counter, bartering small wares for a copper recompense. Any ordinary customer, indeed, would have turned his back and fled. And yet there was nothing fierce in Hepzibah's poor old heart; nor had she, at the moment, a single bitter thought against the world at large, or one individual man or woman. She wished them all well, but wished, too, that she herself were done with them, and in her quiet grave.

The applicant, by this time, stood within the doorway. Coming freshly, as he did, out of the morning light, he appeared to have brought some of its cheery influences into the shop along with him. It was a slender young man, not more than one or two and twenty years old, with rather a grave and thoughtful expression for his years, but likewise a springy alacrity and vigor. These qualities were not only perceptible, physically, in his make and motions, but made themselves felt almost immediately in his character. A brown beard, not too silken in its texture, fringed his chin, but as yet without completely hiding it; he wore a short mustache, too, and his dark, high-featured countenance looked all the better for these natural ornaments. As for his dress, it was of the simplest kind; a summer sack of cheap and ordinary material, thin checkered pantaloons, and a straw

[2] PERIWIGGED PREDECESSOR—Customary headdress worn by persons of rank in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries.

hat, by no means of the finest braid. Oak Hall [3] might have supplied his entire equipment. He was chiefly marked as a gentleman—if such, indeed, he made any claim to be—by the rather remarkable whiteness and nicety of his clean linen.

He met the scowl of old Hepzibah without apparent alarm, as having heretofore encountered it and found it harmless.

"So, my dear Miss Pyncheon," said the daguerreotypist—for it was that sole other occupant of the seven-gabled mansion—"I am glad to see that you have not shrunk from your good purpose. I merely look in to offer my best wishes, and to ask if I can assist you any further in your preparations."

People in difficulty and distress, or in any manner at odds with the world, can endure a vast amount of harsh treatment, and perhaps be only the stronger for it; whereas they give way at once before the simplest expression of what they perceive to be genuine sympathy. So it proved with poor Hepzibah; for, when she saw the young man's smile—looking so much the brighter on a thoughtful face—and heard his kindly tone, she broke first into a hysteric giggle and then began to sob.

"Ah, Mr. Holgrave," cried she, as soon as she could speak, "I never can go through with it! Never, never, never! I wish I were dead, and in the old family tomb, with all my forefathers! With my father, and my mother, and my sister! Yes, and with my brother, who had far better find me there than here! The world is too chill and hard—and I am too old, and too feeble, and too hopeless!"

"Oh, believe me, Miss Hepzibah," said the young man, quietly, "these feelings will not trouble you any longer, after you are once fairly in the midst of your enterprise. They are unavoidable at this moment, standing, as you do, on the outer verge of your long seclusion, and peopling the world with ugly shapes, which you will soon find to be as unreal as the giants and ogres of a child's storybook. I find nothing so singular in life, as that everything appears to lose its substance the instant one actually

[3] Oak Hall—A department store in Boston.

grapples with it. So it will be with what you think so terrible."

"But I am a woman!" said Hepzibah, piteously. "I am going to say, a lady—but I consider that as past."

"Well; no matter if it be past!" answered the artist, a strange gleam of half-hidden sarcasm flashing through the kindliness of his manner. "Let it go! You are the better without it. I speak frankly, my dear Miss Pyncheon! for are we not friends? I look upon this as one of the fortunate days of your life. It ends an epoch and begins one. Hitherto, the lifeblood has been gradually chilling in your veins as you sat aloof, within your circle of gentility, while the rest of the world was fighting out its battle with one kind of necessity or another. Henceforth, you will at least have the sense of healthy and natural effort for a purpose, and of lending your strength—be it great or small—to the united struggle of mankind. This is success—all the success that anybody meets with!"

"It is natural enough, Mr. Holgrave, that you should have ideas like these," rejoined Hepzibah, drawing up her gaunt figure, with slightly offended dignity. "You are a man, a young man, and brought up, I suppose, as almost everybody is nowadays, with a view to seeking your fortune. But I was born a lady, and have always lived one; no matter in what narrowness of means, always a lady!"

"But I was not born a gentleman; neither have I lived like one," said Holgrave, slightly smiling; "so, my dear madam, you will hardly expect me to sympathize with sensibilities of this kind; though, unless I deceive myself, I have some imperfect comprehension of them. These names of gentleman and lady had a meaning, in the past history of the world, and conferred privileges, desirable or otherwise, on those entitled to bear them. In the present—and still more in the future condition of society —they imply, not privilege, but restriction!"

"These are new notions," said the old gentlewoman, shaking her head. "I shall never understand them; neither do I wish it."

"We will cease to speak of them, then," replied the artist, with a friendlier smile than his last one, "and I will leave you to feel

whether it is not better to be a true woman than a lady. Do you really think, Miss Hepzibah, that any lady of your family has ever done a more heroic thing, since this house was built, than you are performing in it to-day? Never; and if the Pyncheons had always acted so nobly, I doubt whether an old wizard Maule's anathema,[4] of which you told me once, would have had much weight, with Providence against them."

"Ah!—no, no!" said Hepzibah, not displeased at this allusion to the somber dignity of an inherited curse. "If old Maule's ghost, or a descendant of his, could see me behind the counter to-day, he would call it the fulfillment of his worst wishes. But I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Holgrave, and will do my utmost to be a good shopkeeper."

"Pray do," said Holgrave, "and let me have the pleasure of being your first customer. I am about taking a walk to the seashore, before going to my rooms, where I misuse Heaven's blessed sunshine by tracing out human features through its agency. A few of those biscuits, dipped in seawater, will be just what I need for breakfast. What is the price of half a dozen?"

"Let me be a lady a moment longer," replied Hepzibah, with a manner of antique stateliness to which a melancholy smile lent a kind of grace. She put the biscuits into his hand, but rejected the compensation. "A Pyncheon must not, at all events under her forefathers' roof, receive money for a morsel of bread from her only friend!"

Holgrave took his departure, leaving her, for the moment, with spirits not quite so much depressed. Soon, however, they had subsided nearly to their former dead level. With a beating heart, she listened to the footsteps of early passers-by, which now began to be frequent along the street. Once or twice they seemed to linger; these strangers, or neighbors, as the case might be, were looking at the display of toys and petty commodities in Hepzibah's shop window. She was doubly tortured; in part, with a sense of overwhelming shame that strange and unloving eyes

[4] ANATHEMA—Curse.

should have the privilege of gazing, and partly because the idea occurred to her, with ridiculous importunity, that the window was not arranged so skillfully, nor nearly to so much advantage, as it might have been. It seemed as if the whole fortune or failure of her shop might depend on the display of a different set of articles, or substituting a fairer apple for one which appeared to be specked. So she made the change, and straightway fancied that everything was spoiled by it; not recognizing that it was the nervousness of the juncture, and her own native squeamishness as an old maid, that wrought all the seeming mischief.

Anon, there was an encounter, just at the doorstep, betwixt two laboring men, as their rough voices denoted them to be. After some slight talk about their own affairs, one of them chanced to notice the shop window, and directed the other's attention to it.

"See here!" cried he; "what do you think of this? Trade seems to be looking up in Pyncheon Street!"

"Well, well, this is a sight, to be sure!" exclaimed the other. "In the old Pyncheon house, and underneath the Pyncheon elm! Who would have thought it? Old Maid Pyncheon is setting up a cent shop!"

"Will she make it go, think you, Dixey?" said his friend. "I don't call it a very good stand. There's another shop just around the corner."

"Make it go!" cried Dixey, with a most contemptuous expression, as if the very idea were impossible to be conceived. "Not a bit of it! Why, her face—I've seen it, for I dug her garden for her one year—her face is enough to frighten the Old Nick himself, if he had ever so great a mind to trade with her. People can't stand it, I tell you! She scowls dreadfully, reason or none, out of pure ugliness of temper!"

"Well, that's not so much matter," remarked the other man. "These sour-tempered folks are mostly handy at business, and know pretty well what they are about. But, as you say, I don't think she'll do much. This business of keeping cent shops is

overdone, like all other kinds of trade, handicraft, and bodily labor. I know it, to my cost! My wife kept a cent shop three months, and lost five dollars on her outlay!"

"Poor business!" responded Dixey, in a tone as if he were shaking his head, "poor business!"

For some reason or other, not very easy to analyze, there had hardly been so bitter a pang in all her previous misery about the matter as what thrilled Hepzibah's heart, on overhearing the above conversation. The testimony in regard to her scowl was frightfully important; it seemed to hold up her image wholly relieved from the false light of her self-partialities, and so hideous that she dared not look at it. She was absurdly hurt, moreover, by the slight and idle effect that her setting up shop—an event of such breathless interest to herself—appeared to have upon the public, of which these two men were the nearest representatives. A glance; a passing word or two; a coarse laugh; and she was doubtless forgotten before they turned the corner! They cared nothing for her dignity, and just as little for her degradation. Then, also the augury of ill success, uttered from the sure wisdom of experience, fell upon her half-dead hope like a clod into a grave. The man's wife had already tried the same experiment, and failed! How could the born lady—the recluse of half a lifetime, utterly unpracticed in the world, at sixty years of age—how could she ever dream of succeeding, when the hard, vulgar, keen, busy, hackneyed New England woman had lost five dollars on her little outlay! Success presented itself as an impossibility, and the hope of it as a wild hallucination.

But, at this instant, the shop bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks, in unison with the sound. The door was thrust open, although no human form was perceptible on the other side of the half window. Hepzibah, nevertheless, stood at a gaze, with her hands clasped, looking very much as if she had summoned up an evil spirit, and were afraid, yet resolved, to hazard the encounter.

"Heaven help me!" she groaned, mentally. "Now is my hour of need!"

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple. He was clad rather shabbily (but, as it seemed, more owing to his mother's carelessness than his father's poverty), in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a ship hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices. A book and a small slate, under his arm, indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an elder customer than himself would have been likely enough to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him.

"Well, child," said she, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable, "well, my child, what did you wish for?"

"That Jim Crow there in the window," answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice, as he loitered along to school; "the one that has not a broken foot."

So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and, taking the effigy from the shop window, delivered it to her first customer.

"No matter for the money," said she, giving him a little push toward the door; for her old gentility was contumaciously [5] squeamish at sight of the copper coin, and, besides, it seemed such pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. "No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow."

The child, staring with round eyes at this instance of liberality, wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent shops, took the man of gingerbread, and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing

[5] CONTUMACIOUSLY—Obstinately.

it after him, with a pettish ejaculation or two about the troublesomeness of young people, and particularly of small boys. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open, with its characteristic jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

"What is it now, child?" asked the maiden lady, rather impatiently; "did you come back to shut the door?"

"No," answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; "I want that other Jim Crow."

"Well, here it is for you," said Hepzibah, reaching it down; but recognizing that this pertinacious [6] customer would not quit her on any other terms, so long as she had a gingerbread figure in her shop, she partly drew back her extended hand, "Where is the cent?"

The little boy had the cent ready, but, like a true-born Yankee, would have preferred the better bargain to the worse. Looking somewhat chagrined, he put the coin into Hepzibah's hand, and departed, sending the second Jim Crow in quest of the former one. The new shopkeeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done! The sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm. The little schoolboy, aided by the impish figure of the negro dancer, had wrought an irreparable ruin. The structure of ancient aristocracy had been demolished by him, even as if his childish gripe had torn down the seven-gabled mansion. Now let Hepzibah turn the old Pyncheon portraits with their faces to the wall, and take the map of her eastern territory to kindle the kitchen fire, and blow up the flame with the empty breath of her ancestral traditions! What had she to do with ancestry? Nothing; no more than with posterity! No lady, now, but

[6] PERTINACIOUS—Resolute, persistent.

simply Hepzibah Pyncheon, a forlorn old maid, and keeper of a cent shop!

Nevertheless, even while she paraded these ideas somewhat ostentatiously [7] through her mind, it is altogether surprising what a calmness had come over her. The anxiety and misgivings which had tormented her, whether asleep or in melancholy day-dreams, ever since her project began to take an aspect of solidity, had now vanished quite away.

Her introductory day of shopkeeping did not run on, however, without many and serious interruptions of this mood of cheerful vigor. As a general rule, Providence seldom vouchsafes to mortals any more than just that degree of encouragement which suffices to keep them at a reasonably full exertion of their powers. In the case of our old gentlewoman, after the excitement of new effort had subsided, the despondency of her whole life threatened, ever and anon, to return. It was like the heavy mass of clouds which we may often see obscuring the sky, and making a gray twilight everywhere, until, toward nightfall, it yields temporarily to a glimpse of sunshine. But always, the envious cloud strives to gather again across the streak of celestial azure.

Customers came in, as the forenoon advanced, but rather slowly; in some cases, too, it must be owned, with little satisfaction either to themselves or Miss Hepzibah; nor, on the whole, with an aggregate of very rich emolument [8] to the till. A little girl, sent by her mother to match a skein of cotton thread, of a peculiar hue, took one that the nearsighted old lady pronounced extremely like, but soon came running back, with a blunt and cross message, that it would not do, and, besides, was very rotten; Then, there was a pale, care-wrinkled woman, not old but haggard, and already with streaks of gray among her hair, like silver ribbons; one of those women, naturally delicate, whom you at once recognize as worn to death by a brute—probably a

[7] Ostentatiously—With undue display.
[8] Emolument—Profit.

drunken brute—of a husband, and at least nine children. She wanted a few pounds of flour, and offered the money, which the decayed gentlewoman silently rejected, and gave the poor soul better measure than if she had taken it. Shortly afterwards, a man in a blue cotton frock, much soiled, came in and bought a pipe, filling the whole shop, meanwhile, with the hot odor of strong drink, not only exhalted in the torrid atmosphere of his breath, but oozing out of his entire system, like an inflammable gas. It was impressed on Hepzibah's mind that this was the husband of the care-wrinkled woman. He asked for a paper of tobacco; and as she had neglected to provide herself with the article, her brutal customer dashed down his newly bought pipe and left the shop, muttering some unintelligible words, which had the tone and bitterness of a curse. Hereupon Hepzibah threw up her eyes, unintentionally scowling in the face of Providence!

No less than five persons, during the forenoon, inquired for ginger beer, or root beer, or any drink of a similar brewage, and, obtaining nothing of the kind, went off in an exceedingly bad humor. Three of them left the door open, and the other two pulled it so spitefully in going out that the little bell played the very deuce with Hepzibah's nerves. A round, bustling, fire-ruddy housewife of the neighborhood, burst breathless into the shop, fiercely demanding yeast; and when the poor gentlewoman, with her cold shyness of manner, gave her hot customer to understand that she did not keep the article, this very capable housewife took upon herself to administer a regular rebuke.

"A cent shop, and no yeast!" quoth she, "that will never do! Who ever heard of such a thing? Your loaf will never rise, no more than mine will to-day. You had better shut up shop at once."

"Well," said Hepzibah, heaving a deep sigh, "perhaps I had!"

Several times, moreover, besides the above instance, her lady-like sensibilities were seriously infringed upon by the familiar, if not rude, tone with which people addressed her. They evidently considered themselves not merely her equals, but her patrons and superiors. Now, Hepzibah had unconsciously flat-

tered herself with the idea that there would be a gleam or halo, of some kind or other, about her person, which would insure an obeisance [9] to her sterling gentility, or, at least, a tacit recognition of it. On the other hand, nothing tortured her more intolerably than when this recognition was too prominently expressed. To one or two rather officious offers of sympathy, her responses were little short of acrimonious; and, we regret to say, Hepzibah was thrown into a positively unchristian state of mind by the suspicion that one of her customers was drawn to the shop, not by any real need of the article which she pretended to seek, but by a wicked wish to stare at her. The vulgar creature was determined to see for herself what sort of a figure a mildewed piece of aristocracy, after wasting all the bloom and much of the decline of her life apart from the world, would cut behind a counter. In this particular case, however mechanical and innocuous [10] it might be at other times, Hepzibah's contortion of brow served her in good stead.

"I never was so frightened in my life!" said the curious customer, in describing the incident to one of her acquaintances. "She's a real old vixen, take my word of it! She says little, to be sure; but if you could only see the mischief in her eyes!"

On the whole, therefore, her new experience led our decayed gentlewoman to very disagreeable conclusions as to the temper and manners of what she termed the lower classes, whom heretofore she had looked down upon with a gentle and pitying complaisance, as herself occupying a sphere of unquestionable superiority. But, unfortunately, she had likewise to struggle against a bitter emotion of a directly opposite kind: a sentiment of virulence, we mean, toward the idle aristocracy to which it had so recently been her pride to belong. When a lady, in a delicate and costly summer garb, with a floating veil and gracefully swaying gown, and, altogether, an ethereal [11] lightness that made you look at her beautifully slippered feet, to see whether she trod

[9] Obeisance—Token of respect.
[10] Innocuous—Harmless.
[11] Ethereal—Airy.

on the dust or floated in the air—when such a vision happened to pass through this retired street, leaving it tenderly and delusively fragrant with her passage, as if a bouquet of tea roses had been borne along—then again, it is to be feared, old Hepzibah's scowl could no longer vindicate itself entirely on the plea of nearsightedness.

"For what end," thought she, giving vent to that feeling of hostility which is the only real abasement of the poor in presence of the rich—"for what good end, in the wisdom of Providence, does that woman live? Must the whole world toil, that the palms of her hands may be kept white and delicate?"

Then, ashamed and penitent, she hid her face.

"May God forgive me!" said she.

Doubtless, God did forgive her. But, taking the inward and outward history of the first half day into consideration, Hepzibah began to fear that the shop would prove her ruin in a moral and religious point of view, without contributing very essentially toward even her temporal welfare.

IV A DAY BEHIND THE COUNTER

Toward noon, Hepzibah saw an elderly gentleman, large and portly, and of remarkably dignified demeanor, passing slowly along on the opposite side of the white and dusty street. On coming within the shadow of the Pyncheon elm, he stopped, and (taking off his hat, meanwhile, to wipe the perspiration from his brow) seemed to scrutinize, with especial interest, the dilapidated and rusty-visaged House of the Seven Gables. He himself, in a very different style, was as well worth looking at as the house. No better model need be sought, nor could have been found, of a very high order of respectability, which, by some indescribable magic, not merely expressed itself in his looks and gestures, but even governed the fashion of his garments, and rendered them all proper and essential to the man. Without appearing to differ, in any tangible way, from other people's clothes, there was yet a wide and rich gravity about them that must have

been a characteristic of the wearer, since it could not be defined as pertaining either to the cut or material. His gold-headed cane, too—a serviceable staff, of dark polished wood—had similar traits, and, had it chosen to take a walk by itself, would have been recognized anywhere as a tolerably adequate representative of its master. This character—which showed itself so strikingly in everything about him, and the effect of which we seek to convey to the reader—went no deeper than his station, habits of life, and external circumstances. One perceived him to be a personage of marked influence and authority; and, especially, you could feel just as certain that he was opulent as if he had exhibited his bank account, or as if you had seen him touching the twigs of the Pyncheon elm, and, Midas-like,[1] transmuting them to gold.

In his youth, he had probably been considered a handsome man; at his present age, his brow was too heavy, his temples too bare, his remaining hair too gray, his eye too cold, his lips too closely compressed, to bear any relation to mere personal beauty. He would have made a good and massive portrait; better now, perhaps, than at any previous period of his life, although his look might grow positively harsh in the process of being fixed upon the canvas. The artist would have found it desirable to study his face, and prove its capacity for varied expression; to darken it with a frown—to kindle it up with a smile.

While the elderly gentleman stood looking at the Pyncheon house, both the frown and the smile passed successively over his countenance. His eye rested on the shop window, and putting up a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, which he held in his hand, he minutely surveyed Hepzibah's little arrangement of toys and commodities. At first it seemed not to please him—nay, to cause him exceeding displeasure—and yet, the very next moment, he smiled. While the latter expression was yet on his lips, he caught a glimpse of Hepzibah, who had involuntarily bent forward to

[1] Midas-like—A legendary king whose touch transmuted everything into gold.

the window; and then the smile changed from acrid and disagreeable to the sunniest complacency and benevolence. He bowed, with a happy mixture of dignity and courteous kindliness, and pursued his way.

"There he is!" said Hepzibah to herself, gulping down a very bitter emotion, and, since she could not rid herself of it, trying to drive it back into her heart. "What does he think of it, I wonder? Does it please him? Ah! he is looking back!"

The gentleman had paused in the street, and turned himself half about, still with his eyes fixed on the shop window. In fact, he wheeled wholly round, and commenced a step or two, as if designing to enter the shop; but, as it chanced, his purpose was anticipated by Hepzibah's first customer, the little cannibal of Jim Crow, who, staring up at the window, was irresistibly attracted by an elephant of gingerbread. What a grand appetite had this small urchin!—two Jim Crows immediately after breakfast!—and now an elephant, as a preliminary whet before dinner! By the time this latter purchase was completed, the elderly gentleman had resumed his way, and turned the street corner.

"Take it as you like, Cousin Jaffrey!" muttered the maiden lady, as she drew back, after cautiously thrusting out her head, and looking up and down the street—"take it as you like! You have seen my little shop window! Well!—what have you to say?—is not the Pyncheon house my own, while I'm alive?"

After this incident, Hepzibah retreated to the back parlor, where she at first caught up a half-finished stocking, and began knitting at it with nervous and irregular jerks; but quickly finding herself at odds with the stitches, she threw it aside, and walked hurriedly about the room. At length, she paused before the portrait of the stern old Puritan, her ancestor, and the founder of the house. In one sense, this picture had almost faded into the canvas, and hidden itself behind the duskiness of age; in another, she could not but fancy that it had been growing more prominent, and strikingly expressive, ever since her earliest familiarity with it as a child. For, while the physical outline and substance were darkening away from the beholder's eye, the

bold, hard, and, at the same time, indirect character of the man seemed to be brought out in a kind of spiritual relief. Such an effect may occasionally be observed in pictures of antique date.

While gazing at the portrait, Hepzibah trembled under its eye. Her hereditary reverence made her afraid to judge the character of the original so harshly as a perception of the truth compelled her to do. But still she gazed, because the face of the picture enabled her—at least, she fancied so—to read more accurately, and to a greater depth, the face which she had just seen in the street.

"This is the very man!" murmured she to herself. "Let Jaffrey Pyncheon smile as he will, there is that look beneath! Put on him a skullcap, and a band, and a black cloak, and a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other—then let Jaffrey smile as he might—nobody would doubt that it was the old Pyncheon come again! He has proved himself the very man to build up a new house! Perhaps, too, to draw down a new curse!"

Thus did Hepzibah bewilder herself with these fantasies of the old time. She had dwelt too much alone—too long in the Pyncheon house—until her very brain was impregnated with the dry-rot of its timbers. She needed a walk along the noonday street to keep her sane.

By the spell of contrast, another portrait rose up before her, painted with more daring flattery than any artist would have ventured upon, but yet so delicately touched that the likeness remained perfect. Malbone's miniature, though from the same original, was far inferior to Hepzibah's air-drawn picture, at which affection and sorrowful remembrance wrought together. Soft, mildly, and cheerfully contemplative, with full, red lips, just on the verge of a smile, which the eyes seemed to herald by a gentle kindling up of their orbs! Feminine traits, molded inseparably with those of the other sex! The miniature, likewise, had this last peculiarity; so that you inevitably thought of the original as resembling his mother, and she a lovely and lovable woman, with perhaps some beautiful infirmity of character, that made it all the pleasanter to know and easier to love her.

"Yes," thought Hepzibah, with grief of which it was only the more tolerable portion that welled up from her heart to her eyelids, "they persecuted his mother in him! He never was a Pyncheon!"

But here the shop bell rang; it was like a sound from a remote distance—so far had Hepzibah descended into the sepulchral depths of her reminiscences. On entering the shop, she found an old man there, a humble resident of Pyncheon Street, and whom, for a great many years past, she had suffered to be a kind of familiar of the house. He was an immemorial personage, who seemed always to have had a white head and wrinkles, and never to have possessed but a single tooth, and that a half-decayed one, in the front of the upper jaw. Well advanced as Hepzibah was, she could not remember when Uncle Venner, as the neighborhood called him, had not gone up and down the street, stooping a little and drawing his feet heavily over the gravel or pavement. But still there was something tough and vigorous about him, that not only kept him in daily breath, but enabled him to fill a place which would else have been vacant in the apparently crowded world. To go of errands with his slow and shuffling gait, which made you doubt how he ever was to arrive anywhere; to saw a small household's foot or two of firewood, or knock to pieces an old barrel, or split up a pine board for kindling stuff; in summer, to dig a few yards of garden ground appertaining to a low-rented tenement, and share the produce of his labor at the halves; in winter, to shovel away the snow from the sidewalk, or open paths to the woodshed, or along the clothesline; such were some of the essential offices which Uncle Venner performed among at least a score of families. Within that circle, he claimed the same sort of privilege, and probably felt as much warmth of interest, as a clergyman does in the range of his parishioners. Not that he laid claim to the tithe pig; [2] but, as an analogous [3] mode of reverence, he went his

[2] Tithe pig—A symbol of the Mosaic requirement that one-tenth of one's income or possessions be devoted to the maintenance of religion.

[3] Analogous—Similar.

rounds, every morning, to gather up the crumbs of the table and overflowings of the dinner pot, as food for a pig of his own.

In his younger days—for, after all, there was a dim tradition that he had been, not young, but younger—Uncle Venner was commonly regarded as rather deficient, than otherwise, in his wits. In truth, he had virtually pleaded guilty to the charge, by scarcely aiming at such success as other men seek, and by taking only that humble and modest part in the intercourse of life which belongs to the alleged deficiency. But now, in his extreme old age—whether it were that his long and hard experience had actually brightened him, or that his decaying judgment rendered him less capable of fairly measuring himself—the venerable man made pretensions to no little wisdom, and really enjoyed the credit of it. There was likewise, at times, a vein of something like poetry in him; it was the moss or wallflower of his mind in its small dilapidation, and gave a charm to what might have been vulgar and commonplace in his earlier and middle life. Hepzibah had a regard for him, because his name was ancient in the town and had formerly been respectable. It was a still better reason for awarding him a species of familiar reverence that Uncle Venner was himself the most ancient existence, whether of man or thing, in Pyncheon Street, except the House of the Seven Gables, and perhaps the elm that overshadowed it.

This patriarch [4] now presented himself before Hepzibah, clad in an old blue coat, which had a fashionable air, and must have accrued to him from the cast-off wardrobe of some dashing clerk. As for his trousers, they were of tow cloth, very short in the legs, and bagging down strangely in the rear, but yet having a suitableness to his figure which his other garment entirely lacked. His hat had relation to no other part of his dress, and but very little to the head that wore it. Thus Uncle Venner was a miscellaneous old gentleman, partly himself, but, in good measure, somebody else; patched together, too, of different epochs; an epitome [5] of times and fashions.

[4] Patriarch—An aged and venerable man.
[5] Epitome—Summary.

"So, you have really begun trade!" said he, "really begun trade! Well, I'm glad to see it. Young people should never live idle in the world, nor old ones neither, unless when the rheumatism gets hold of them. It has given me warning already; and in two or three years longer, I shall think of putting aside business and retiring to my farm. That's yonder—the great brick house, you know—the workhouse, most folks call it; but I mean to do my work first, and go there to be idle and enjoy myself. And I'm glad to see you beginning to do your work, Miss Hepzibah!"

"Thank you, Uncle Venner," said Hepzibah, smiling; for she always felt kindly toward the simple and talkative old man. Had he been an old woman, she might probably have repelled the freedom, which she now took in good part. "It is time for me to begin work, indeed! Or, to speak the truth, I have just begun when I ought to be giving it up."

"Oh, never say that, Miss Hepzibah!" answered the old man. "You are a young woman yet. Why, I hardly thought myself younger than I am now, it seems so little while ago since I used to see you playing about the door of the old house, quite a small child! Oftener, though, you used to be sitting at the threshold, and looking gravely into the street; for you had always a grave kind of way with you—a grown-up air—when you were only the height of my knee. It seems as if I saw you now: and your grandfather, with his red cloak, and his white wig, and his cocked hat, and his cane, coming out of the house, and stepping so grandly up the street! Those old gentlemen that grew up before the Revolution used to put on grand airs. In my young days, the great man of the town was commonly called King; and his wife, not Queen, to be sure, but Lady. Nowadays, a man would not dare to be called King; and if he feels himself a little above common folks, he only stoops so much the lower to them. I met your cousin, the judge, ten minutes ago; and, in my old tow-cloth trousers, as you see, the judge raised his hat to me, I do believe! At any rate, the judge bowed and smiled!"

"Yes," said Hepzibah, with something bitter stealing un-

awares into her tone; "my cousin Jaffrey is thought to have a very pleasant smile!"

"And so he has!" replied Uncle Venner. "And that's rather remarkable in a Pyncheon; for, begging your pardon, Miss Hepzibah, they never had the name of being an easy and agreeable set of folks. There was no getting close to them. But now, Miss Hepzibah, if an old man may be bold to ask, why don't Judge Pyncheon, with his great means, step forward, and tell his cousin to shut up her little shop at once? It's for your credit to be doing something, but it's not for the judge's credit to let you!"

"We won't talk of this, if you please, Uncle Venner," said Hepzibah, coldly. "I ought to say, however, that, if I choose to earn bread for myself, it is not Judge Pyncheon's fault. Neither will he deserve the blame," added she, more kindly, remembering Uncle Venner's privileges of age and humble familiarity, "if I should, by and by, find it convenient to retire with you to your farm."

"And it's no bad place, either, that farm of mine!" cried the old man, cheerily, as if there were something positively delightful in the prospect. "No bad place is the great brick farmhouse, especially for them that will find a good many old cronies there, as will be my case. I quite long to be among them, sometimes, of the winter evenings; for it is but dull business for a lonesome elderly man, like me, to be nodding, by the hour together, with no company but his air-tight stove. Summer or winter, there's a great deal to be said in favor of my farm! And, take it in the autumn, what can be pleasanter than to spend a whole day on the sunny side of a barn or a woodpile, chatting with somebody as old as one's self; or, perhaps, idling away the time with a natural-born simpleton, who knows how to be idle, because even our busy Yankees never have found out how to put him to any use? Upon my word, Miss Hepzibah, I doubt whether I've ever been so comfortable as I mean to be at my farm, which most folks call the workhouse. But you—you're a young woman yet—you never need go there! Something still better will turn up for you. I'm sure of it!"

Hepzibah fancied that there was something peculiar in her venerable friend's look and tone; insomuch, that she gazed into his face with considerable earnestness, endeavoring to discover what secret meaning, if any, might be lurking there. Individuals whose affairs have reached an utterly desperate crisis almost invariably keep themselves alive with hopes, so much the more airily magnificent as they have the less of solid matter within their grasp whereof to mold any judicious and moderate expectation of good. Thus, all the while Hepzibah was perfecting the scheme of her little shop, she had cherished an unacknowledged idea that some harlequin[6] trick of fortune would intervene in her favor. For example, an uncle—who had sailed for India fifty years before, and never been heard of since—might yet return, and adopt her to be the comfort of his very extreme and decrepit age, and adorn her with pearls, diamonds, and Oriental shawls and turbans, and make her the ultimate heiress of his unreckonable riches. Or the member of Parliament, now at the head of the English branch of the family—with which the elder stock, on this side of the Atlantic, had held little or no intercourse for the last two centuries—this eminent gentleman might invite Hepzibah to quit the ruinous House of the Seven Gables, and come over to dwell with her kindred at Pyncheon Hall. But, for reasons the most imperative, she could not yield to his request. It was more probable, therefore, that the descendant of a Pyncheon who had emigrated to Virginia, in some past generation, and become a great planter there—hearing of Hepzibah's destitution, and impelled by the splendid generosity of character with which their Virginian mixture must have enriched the New England blood—would send her a remittance of a thousand dollars, with a hint of repeating the favor annually. Or—and, surely, anything so undeniably just could not be beyond the limits of reasonable anticipation—the great claim to the heritage of Waldo County might finally be decided in favor of the Pyncheons; so that instead of keeping a

[6] HARLEQUIN—Fantastic, surprising.

cent shop, Hepzibah would build a palace, and look down from its highest tower on hill, dale, forest, field, and town, as her own share of the ancestral territory.

These were some of the fantasies which she had long dreamed about; and, aided by these, Uncle Venner's casual attempt at encouragement kindled a strange festal glory in the poor, bare, melancholy chambers of her brain, as if that inner world were suddenly lighted up with gas. But either he knew nothing of her castles in the air—as how should he?—or else her earnest scowl disturbed his recollection, as it might a more courageous man's. Instead of pursuing any weightier topic, Uncle Venner was pleased to favor Hepzibah with some sage counsel in her shop-keeping capacity.

"Give no credit!"—these were some of his golden maxims—"never take paper money! Look well to your change! Ring the silver on the four-pound weight! Shove back all English half-pence and base copper tokens, such as are very plenty about town! At your leisure hours, knit children's woolen socks and mittens! Brew your own yeast, and make your own ginger beer!"

And while Hepzibah was doing her utmost to digest the hard little pellets of his already uttered wisdom, he gave vent to his final, and what he declared to be his all-important advice, as follows:

"Put on a bright face for your customers, and smile pleasantly as you hand them what they ask for! A stale article, if you dip it in a good, warm, sunny smile, will go off better than a fresh one that you've scowled upon."

To this last apothegm,[7] poor Hepzibah responded with a sigh so deep and heavy that it almost rustled Uncle Venner quite away, like a withered leaf—as he was—before an autumnal gale. Recovering himself, however, he bent forward, and, with a good deal of feeling in his ancient visage, beckoned her nearer to him.

"When do you expect him home?" whispered he.

[7] APOTHEGM—Short, instructive saying.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Hepzibah, turning pale.

"Ah? you don't love to talk about it," said Uncle Venner. "Well, well! we'll say no more, though there's word of it all over town. I remember him, Miss Hepzibah, before he could run alone!"

During the remainder of the day poor Hepzibah acquitted herself even less creditably, as a shopkeeper, than in her earlier efforts. She appeared to be walking in a dream; or, more truly, the vivid life and reality assumed by her emotions made all outward occurrences unsubstantial, like the teasing phantasms of a half-conscious slumber. She still responded, mechanically, to the frequent summons of the shop bell, and, at the demand of her customers, went prying with vague eyes about the shop, proffering them one article after another, and thrusting aside—perversely, as most of them supposed—the identical thing they asked for. As the animosity[8] of fate would have it, there was a great influx of custom in the course of the afternoon. Hepzibah blundered to and fro about her small place of business, committing the most unheard-of errors: now stringing up twelve, and now seven, tallow candles, instead of ten to the pound; selling ginger for Scotch snuff, pins for needles, and needles for pins; misreckoning her change, sometimes to the public detriment, and much oftener to her own; and thus she went on, doing her utmost to bring chaos back again, until, at the close of the day's labor, to her inexplicable[9] astonishment, she found the money drawer almost destitute of coin. After all her painful traffic, the whole proceeds were perhaps half a dozen coppers, and a questionable ninepence which ultimately proved to be copper likewise.

At this price, or at whatever price, she rejoiced that the day had reached its end. Never before had she had such a sense of the intolerable length of time that creeps between dawn and sunset, and of the miserable irksomeness of having aught to do,

[8] Animosity—Ill will, hostility.
[9] Inexplicable—Incapable of being explained.

and of the better wisdom that it would be to lie down at once, in sullen resignation, and let life, and its toils and vexations, trample over one's prostrate body as they may! Hepzibah's final operation was with the little devourer of Jim Crow and the elephant, who now proposed to eat a camel. In her bewilderment, she offered him first a wooden dragoon, and next a handful of marbles; neither of which being adapted to his else omnivorous[10] appetite, she hastily held out her whole remaining stock of natural history in gingerbread, and huddled the small customer out of the shop. She then muffled the bell in an unfinished stocking, and put up the oaken bar across the door.

During the latter process, an omnibus came to a standstill under the branches of the elm tree. Hepzibah's heart was in her mouth. Remote and dusky, and with no sunshine on all the intervening space, was that region of the Past whence her only guest might be expected to arrive! Was she to meet him now?

Somebody, at all events, was passing from the farthest interior of the omnibus toward its entrance. A gentleman alighted; but it was only to offer his hand to a young girl whose slender figure, nowise needing such assistance, now lightly descended the steps, and made an airy little jump from the final one to the sidewalk. She rewarded her cavalier with a smile, the cheery glow of which was seen reflected on his own face as he reëntered the vehicle. The girl then turned toward the House of the Seven Gables, to the door of which, meanwhile—not the shop door, but the antique portal—the omnibus man had carried a light trunk and a bandbox. First giving a sharp rap of the old iron knocker, he left his passenger and her luggage at the doorstep, and departed.

"Who can it be?" thought Hepzibah, who had been screwing her visual organs into the acutest focus of which they were capable. "The girl must have mistaken the house!"

She stole softly into the hall, and, herself invisible, gazed through the dusty side lights of the portal at the young, blooming, and very cheerful face, which presented itself for admittance

[10] Omnivorous—All devouring.

into the gloomy old mansion. It was a face to which almost any door would have opened of its own accord.

The young girl, so fresh, so unconventional, and yet so orderly and obedient to common rules, as you at once recognized her to be, was widely in contrast, at that moment, with everything about her. The sordid and ugly luxuriance of gigantic weeds that grew in the angle of the house, and the heavy projection that overshadowed her, and the time-worn framework of the door—none of these things belonged to her sphere. But, even as a ray of sunshine, fall into what dismal place it may, instantaneously creates for itself a propriety in being there, so did it seem altogether fit that the girl should be standing at the threshold. It was no less evidently proper that the door should swing open to admit her. The maiden lady, herself, sternly inhospitable in her first purposes, soon began to feel that the door ought to be shoved back, and the rusty key be turned in the reluctant lock.

"Can it be Phœbe?" questioned she within herself. "It must be little Phœbe; for it can be nobody else—and there is a look of her father about her, too! But what does she want here? And how like a country cousin, to come down upon a poor body in this way, without so much as a day's notice, or asking whether she would be welcome! Well, she must have a night's lodging, I suppose; and to-morrow the child shall go back to her mother!"

Phœbe, it must be understood, was that one little offshoot of the Pyncheon race to whom we have already referred, as a native of a rural part of New England, where the old fashions and feelings of relationship are still partially kept up. In her own circle, it was regarded as by no means improper for kinsfolk to visit one another without invitation, or preliminary and ceremonious warning. Yet, in consideration of Miss Hepzibah's recluse [11] way of life, a letter had actually been written and dispatched, conveying information of Phœbe's projected visit. This epistle, for three or four days past, had been in the pocket of the penny

[11] Recluse—Secluded from society.

postman,[12] who, happening to have no other business in Pyncheon Street, had not yet made it convenient to call at the House of the Seven Gables.

"No!—she can stay only one night," said Hepzibah, unbolting the door. "If Clifford were to find her here, it might disturb him!"

[12] PENNY POSTMAN—Current term for mailman.

V MAY AND NOVEMBER

PHŒBE PYNCHEON slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted toward the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark, antique canopy, and ponderous festoons of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there—with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage—the dawn kissed her brow.

At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognize where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall, stiff chairs; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rosebush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxuriant growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts; but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rosebush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mold in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon—she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden plat, was now unctuous[1] with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable, because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. What was precisely Phœbe's process we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here and another there; brought some articles of furniture to light and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window curtain; and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment.

After arranging matters to her satisfaction, Phœbe emerged

[1] Unctous—Anointed, hence, rich, fertile.

from her chamber, with a purpose to descend again into the garden. Besides the rosebush, she had observed several other species of flowers growing there in a wilderness of neglect, and obstructing one another's development (as is often the parallel case in human society) by their uneducated entanglement and confusion. At the head of the stairs, however, she met Hepzibah, who, it being still early, invited her into a room which she would probably have called her boudoir, had her education embraced any such French phrase. It was strewn about with a few old books, and a workbasket, and a dusty writing desk; and had, on one side, a large, black article of furniture, of very strange appearance, which the old gentlewoman told Phœbe was a harpsichord.[2] It looked more like a coffin than anything else; and, indeed—not having been played upon, or opened, for years—there must have been a vast deal of dead music in it, stifled for want of air. Human finger was hardly known to have touched its chords since the days of Alice Pyncheon, who had learned the sweet accomplishment of melody in Europe.

Hepzibah bade her young guest sit down, and, herself taking a chair near by, looked as earnestly at Phœbe's trim little figure as if she expected to see right into its springs and motive secrets.

"Cousin Phœbe," said she, at last, "I really can't see my way clear to keep you with me."

These words, however, had not the inhospitable bluntness with which they may strike the reader; for the two relatives, in a talk before bedtime, had arrived at a certain degree of mutual understanding. Hepzibah knew enough to enable her to appreciate the circumstances (resulting from the second marriage of the girl's mother) which made it desirable for Phœbe to establish herself in another home. Nor did she misinterpret Phœbe's character, and the genial activity pervading it—one of the most valuable traits of the true New England woman—which had impelled her forth, as might be said, to seek her fortune, but with

[2] Harpsichord—An old-fashioned stringed instrument, shaped like a grand piano and used in the Sixteenth to Eighteenth centuries.

a self-respecting purpose to confer as much benefit as she could anywise receive. As one of her nearest kindred, she had naturally betaken herself to Hepzibah, with no idea of forcing herself on her cousin's protection, but only for a visit of a week or two, which might be indefinitely extended, should it prove for the happiness of both.

To Hepzibah's blunt observation, therefore, Phœbe replied, as frankly, and more cheerfully.

"Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be," said she. "But I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose."

"You are a nice girl—I see it plainly," continued Hepzibah; "and it is not any question as to that point which makes me hesitate. But, Phœbe, this house of mine is but a melancholy place for a young person to be in. It lets in the wind and rain, and the snow, too, in the garret, and upper chambers, in winter-time, but it never lets in the sunshine! And as for myself, you see what I am—a dismal and lonesome old woman (for I begin to call myself old, Phœbe), whose temper, I am afraid, is none of the best, and whose spirits are as bad as can be. I cannot make your life pleasant, Cousin Phœbe, neither can I so much as give you bread to eat."

"You will find me a cheerful little body," answered Phœbe, smiling, and yet with a kind of gentle dignity; "and I mean to earn my bread. You know I have not been brought up a Pyncheon. A girl learns many things in a New England village."

"Ah! Phœbe," said Hepzibah, sighing, "your knowledge would do but little for you here! And then it is a wretched thought that you should fling away your young days in a place like this. Those cheeks would not be so rosy after a month or two. Look at my face!"—and, indeed, the contrast was very striking—"you see how pale I am! It is my idea that the dust and continual decay of these old houses are unwholesome for the lungs."

"There is the garden—the flowers to be taken care of," observed Phœbe. "I should keep myself healthy with exercise in the open air."

"And, after all, child," exclaimed Hepzibah, suddenly arising, as if to dismiss the subject, "it is not for me to say who shall be a guest or inhabitant of the old Pyncheon house. Its master is coming."

"Do you mean Judge Pyncheon?" asked Phœbe, in surprise.

"Judge Pyncheon!" answered her cousin, angrily. "He will hardly cross the threshold while I live! No, no! But, Phœbe, you shall see the face of him I speak of."

She went in quest of the miniature already described, and returned with it in her hand. Giving it to Phœbe, she watched her features narrowly, and with a certain jealousy as to the mode in which the girl would show herself affected by the picture.

"How do you like the face?" asked Hepzibah.

"It is handsome!—it is very beautiful!" said Phœbe, admiringly. "It is as sweet a face as a man's can be, or ought to be. It has something of a child's expression—and yet not childish—only one feels so very kindly toward him! He ought never to suffer anything. One would bear much for the sake of sparing him toil or sorrow. Who is it, Cousin Hepzibah?"

"Did you never hear," whispered her cousin, bending toward her, "of Clifford Pyncheon?"

"Never! I thought there were no Pyncheons left, except yourself and our cousin Jaffrey," answered Phœbe. "And yet I seem to have heard the name of Clifford Pyncheon. Yes!—from my father or my mother; but has he not been a long while dead?"

"Well, well, child, perhaps he has!" said Hepzibah, with a sad, hollow laugh; "but, in old houses like this, you know, dead people are very apt to come back again! We shall see. And Cousin Phœbe, since, after all that I have said, your courage does not fail you, we will not part so soon. You are welcome, my child, for the present, to such a home as your kinswoman can offer you."

With this measured, but not exactly cold assurance of a hospitable purpose, Hepzibah kissed her cheek.

They now went below stairs, where Phœbe—not so much assuming the office as attracting it to herself, by the magnetism of innate fitness—took the most active part in preparing breakfast. The mistress of the house, meanwhile, as is usual with persons of her stiff and unmalleable [3] cast, stood mostly aside; willing to lend her aid, yet conscious that her natural inaptitude would be likely to impede the business in hand. Phœbe, and the fire that boiled the teakettle, were equally bright, cheerful, and efficient, in their respective offices. Hepzibah gazed forth from her habitual sluggishness, the necessary result of long solitude, as from another sphere. She could not help being interested, however, and even amused, at the readiness with which her new inmate adapted herself to the circumstances, and brought the house, moreover, and all its rusty old appliances, into a suitableness for her purposes. Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree; or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and, therefore, rendering it beautiful; it was a New England trait—the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web.

Hepzibah brought out some old silver spoons with the family crest upon them, and a china tea set painted over with grotesque figures of man, bird, and beast, in as grotesque a landscape. These pictured people were odd humorists, in a world of their own—a world of vivid brilliancy, so far as color went, and still unfaded, although the teapot and small cups were as ancient as the custom itself of tea drinking.

"Your great-great-great-great-grandmother had these cups, when she was married," said Hepzibah to Phœbe. "She was a

[3] UNMALLEABLE—Incapable of being changed or shaped.

Davenport, of a good family. They were almost the first teacups ever seen in the colony; and if one of them were to be broken, my heart would break with it. But it is nonsense to speak so about a brittle teacup, when I remember what my heart has gone through without breaking."

The cups—not having been used, perhaps, since Hepzibah's youth—had contracted no small burden of dust, which Phœbe washed away with so much care and delicacy as to satisfy even the proprietor of this invaluable china.

"What a nice little housewife you are!" exclaimed the latter, smiling, and, at the same time, frowning so prodigiously that the smile was sunshine under a thundercloud. "Do you do other things as well? Are you as good at your books as you are at washing teacups?"

"Not quite, I am afraid," said Phœbe, laughing at the form of Hepzibah's question. "But I was schoolmistress for the little children in our district last summer, and might have been so still."

"Ah! 'tis all very well!" observed the maiden lady, drawing herself up. "But these things must have come to you with your mother's blood. I never knew a Pyncheon that had any turn for them."

Before they left the breakfast table, the shop bell rang sharply, and Hepzibah set down the remnant of her final cup of tea, with a look of sallow despair that was truly piteous to behold. In cases of distasteful occupation, the second day is generally worse than the first; we return to the rack with all the soreness of the preceding torture in our limbs. At all events, Hepzibah had fully satisfied herself of the impossibility of ever becoming wonted to this peevishly obstreperous[4] little bell. Ring as often as it might, the sound always smote upon her nervous system rudely and suddenly. And especially now, while, with her crested teaspoons and antique china, she was flattering herself with ideas of gentility, she felt an unspeakable disinclination to confront a customer.

[4] Obstreperous—Noisy, clamorous.

"Do not trouble yourself, dear cousin!" cried Phœbe, starting lightly up. "I am shopkeeper to-day."

"You, child!" exclaimed Hepzibah. "What can a little country girl know of such matters?"

"Oh, I have done all the shopping for the family at our village store," said Phœbe. "And I have had a table at a fancy fair, and made better sales than anybody. These things are not to be learned; they depend upon a knack that comes, I suppose," added she, smiling, "with one's mother's blood. You shall see that I am as nice a little saleswoman as I am a housewife!"

The old gentlewoman stole behind Phœbe, and peeped from the passageway into the shop, to note how she would manage her undertaking. It was a case of some intricacy. A very ancient woman, in a white short gown and a green petticoat, with a string of gold beads about her neck, and what looked like a nightcap on her head, had brought a quantity of yarn to barter for the commodities of the shop. She was probably the very last person in town who still kept the time-honored spinning wheel in constant revolution. It was worth while to hear the croaking and hollow tones of the old lady, and the pleasant voice of Phœbe, mingling in one twisted thread of talk; and still better to contrast their figures—so light and bloomy—so decrepit and dusky—with only the counter betwixt them, in one sense, but more than threescore years, in another. As for the bargain, it was wrinkled slyness and craft pitted against native truth and sagacity.

"Was not that well done?" asked Phœbe, laughing, when the customer was gone.

"Nicely done, indeed, child!" answered Hepzibah. "I could not have gone through with it nearly so well. As you say, it must be a knack that belongs to you on your mother's side."

Thus, Hepzibah was well content to acknowledge Phœbe's vastly superior gifts as a shopkeeper; she listened, with compliant ear, to her suggestion of various methods whereby the influx of trade might be increased, and rendered profitable, without a hazardous outlay of capital. She consented that the village

maiden should manufacture yeast, both liquid and in cakes; and should brew a certain kind of beer, nectareous[5] to the palate, and of rare stomachic virtues; and, moreover, should bake and exhibit for sale some little spice cakes, which whosoever tasted would longingly desire to taste again. All such proofs of a ready mind and skillful handiwork were highly acceptable to the aristocratic huckstress, so long as she could murmur to herself with a grim smile, and a half-natural sigh, and a sentiment of mixed wonder, pity and growing affection:

"What a nice little body she is! If she could only be a lady, too!—but that's impossible! Phœbe is no Pyncheon. She takes everything from her mother."

As to Phœbe's not being a lady, or whether she were a lady or no, it was a point, perhaps, difficult to decide, but which could hardly have come up for judgment at all in any fair and healthy mind. Her figure, to be sure—so small as to be almost childlike, and so elastic that motion seemed as easy or easier to it than rest—would hardly have suited one's idea of a countess. Neither did her face—with the brown ringlets on either side, and the slightly piquant nose, and the wholesome bloom, and the clear shade of tan, and the half a dozen freckles, friendly remembrances of the April sun and breeze—precisely give us a right to call her beautiful. But there was both luster and depth in her eyes. She was very pretty; as graceful as a bird, and graceful much in the same way; as pleasant about the house as a gleam of sunshine falling on the floor through a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as a ray of firelight that dances on the wall while evening is drawing nigh. It should be woman's office to move in the midst of practical affairs, and to gild them all, the very homeliest—were it even the scouring of pots and kettles—with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy. Such was the sphere of Phœbe.

It really seemed as if the battered visage of the House of the Seven Gables, black and heavy-browed as it still certainly looked,

[5] NECTAREOUS—Grateful to the taste, delightfully sweet.

must have shown a kind of cheerfulness glimmering through its dusky windows as Phœbe passed to and fro in the interior. Otherwise, it is impossible to explain how the people of the neighborhood so soon became aware of the girl's presence. There was a great run of custom, setting steadily in, from about ten o'clock until toward noon—relaxing, somewhat, at dinner time, but recommencing in the afternoon, and, finally, dying away a half an hour or so before the long day's sunset. One of the stanchest patrons was little Ned Higgins, the devourer of Jim Crow and the elephant, who to-day had signalized his omnivorous prowess by swallowing two dromedaries and a locomotive. Phœbe laughed, as she summed up her aggregate of sales upon the slate; while Hepzibah, first drawing on a pair of silk gloves, reckoned over the sordid accumulation of copper coin, not without silver intermixed, that had jingled into the till.

"We must renew our stock, Cousin Hepzibah!" cried the little saleswoman. "The gingerbread figures are all gone, and so are those Dutch wooden milkmaids, and most of our other playthings. There has been constant inquiry for cheap raisins, and a great cry for whistles, and trumpets, and jew's-harps; and at least a dozen little boys have asked for molasses candy. And we must contrive to get a peck of russet apples, late in the season as it is. But, dear cousin, what an enormous heap of copper! Positively a copper mountain!"

"Well done! well done! well done!" quoth Uncle Venner, who had taken occasion to shuffle in and out of the shop several times in the course of the day. "Here's a girl that will never end her days at my farm! Bless my eyes, what a brisk little soul!"

"Yes, Phœbe is a nice girl!" said Hepzibah, with a scowl of austere approbation. "But, Uncle Venner, you have known the family a great many years. Can you tell me whether there ever was a Pyncheon whom she takes after?"

"I don't believe there ever was," answered the venerable man. "At any rate, it never was my luck to see her like among them, nor, for that matter, anywhere else. I've seen a great deal of

the world, not only in people's kitchens and backyards, but at the street corners, and on the wharves, and in other places where my business calls me; and I'm free to say, Miss Hepzibah, that I never knew a human creature do her work so much like one of God's angels as this child Phœbe does!"

The two relatives—the young maid and the old one—found time before nightfall, in the intervals of trade, to make rapid advances toward affection and confidence. A recluse, like Hepzibah, usually displays remarkable frankness, and at least temporary affability, on being absolutely cornered, and brought to the point of personal intercourse; like the angel whom Jacob wrestled [6] with, she is ready to bless you when once overcome.

The old gentlewoman took a dreary and proud satisfaction in leading Phœbe from room to room of the house, and recounting the traditions with which, as we may say, the walls were lugubriously [7] frescoed. She showed the indentations made by the Lieutenant Governor's sword hilt in the door panels of the apartment where old Colonel Pyncheon, a dead host, had received his affrighted visitors with an awful frown. The dusky terror of that frown, Hepzibah observed, was thought to be lingering ever since in the passageway. She bade Phœbe step into one of the tall chairs, and inspect the ancient map of the Pyncheon territory at the eastward. In a tract of land on which she laid her finger, there existed a silver mine, the locality of which was precisely pointed out in some memoranda of Colonel Pyncheon himself, but only to be made known when the family claim should be recognized by government. Thus it was for the interest of all New England that the Pyncheons should have justice done them. She told, too, how that there was undoubtedly an immense treasure of English guineas hidden somewhere about the house, or in the cellar, or possibly in the garden.

"If you should happen to find it, Phœbe," said Hepzibah,

[6] JACOB WRESTLED—The story is told in the thirty second chapter of Genesis.

[7] LUGUBRIOUSLY—Mournfully.

glancing aside at her with a grim yet kindly smile, "we will tie up the shop bell for good and all!"

"Yes, dear cousin," answered Phœbe; "but, in the meantime, I hear somebody ringing it!"

When the customer was gone, Hepzibah talked rather vaguely, and at great length, about a certain Alice Pyncheon, who had been exceedingly beautiful and accomplished in her lifetime, a hundred years ago. The fragrance of her rich and delightful character still lingered about the place where she had lived, as a dried rosebud scents the drawer where it has withered and perished. This lovely Alice had met with some great and mysterious calamity, and had grown thin and white, and gradually faded out of the world. But, even now, she was supposed to haunt the House of the Seven Gables, and, a great many times—especially when one of the Pyncheons was to die—she had been heard playing sadly and beautifully on the harpsichord. One of these tunes, just as it had sounded from her spiritual touch, had been written down by an amateur of music; it was so exquisitely mournful that nobody, to this day, could bear to hear it played, unless when a great sorrow had made them know the still profounder sweetness of it.

"Was it the same harpsichord that you showed me?" inquired Phœbe.

"The very same," said Hepzibah. "It was Alice Pyncheon's harpsichord. When I was learning music, my father would never let me open it. So, as I could only play on my teacher's instrument, I have forgotten all my music long ago."

Leaving these antique themes, the old lady began to talk about the daguerreotypist, whom, as he seemed to be a well-meaning and orderly young man, and in narrow circumstances, she had permitted to take up his residence in one of the seven gables. But, on seeing more of Mr. Holgrave, she hardly knew what to make of him. He had the strangest companions imaginable; men with long beards, and dressed in linen blouses, and other such newfangled and ill-fitting garments; reformers, temperance lecturers, and all manner of cross-looking philanthropists; com-

munity men,[8] and come-outers,[9] as Hepzibah believed, who acknowledged no law, and ate no solid food, but lived on the scent of other people's cookery, and turned up their noses at the fare. As for the daguerreotypist, she had read a paragraph in a penny paper, the other day, accusing him of making a speech full of wild and disorganizing matter, at a meeting of his banditti-like[10] associates. For her own part, she had reason to believe that he practiced animal magnetism, and, if such things were in fashion nowadays, should be apt to suspect him of studying the Black Art[11] up there in his lonesome chamber.

"But, dear cousin," said Phœbe, "if the young man is so dangerous, why do you let him stay? If he does nothing worse, he may set the house on fire!"

"Why, sometimes," answered Hepzibah, "I have seriously made it a question, whether I ought not to send him away. But, with all his oddities, he is a quiet kind of a person, and has such a way of taking hold of one's mind, that, without exactly liking him (for I don't know enough of the young man), I should be sorry to lose sight of him entirely. A woman clings to slight acquaintances when she lives so much alone as I do."

"But if Mr. Holgrave is a lawless person!" remonstrated Phœbe, a part of whose essence it was to keep within the limits of law.

"Oh!" said Hepzibah, carelessly—for, formal as she was, still, in her life's experience, she had gnashed her teeth against human law—"I suppose he has a law of his own!"

[8] Community men—Those who believe in the common ownership of property.

[9] Come-outers—Those who withdraw from an organization because of dissatisfaction with it.

[10] Banditti-like—Like bandits or outlaws.

[11] Black Art—Magic.

VI MAULE'S WELL

After an early tea, the little country girl strayed into the garden. The inclosure had formerly been very extensive, but was now contracted within small compass, and hemmed about,

partly by high wooden fences, and partly by the outbuildings of houses that stood on another street. In its center was a grass plat, surrounding a ruinous little structure which showed just enough of its original design to indicate that it had once been a summer house. A hopvine, springing from last year's root, was beginning to clamber over it, but would be long in covering the roof with its green mantle. Three of the seven gables either fronted or looked sideways, with a dark solemnity of aspect, down into the garden.

The black, rich soil had fed itself with the decay of a long period of time; such as fallen leaves, the petals of flowers, and the stalks and seed vessels of vagrant and lawless plants, more useful after their death than ever while flaunting in the sun. The evil of these departed years would naturally have sprung up again, in such rank weeds (symbolic of the transmitted vices of society) as are always prone to root themselves about human dwellings. Phœbe saw, however, that their growth must have been checked by a degree of careful labor, bestowed daily and systematically on the garden. The white double rosebush had evidently been propped up anew against the house since the commencement of the season; and a pear tree and three damson trees, which, except a row of currant bushes, constituted the only varieties of fruit, bore marks of the recent amputation of several superfluous or defective limbs. There were also a few species of antique and hereditary flowers, in no very flourishing condition, but scrupulously weeded; as if some person, either out of love or curiosity, had been anxious to bring them to such perfection as they were capable of attaining. The remainder of the garden presented a well-selected assortment of esculent[1] vegetables, in a praiseworthy state of advancement. Summer squashes, almost in their golden blossom; cucumbers, now evincing a tendency to spread away from the main stock, and ramble far and wide; two or three rows of string beans, and as many more that were about to festoon themselves on poles; tomatoes,

[1] Esculent—Suitable for food.

occupying a site so sheltered and sunny that the plants were already gigantic, and promised an early and abundant harvest.

Phœbe wondered whose care and toil it could have been that had planted these vegetables, and kept the soil so clean and orderly. Not surely her cousin Hepzibah's, who had no taste nor spirits for the lady-like employment of cultivating flowers, and—with her recluse habits, and tendency to shelter herself within the dismal shadow of the house—would hardly have come forth under the speck of open sky to weed and hoe among the fraternity of beans and squashes.

It being her first day of complete estrangement from rural objects, Phœbe found an unexpected charm in this little nook of grass, and foliage, and aristocratic flowers, and plebeian vegetables. The eye of Heaven seemed to look down into it pleasantly, and with a peculiar smile, as if glad to perceive that nature, elsewhere overwhelmed, and driven out of the dusty town, had here been able to retain a breathing place. The spot acquired a somewhat wilder grace, and yet a very gentle one, from the fact that a pair of robins had built their nest in the pear tree, and were making themselves exceedingly busy and happy in the dark intricacy of its boughs. Bees, too—strange to say—had thought it worth their while to come hither, possibly from the range of hives beside some farmhouse miles away. How many aërial voyages might they have made, in quest of honey, or honey-laden, betwixt dawn and sunset! Yet, late as it now was, there still arose a pleasant hum out of one or two of the squash blossoms, in the depths of which these bees were plying their golden labor. There was one other object in the garden which Nature might fairly claim as her inalienable property, in spite of whatever man could do to render it his own. This was a fountain, set round with a rim of old mossy stones, and paved, in its bed, with what appeared to be a sort of mosaic work of variously colored pebbles. The play and slight agitation of the water, in its upward gush, wrought magically with these variegated pebbles, and made a continually shifting apparition of quaint figures, vanishing too suddenly to be definable. Thence,

swelling over the rim of moss-grown stones, the water stole away under the fence, through what we regret to call a gutter, rather than a channel.

Nor must we forget to mention a hencoop of very reverend antiquity that stood in the farther corner of the garden, not a great way from the fountain. It now contained only Chanticleer,[2] his two wives, and a solitary chicken. All of them were pure specimens of a breed which had been transmitted down as an heirloom in the Pyncheon family, and were said, while in their prime, to have attained almost the size of turkeys, and, on the score of delicate flesh, to be fit for a prince's table. In proof of the authenticity of this legendary renown, Hepzibah could have exhibited the shell of a great egg, which an ostrich need hardly have been ashamed of. Be that as it might, the hens were now scarcely larger than pigeons, and had a queer, rusty, withered aspect, and a gouty kind of movement, and a sleepy and melancholy tone throughout all the variations of their clucking and cackling. It was evident that the race had degenerated, like many a noble race besides, in consequence of too strict a watchfulness to keep it pure. These feathered people had existed too long in their distinct variety; a fact of which the present representatives, judging by their lugubrious deportment, seemed to be aware. They kept themselves alive, unquestionably, and laid now and then an egg, and hatched a chicken; not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls. The distinguishing mark of the hens was a crest of lamentably scanty growth, in these latter days, but so oddly and wickedly analogous to Hepzibah's turban, that Phœbe—to the poignant distress of her conscience, but inevitably—was led to fancy a general resemblance betwixt these forlorn bipeds and her respectable relative.

The girl ran into the house to get some crumbs of bread, cold potatoes, and other such scraps as were suitable to the accom-

[2] CHANTICLEER—A rooster.

modating appetite of fowls. Returning, she gave a peculiar call, which they seemed to recognize. The chicken crept through the pales of the coop and ran, with some show of liveliness, to her feet; while Chanticleer and the ladies of his household regarded her with queer, sidelong glances, and then croaked one to another, as if communicating their sage opinions of her character. So wise, as well as antique, was their aspect, as to give color to the idea, not merely that they were descendants of a time-honored race, but that they had existed, in their individual capacity, ever since the House of the Seven Gables was founded, and were somehow mixed up with its destiny. They were a species of tutelary sprite,[3] or Banshee,[4] although winged and feathered differently from most other guardian angels.

"Here, you odd little chicken!" said Phœbe; "here are some nice crumbs for you!"

The chicken, hereupon, though almost as venerable in appearance as its mother—possessing, indeed, the whole antiquity of its progenitors in miniature—mustered vivacity enough to flutter upward and alight on Phœbe's shoulder.

"That little fowl pays you a high compliment!" said a voice behind Phœbe.

Turning quickly, she was surprised at sight of a young man, who had found access into the garden by a door opening out of another gable than that whence she had emerged. He held a hoe in his hand, and, while Phœbe was gone in quest of the crumbs, had begun to busy himself with drawing up fresh earth about the roots of the tomatoes.

"The chicken really treats you like an old acquaintance," continued he, in a quiet way, while a smile made his face pleasanter than Phœbe at first fancied it. "Those venerable personages in the coop, too, seem very affably disposed. You are lucky to be in their good graces so soon! They have known me much longer, but never honor me with any familiarity, though hardly a day passes without my bringing them food. Miss Hepzibah, I sup-

[3] Tutelary sprite—Guardian spirit.
[4] Banshee—Supernatural being, believed to warn of approaching death.

pose, will interweave the fact with her other traditions, and set it down that the fowls know you to be a Pyncheon!"

"The secret is," said Phœbe, smiling, "that I have learned how to talk with hens and chickens."

"Ah, but these hens," answered the young man, "these hens of aristocratic lineage would scorn to understand the vulgar language of a barnyard fowl. I prefer to think—and so would Miss Hepzibah—that they recognize the family tone. For you are a Pyncheon?"

"My name is Phœbe Pyncheon," said the girl, with a manner of some reserve; for she was aware that her new acquaintance could be no other than the daguerreotypist, of whose lawless propensities the old maid had given her a disagreeable idea. "I did not know that my cousin Hepzibah's garden was under another person's care."

"Yes," said Holgrave, "I dig, and hoe, and weed, in this black old earth, for the sake of refreshing myself with what little nature and simplicity may be left in it, after men have so long sown and reaped here. I turn up the earth by way of pastime. My sober occupation, so far as I have any, is with a lighter material. In short, I make pictures out of sunshine; and, not to be too much dazzled with my own trade, I have prevailed with Miss Hepzibah to let me lodge in one of these dusky gables. It is like a bandage over one's eyes, to come into it. But would you like to see a specimen of my productions?"

"A daguerreotype likeness, do you mean?" asked Phœbe, with less reserve; for, in spite of prejudice, her own youthfulness sprang forward to meet his. "I don't much like pictures of that sort—they are so hard and stern; besides dodging away from the eye, and trying to escape altogether. They are conscious of looking very unamiable, I suppose, and therefore hate to be seen."

"If you would permit me," said the artist, looking at Phœbe, "I should like to try whether the daguerreotype can bring out disagreeable traits on a perfectly amiable face. But there certainly is truth in what you have said. Most of my likenesses do

look unamiable; but the very sufficient reason, I fancy, is, because the originals are so. There is a wonderful insight in Heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it. There is, at least, no flattery in my humble line of art. Now, here is a likeness which I have taken over and over again, and still with no better result. Yet the original wears, to common eyes, a very different expression. It would gratify me to have your judgment on this character."

He exhibited a daguerreotype miniature in a morocco case. Phœbe merely glanced at it, and gave it back.

"I know the face," she replied; "for its stern eye has been following me about all day. It is my Puritan ancestor, who hangs yonder in the parlor. To be sure, you have found some way of copying the portrait without its black velvet cap and gray beard, and have given him a modern coat and satin cravat, instead of his cloak and band. I don't think him improved by your alterations."

"You would have seen other differences had you looked a little longer," said Holgrave, laughing, yet apparently much struck. "I can assure you that this is a modern face, and one which you will very probably meet. Now, the remarkable point is, that the original wears, to the world's eye—and, for aught I know, to his most intimate friends—an exceedingly pleasant countenance, indicative of benevolence, openness of heart, sunny good humor, and other praiseworthy qualities of that cast. The sun, as you see, tells quite another story, and will not be coaxed out of it, after half a dozen patient attempts on my part. Here we have the man, sly, subtle, hard, imperious, and, withal, cold as ice. Look at that eye! Would you like to be at its mercy? At that mouth! Could it ever smile? And yet, if you could only see the benign smile of the original! It is so much the more unfortunate, as he is a public character of some eminence, and the likeness was intended to be engraved."

"Well, I don't wish to see it any more," observed Phœbe, turn-

ing away her eyes. "It is certainly very like the old portrait. But my cousin Hepzibah has another picture—a miniature. If the original is still in the world, I think he might defy the sun to make him look stern and hard."

"You have seen that picture, then!" exclaimed the artist, with an expression of much interest. "I never did, but have a great curiosity to do so. And you judge favorably of the face?"

"There never was a sweeter one," said Phœbe. "It is almost too soft and gentle for a man's."

"Is there nothing wild in the eye?" continued Holgrave, so earnestly that it embarrassed Phœbe, as did also the quiet freedom with which he presumed on their so recent acquaintance. "Is there nothing dark or sinister anywhere? Could you not conceive the original to have been guilty of a great crime?"

"It is nonsense," said Phœbe, a little impatiently, "for us to talk about a picture which you have never seen. You mistake it for some other. A crime, indeed! Since you are a friend of my cousin Hepzibah's, you should ask her to show you the picture."

"It will suit my purpose still better to see the original," replied the daguerreotypist coolly. "As to his character, we need not discuss its points; they have already been settled by a competent tribunal, or one which called itself competent. But, stay! Do not go yet, if you please! I have a proposition to make you."

Phœbe was on the point of retreating, but turned back, with some hesitation; for she did not exactly comprehend his manner, although, on better observation, its feature seemed rather to be lack of ceremony than any approach to offensive rudeness. There was an odd kind of authority, too, in what he now proceeded to say, rather as if the garden were his own than a place to which he was admitted merely by Hepzibah's courtesy.

"If agreeable to you," he observed, "it would give me pleasure to turn over these flowers, and those ancient and respectable fowls, to your care. Coming fresh from country air and occupations, you will soon feel the need of some such out-of-door employment. My own sphere does not so much lie among flowers. You can trim and tend them, therefore, as you please; and I will

ask only the least trifle of a blossom, now and then, in exchange for all the good, honest kitchen vegetables with which I propose to enrich Miss Hepzibah's table. So we will be fellow laborers, somewhat on the community system."

Silently, and rather surprised at her own compliance, Phœbe accordingly betook herself to weeding a flower bed, but busied herself still more with cogitations[5] respecting this young man, with whom she so unexpectedly found herself on terms approaching to familiarity. She did not altogether like him. His character perplexed the little country girl, as it might a more practiced observer; for, while the tone of his conversation had generally been playful, the impression left on her mind was that of gravity, and, except as his youth modified it, almost sternness. She rebelled, as it were, against a certain magnetic element in the artist's nature, which he exercised toward her possibly without being conscious of it.

After a little while, the twilight, deepened by the shadows of the fruit trees and the surrounding buildings, threw an obscurity over the garden.

"There," said Holgrave, "it is time to give over work! That last stroke of the hoe has cut off a bean stalk. Good night, Miss Phœbe Pyncheon! Any bright day, if you will put one of those rosebuds in your hair, and come to my rooms in Central Street, I will seize the purest ray of sunshine, and make a picture of the flower and its wearer."

He retired toward his own solitary gable, but turned his head, on reaching the door, and called to Phœbe, with a tone which certainly had laughter in it, yet which seemed to be more than half in earnest.

"Be careful not to drink at Maule's well!" said he. "Neither drink nor bathe your face in it!"

"Maule's well!" answered Phœbe. "Is that it with the rim of mossy stones? I have no thought of drinking there—but why not?"

[5] Cogitations—Reflections, meditations.

"Oh," rejoined the daguerreotypist, "because, like an old lady's cup of tea, it is water bewitched!"

He vanished; and Phœbe, lingering a moment, saw a glimmering light, and then the steady beam of a lamp, in a chamber of the gable. On returning into Hepzibah's apartment of the house, she found the low-studded parlor so dim and dusky that her eyes could not penetrate the interior. She was indistinctly aware, however, that the gaunt figure of the old gentlewoman was sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs, a little withdrawn from the window, the faint gleam of which showed the blanched paleness of her cheek, turned sideway toward a corner.

"Shall I light a lamp, Cousin Hepzibah?" she asked.

"Do, if you please, my dear child," answered Hepzibah. "But put it on the table in the corner of the passage. My eyes are weak; and I can seldom bear the lamplight on them."

What an instrument is the human eye! How wonderfully responsive to every emotion of the human soul! In Hepzibah's tone, at that moment, there was a certain rich depth and moisture, as if the words, commonplace as they were, had been steeped in the warmth of her heart. Again, while lighting the lamp in the kitchen, Phœbe fancied that her cousin spoke to her.

"In a moment, cousin!" answered the girl. "These matches just glimmer, and go out."

But, instead of a response from Hepzibah, she seemed to hear the murmur of an unknown voice. It was strangely indistinct, however, and less like articulate words than an unshaped sound, such as would be the utterance of feeling and sympathy, rather than of the intellect. So vague was it, that its impression or echo in Phœbe's mind was that of unreality. She concluded that she must have mistaken some other sound for that of the human voice; or else that it was altogether in her fancy.

She set the lighted lamp in the passage, and again entered the parlor. Hepzibah's form, though its sable [6] outline mingled with the dusk, was now less imperfectly visible. In the remoter parts

[6] Sable—Dark, black.

of the room, however, its walls being so ill adapted to reflect light, there was nearly the same obscurity as before.

"Cousin," said Phœbe, "did you speak to me just now?"

"No, child!" replied Hepzibah.

Fewer words than before, but with the same mysterious music in them! Mellow, melancholy, yet not mournful, the tone seemed to gush up out of the deep well of Hepzibah's heart, all steeped in its profoundest emotion. There was a tremor in it, too, that —as all strong feeling is electric—partly communicated itself to Phœbe. The girl sat silently for a moment. But soon, her senses being very acute, she became conscious of an irregular respiration in an obscure corner of the room. Her physical organization, moreover, being at once delicate and healthy, gave her a perception, operating with almost the effect of a spiritual medium, that somebody was near at hand.

"My dear cousin," asked she, overcoming an indefinable reluctance, "is there not someone in the room with us?"

"Phœbe, my dear little girl," said Hepzibah, after a moment's pause, "you were up betimes, and have been busy all day. Pray go to bed; for I am sure you must need rest. I will sit in the parlor awhile, and collect my thoughts. It has been my custom for more years, child, than you have lived!"

While thus dismissing her, the maiden lady stepped forward, kissed Phœbe, and pressed her to her heart, which beat against the girl's bosom with a strong, high, and tumultuous swell. How came there to be so much love in this desolate old heart, that it could afford to well over thus abundantly?

"Good night, cousin," said Phœbe, strangely affected by Hepzibah's manner. "If you begin to love me, I am glad!"

She retired to her chamber, but did not soon fall asleep, nor then very profoundly. At some uncertain period in the depths of night, and, as it were, through the thin veil of a dream, she was conscious of a footstep mounting the stairs heavily, but not with force and decision. The voice of Hepzibah, with a hush through it, was going up along with the footsteps; and, again, responsive to her cousin's voice, Phœbe heard that strange, vague

murmur, which might be likened to an indistinct shadow of human utterance.

VII THE GUEST

When Phœbe awoke—which she did with the early twittering of the conjugal [1] couple of robins in the pear tree—she heard movements below stairs, and, hastening down, found Hepzibah already in the kitchen. She stood by a window, holding a book in close contiguity to her nose, as if with the hope of gaining an olfactory [2] acquaintance with its contents, since her imperfect vision made it not very easy to read them. If any volume could have manifested its essential wisdom in the mode suggested, it would certainly have been the one now in Hepzibah's hand; and the kitchen, in such an event, would forthwith have steamed with the fragrance of venison, turkeys, capons, larded partridges, puddings, cakes, and Christmas pies, in all manner of elaborate mixture and concoction. It was a cookery book, full of innumerable old fashions of English dishes, and illustrated with engravings, which represented the arrangements of the table at such banquets as it might have befitted a nobleman to give in the great hall of his castle. And, amid these rich and potent devices of the culinary art (not one of which, probably, had been tested, within the memory of any man's grandfather), poor Hepzibah was seeking for some nimble little titbit, which, with what skill she had, and such materials as were at hand, she might toss up for breakfast.

Soon, with a deep sigh, she put aside the savory volume, and inquired of Phœbe whether old Speckle, as she called one of the hens, had laid an egg the preceding day. Phœbe ran to see, but returned without the expected treasure in her hand. At that instant, however, the blast of a fish-dealer's conch [3] was heard, announcing his approach along the street. With energetic raps

[1] Conjugal—Mated.
[2] Olfactory—Relating to the sense of smell.
[3] Conch—A shell made into a kind of horn.

at the shop window, Hepzibah summoned the man in, and made purchase of what he warranted as the finest mackerel in his cart, and as fat a one as ever he felt with his finger so early in the season. Requesting Phœbe to roast some coffee—which she casually observed was the real Mocha, and so long kept that each of the small berries ought to be worth its weight in gold—the maiden lady heaped fuel into the vast receptacle of the ancient fireplace in such quantity as soon to drive the lingering dusk out of the kitchen. The country girl, willing to give her utmost assistance, proposed to make an Indian cake, after her mother's peculiar method, of easy manufacture, and which she could vouch for as possessing a richness, and, if rightly prepared, a delicacy, unequaled by any other mode of breakfast cake. Hepzibah gladly assenting, the kitchen was soon the scene of savory preparation.

Hepzibah had no natural turn for cookery, and, to say the truth, had fairly incurred her present meagerness by often choosing to go without her dinner rather than be attendant on the rotation of the spit, or ebullition [4] of the pot. Her zeal over the fire, therefore, was quite an heroic test of sentiment. It was touching, and positively worthy of tears (if Phœbe, had not been better employed than in shedding them), to see her rake out a bed of fresh and glowing coals, and proceed to broil the mackerel. Her usually pale cheeks were all ablaze with heat and hurry. She watched the fish with as much tender care and minuteness of attention as if—we know not how to express it otherwise—as if her own heart were on the gridiron, and her immortal happiness were involved in its being done precisely to a turn!

Hepzibah's small and ancient table, supported on its slender and graceful legs, and covered with a cloth of the richest damask, looked worthy to be the scene and center of one of the cheerfullest of parties. The quaint gorgeousness of the old china cups and saucers, and the crested spoons, and a silver cream jug (Hepzibah's only other article of plate, and shaped like the rud-

[4] Ebullition—Boiling, bubbling.

est porringer), set out a board at which the stateliest of old Colonel Pyncheon's guests need not have scorned to take his place.

By way of contributing what grace she could, Phœbe gathered some roses and a few other flowers, possessing either scent or beauty, and arranged them in a glass pitcher, which, having long ago lost its handle, was so much the fitter for a flower vase. The early sunshine—as fresh as that which peeped into Eve's bower while she and Adam sat at breakfast there—came twinkling through the branches of the pear tree, and fell quite across the table. All was now ready. There were chairs and plates for three. A chair and plate for Hepzibah—the same for Phœbe—but what other guest did her cousin look for?

Throughout this preparation there had been a constant tremor in Hepzibah's frame; an agitation so powerful that Phœbe could see the quivering of her gaunt shadow, as thrown by the firelight on the kitchen wall, or by the sunshine on the parlor floor. Its manifestations were so various, and agreed so little with one another, that the girl knew not what to make of it. Sometimes it seemed an ecstacy of delight and happiness. At such moments, Hepzibah would fling out her arms, and infold Phœbe in them, and kiss her cheek as tenderly as ever her mother had; she appeared to do so by an inevitable impulse, and as if her bosom were oppressed with tenderness, of which she must needs pour out a little, in order to gain breathing room. The next moment, without any visible cause for the change, her unwonted joy shrank back, appalled, as it were, and clothed itself in mourning; or it ran and hid itself, so to speak, in the dungeon of her heart, where it had long lain chained, while a cold, spectral sorrow took the place of the imprisoned joy, that was afraid to be enfranchised [5]—a sorrow as black as that was bright. She often broke into a little, nervous, hysteric laugh, more touching than any tears could be; and forthwith, as if to try which was the most touching, a gush of tears would follow; or perhaps the

[5] ENFRANCHISED—Liberated, set free.

laughter and tears came both at once, and surrounded our poor Hepzibah, in a moral sense, with a kind of pale, dim rainbow. Toward Phœbe, as we have said, she was affectionate—far tenderer than ever before, in their brief acquaintance, except for that one kiss on the preceding night—yet with a continually recurring pettishness and irritability. She would speak sharply to her; then, throwing aside all the starched reserve of her ordinary manner, ask pardon, and the next instant renew the just-forgiven injury.

At last, when their mutual labor was all finished, she took Phœbe's hand in her own trembling one.

"Bear with me, my dear child," she cried; "for truly my heart is full to the brim! Bear with me; for I love you, Phœbe, though I speak so roughly! Think nothing of it, dearest child! By and by, I shall be kind, and only kind!"

"My dearest cousin, cannot you tell me what has happened?" asked Phœbe, with a sunny and tearful sympathy. "What is it that moves you so?"

"Hush! hush! He is coming!" whispered Hepzibah, hastily wiping her eyes. "Let him see you first, Phœbe; for you are young and rosy, and cannot help letting a smile break out whether or no. He always liked bright faces! And mine is old now, and the tears are hardly dry on it. He never could abide tears. There; draw the curtain a little, so that the shadow may fall across his side of the table! But let there be a good deal of sunshine, too; for he never was fond of gloom, as some people are. He has had but little sunshine in his life—poor Clifford—and, oh, what a black shadow! Poor, poor Clifford!"

Thus murmuring in an undertone, as if speaking rather to her own heart than to Phœbe, the old gentlewoman stepped on tiptoe about the room, making such arrangements as suggested themselves at the crisis.

Meanwhile there was a step in the passageway, above stairs. Phœbe recognized it as the same which had passed upward, as through her dream, in the night time. The approaching guest, whoever it might be, appeared to pause at the head of the stair-

case; he paused twice or thrice in the descent; he paused again at the foot. Each time, the delay seemed to be without purpose, but rather from a forgetfulness of the purpose which had set him in motion, or as if the person's feet came involuntarily to a standstill because the motive power was too feeble to sustain his progress. Finally, he made a long pause at the threshold of the parlor. He took hold of the knob of the door; then loosened his grasp without opening it. Hepzibah, her hands convulsively clasped, stood gazing at the entrance.

"Dear Cousin Hepzibah, pray don't look so!" said Phœbe, trembling; for her cousin's emotion, and this mysteriously reluctant step, made her feel as if a ghost were coming into the room. "You really frighten me! Is something awful going to happen?"

"Hush!" whispered Hepzibah. "Be cheerful! whatever may happen, be nothing but cheerful!"

The final pause at the threshold proved so long, that Hepzibah, unable to endure the suspense, rushed forward, threw open the door, and led in the stranger by the hand. At the first glance, Phœbe saw an elderly personage, in an old-fashioned dressing gown of faded damask, and wearing his gray or almost white hair of an unusual length. It quite overshadowed his forehead, except when he thrust it back, and stared vaguely about the room. After a very brief inspection of his face, it was easy to conceive that his footstep must necessarily be such an one as that which, slowly, and with as indefinite an aim as a child's first journey across a floor, had just brought him hitherward. Yet there were no tokens that his physical strength might not have sufficed for a free and determined gait. It was the spirit of the man that could not walk. The expression of his countenance—while, notwithstanding, it had the light of reason in it—seemed to waver and glimmer, and nearly to die away, and feebly to recover itself again. It was like a flame which we see twinkling among half-extinguished embers; we gaze at it more intently than if it were a positive blaze, gushing vividly upward—more intently, but with a certain impatience, as if it ought either to

kindle itself into satisfactory splendor, or be at once extinguished.

For an instant after entering the room, the guest stood still, retaining Hepzibah's hand, instinctively, as a child does that of the grown person who guides it. He saw Phœbe, however, and caught an illumination from her youthful and pleasant aspect, which, indeed, threw a cheerfulness about the parlor, like the circle of reflected brilliancy around the glass vase of flowers that was standing in the sunshine. He made a salutation, or, to speak nearer the truth, an ill-defined, abortive attempt at courtesy. Imperfect as it was, however, it conveyed an idea, or, at least, gave a hint, of indescribable grace, such as no practiced art of external manners could have attained. It was too slight to seize upon at the instant; yet, as recollected afterwards, seemed to transfigure the whole man.

"Dear Clifford," said Hepzibah, in the tone with which one soothes a wayward infant, "this is our cousin Phœbe—little Phœbe Pyncheon—Arthur's only child, you know. She has come from the country to stay with us awhile; for our old house has grown to be very lonely now."

"Phœbe?—Phœbe Pyncheon?—Phœbe?" repeated the guest, with a strange, sluggish, ill-defined utterance. "Arthur's child! Ah, I forget! No matter! She is very welcome!"

"Come, dear Clifford, take this chair," said Hepzibah, leading him to his place. "Pray, Phœbe, lower the curtain a very little more. Now let us begin breakfast."

The guest seated himself in the place assigned him, and looked strangely around. He was evidently trying to grapple with the present scene, and bring it home to his mind with a more satisfactory distinctness. He desired to be certain, at least, that he was here, in the low-studded, cross-beamed, oaken-paneled parlor, and not in some other spot, which had stereotyped[6] itself into his senses. But the effort was too great to be sustained with more than a fragmentary success. Continually, as we may express it, he faded away out of his place; or, in other words, his

[6] Stereotyped—Fixed in lasting form.

mind and consciousness took their departure, leaving his wasted, gray, and melancholy figure—a substantial emptiness, a material ghost—to occupy his seat at table. Again, after a blank moment, there would be a flickering taper gleam in his eyeballs. It betokened that his spiritual part had returned, and was doing its best to kindle the heart's household fire, and light up intellectual lamps in the dark and ruinous mansion, where it was doomed to be a forlorn inhabitant.

At one of these moments of less torpid,[7] yet still imperfect animation, Phœbe became convinced of what she had at first rejected as too extravagant and startling an idea. She saw that the person before her must have been the original of the beautiful miniature in her cousin Hepzibah's possession. Indeed, with a feminine eye for costume, she had at once identified the damask dressing gown, which enveloped him, as the same in figure, material, and fashion, with that so elaborately represented in the picture. This old, faded garment, with all its pristine brilliancy extinct, seemed, in some indescribable way, to translate the wearer's untold misfortune, and make it perceptible to the beholder's eye.

Hepzibah had now poured out a cup of deliciously fragrant coffee, and presented it to her guest. As his eyes met hers, he seemed bewildered and disquieted.

"Is this you, Hepzibah?" he murmured, sadly; then, more apart, and perhaps unconscious that he was overheard, "How changed! how changed! And is she angry with me? Why does she bend her brow so?"

Poor Hepzibah! It was that wretched scowl which time and her nearsightedness, and the fret of inward discomfort, had rendered so habitual that any vehemence[8] of mood invariably evoked it. But at the indistinct murmur of his words her whole face grew tender, and even lovely, with sorrowful affection; the harshness of her features disappeared, as it were, behind the warm and misty glow.

[7] TORPID—Dull, apathetic.
[8] VEHEMENCE—Violence.

"Angry!" she repeated; "angry with you, Clifford!"

Her tone, as she uttered the exclamation, had a plaintive and really exquisite melody trilling through it, yet, without subduing a certain something which an obtuse [9] auditor might still have mistaken for asperity.[10] It was as if some transcendent [11] musician should draw a soul-thrilling sweetness out of a cracked instrument, which makes its physical imperfection heard in the midst of ethereal harmony—so deep was the sensibility that found an organ in Hepzibah's voice!

"There is nothing but love here, Clifford," she added, "nothing but love! You are at home!"

The guest responded to her tone by a smile, which did not half light up his face. Feeble as it was, however, and gone in a moment, it had a charm of wonderful beauty. It was followed by a coarser expression; or one that had the effect of coarseness on the fine mold and outline of his countenance, because there was nothing intellectual to temper it. It was a look of appetite. He ate food with what might almost be termed voracity; [12] and seemed to forget himself, Hepzibah, the young girl, and everything else around him, in the sensual [13] enjoyment which the bountifully spread table afforded. In his natural system, though high-wrought and delicately refined, a sensibility to the delights of the palate was probably inherent. It would have been kept in check, however, and even converted into an accomplishment, and one of the thousand modes of intellectual culture, had his more ethereal characteristics retained their vigor. But as it existed now, the effect was painful and made Phœbe droop her eyes.

In a little while the guest became sensible of the fragrance of the yet untasted coffee. He quaffed it eagerly. The subtle essence acted on him like a charmed draft, and caused the opaque [14] substance of his animal being to grow transparent, or, at least,

[9] Obtuse—Dull, without acute perception.
[10] Asperity—Harshness, roughness.
[11] Transcendent—Surpassing, supreme. [12] Voracity—Greediness.
[13] Sensual—Fleshly, the opposite of spiritual.
[14] Opaque—Not transparent, dull.

translucent; so that a spiritual gleam was transmitted through it, with a clearer luster than hitherto.

"More, more!" he cried, with nervous haste in his utterance, as if anxious to retain his grasp of what sought to escape him. "This is what I need! Give me more!"

Under this delicate and powerful influence he sat more erect, and looked out from his eyes with a glance that took note of what it rested on. It was not so much that his expression grew more intellectual; this, though it had its share, was not the most peculiar effect.

Not to speak it harshly or scornfully, it seemed Clifford's nature to be a Sybarite.[15] It was perceptible, even there, in the dark old parlor, in the inevitable polarity[16] with which his eyes were attracted toward the quivering play of sunbeams through the shadowy foliage. It was seen in his appreciating notice of the vase of flowers, the scent of which he inhaled with a zest almost peculiar to a physical organization so refined that spiritual ingredients are molded in with it. It was betrayed in the unconscious smile with which he regarded Phœbe, whose fresh and maidenly figure was both sunshine and flowers—their essence, in a prettier and more agreeable mode of manifestation. Not less evident was this love and necessity for the Beautiful, in the instinctive caution with which, even so soon, his eyes turned away from his hostess, and wandered to any quarter rather than come back. It was Hepzibah's misfortune—not Clifford's fault. How could he—so yellow as she was, so wrinkled, so sad of mien, with that odd uncouthness of a turban on her head, and that most perverse of scowls contorting her brow—how could he love to gaze at her?

The guest leaned back in his chair. Mingled in his countenance with a dreamy delight, there was a troubled look of effort and unrest. He was seeking to make himself more fully sensible of the scene around him; or, perhaps, dreading it to be a dream, or a play of imagination, was vexing the fair moment with a

[15] SYBARITE—Lover of luxury.
[16] POLARITY—Force.

struggle for some added brilliancy and more durable illusion.

"How pleasant! How delightful!" he murmured, but not as if addressing anyone. "Will it last? How balmy the atmosphere through that open window! An open window! How beautiful that play of sunshine! Those flowers, how very fragrant! That young girl's face, how cheerful, how blooming!—a flower with the dew on it, and sunbeams in the dewdrops! Ah! this must be all a dream! A dream! A dream! But it has quite hidden the four stone walls!"

Then his face darkened, as if the shadow of a cavern or a dungeon had come over it; there was no more light in its expression than might have come through the iron grates of a prison window—still lessening too, as if he were sinking farther into the depths. Phœbe (being of that quickness and activity of temperament that she seldom long refrained from taking a part, and generally a good one, in what was going forward) now felt herself moved to address the stranger.

"Here is a new kind of rose, which I found this morning in the garden," said she, choosing a small crimson one from among the flowers in the vase. "There will be but five or six on the bush this season. This is the most perfect of them all; not a speck of blight or mildew in it. And how sweet it is!—sweet like no other rose! One can never forget that scent!"

"Ah!—let me see!—let me hold it!" cried the guest, eagerly seizing the flower, which, by the spell peculiar to remembered odors, brought innumerable associations along with the fragrance that it exhaled. "Thank you! This has done me good. I remember how I used to prize this flower—long ago, I suppose, very long ago!—or was it only yesterday? It makes me feel young again! Am I young? Either this remembrance is singularly distinct, or this consciousness strangely dim! But how kind of the fair young girl! Thank you! thank you!"

The favorable excitement derived from this little crimson rose afforded Clifford the brightest moment which he enjoyed at the breakfast table. It might have lasted longer, but that his eyes happened, soon afterwards, to rest on the face of the old

Puritan, who, out of his dingy frame and lusterless canvas, was looking down on the scene like a ghost, and a most ill-tempered and ungenial one. The guest made an impatient gesture of the hand, and addressed Hepzibah with what might easily be recognized as the licensed irritability of a petted member of the family.

"Hepzibah!—Hepzibah!" cried he, with no little force and distinctness, "why do you keep that odious picture on the wall? Yes, yes!—that is precisely your taste! I have told you, a thousand times, that it was the evil genius of the house!—my evil genius particularly! Take it down, at once!"

"Dear Clifford," said Hepzibah, sadly, "you know it cannot be!"

"Then, at all events," continued he, still speaking with some energy, "pray cover it with a crimson curtain, broad enough to hang in folds, and with a golden border and tassels. I cannot bear it! It must not stare me in the face!"

"Yes, dear Clifford, the picture shall be covered," said Hepzibah, soothingly. "There is a crimson curtain in a trunk above-stairs—a little faded and moth-eaten, I'm afraid—but Phœbe and I will do wonders with it."

"This very day, remember!" said he; and then added, in a low, self-communing voice, "why should we live in this dismal house at all? Why not go to the south of France?—to Italy?—Paris, Naples, Venice, Rome? Hepzibah will say we have not the means. A droll idea that!"

He smiled to himself, and threw a glance of fine sarcastic meaning toward Hepzibah.

But the several moods of feeling, faintly as they were marked, through which he had passed, occurring in so brief an interval of time, had evidently wearied the stranger. He was probably accustomed to a sad monotony of life, not so much flowing in a stream, however sluggish, as stagnating in a pool around his feet. A slumberous veil diffused itself over his countenance, and had an effect, morally speaking, on its naturally delicate and elegant outline, like that which a brooding mist, with no sunshine in it,

throws over the features of a landscape. He appeared to become grosser—almost cloddish. If aught of interest or beauty—even ruined beauty—had heretofore been visible in this man, the beholder might now begin to doubt it, and to accuse his own imagination of deluding him with whatever grace had flickered over that visage, and whatever exquisite luster had gleamed in those filmy eyes.

Before he had quite sunken away, however, the sharp and peevish tinkle of the shop bell made itself audible. Striking most disagreeably on Clifford's auditory organs and the characteristic sensibility of his nerves, it caused him to start upright out of his chair.

"Good heavens, Hepzibah! what horrible disturbance have we now in the house?" cried he, wreaking his resentful impatience—as a matter of course, and a custom of old—on the one person in the world that loved him. "I have never heard such a hateful clamor! Why do you permit it? In the name of all dissonance, what can it be?"

"Dear Clifford, I wish I could keep the sound from your ears," said Hepzibah, patiently, but reddening with a painful suffusion [17] of shame. "It is very disagreeable even to me. But, do you know, Clifford, I have something to tell you? This ugly noise—pray run, Phœbe, and see who is there!—this naughty little tinkle is nothing but our shop bell!"

"Shop bell!" repeated Clifford, with a bewildered stare.

"Yes, our shop bell," said Hepzibah, a certain natural dignity, mingled with deep emotion, now asserting itself in her manner. "For you must know, dearest Clifford, that we are very poor. And there was no other resource, but either to accept assistance from a hand that I would push aside (and so would you!) were it to offer bread when we were dying for it—no help, save from him, or else to earn our subsistence with my own hands! Alone, I might have been content to starve. But you were to be given back to me! Do you think, then, dear Clifford," added she, with

[17] SUFFUSION—Blush.

a wretched smile, "that I have brought an irretrievable[18] disgrace on the old house, by opening a little shop in the front gable? Our great-great-grandfather did the same, when there was far less need! Are you ashamed of me?"

"Shame! Disgrace! Do you speak these words to me, Hepzibah?" said Clifford, not angrily, however; for when a man's spirit has been thoroughly crushed, he may be peevish at small offenses, but never resentful of great ones. So he spoke with only a grieved emotion. "It was not kind to say so, Hepzibah! What shame can befall me now?"

And then the unnerved man—he that had been born for enjoyment, but had met a doom so very wretched—burst into a woman's passion of tears. It was but of brief continuance, however; soon leaving him in a quiescent,[19] and to judge by his countenance, not an uncomfortable state. From this mood, too, he partially rallied for an instant, and looked at Hepzibah with a smile, the keen, half-derisory[20] purport of which was a puzzle to her.

"Are we so very poor, Hepzibah?" said he.

Finally, his chair being deep and softly cushioned, Clifford fell asleep. Hearing the more regular rise and fall of his breath (which, however, even then, instead of being strong and full, had a feeble kind of tremor, corresponding with the lack of vigor in his character)—hearing these tokens of settled slumber, Hepzibah seized the oportunity to peruse his face more attentively than she had yet dared to do. Her heart melted away in tears; her profoundest spirit sent forth a moaning voice, low, gentle, but inexpressibly sad. In this depth of grief and pity she felt that there was no irreverence in gazing at his altered, aged, faded, ruined face. But no sooner was she a little relieved than her conscience smote her for gazing curiously at him now that he was so changed; and, turning hastily away, Hepzibah let down the curtain over the sunny window, and left Clifford to slumber there.

[18] IRRETRIEVABLE—Irreparable.
[19] QUIESCENT—Resting.
[20] HALF-DERISORY—Semimocking.

VIII THE PYNCHEON OF TO-DAY

PHŒBE, on entering the shop, beheld there the already familiar face of the little devourer—if we can reckon his mighty deeds aright—of Jim Crow, the elephant, the camel, the dromedaries, and the locomotive. Having expended his private fortune, on the two preceding days, in the purchase of the above unheard-of luxuries, the young gentleman's present errand was on the part of his mother, in quest of three eggs and half a pound of raisins. These articles Phœbe accordingly supplied, and, as a mark of gratitude for his previous patronage, and a slight superadded morsel after breakfast, put likewise into his hand a whale! The great fish, reversing his experience with the prophet of Nineveh,[1] immediately began his progress down the same red pathway of fate whither so varied a caravan had preceded him.

After partly closing the door, the child turned back, and mumbled something to Phœbe, which, as the whale was but half disposed of, she could not perfectly understand.

"What did you say, my little fellow?" asked she.

"Mother wants to know," repeated Ned Higgins, more distinctly, "how Old Maid Pyncheon's brother does? Folks say he has got home."

"My cousin Hepzibah's brother!" exclaimed Phœbe, surprised at this sudden explanation of the relationship between Hepzibah and her guest. "Her brother! And where can he have been?"

The little boy only put his thumb to his broad snub-nose, with that look of shrewdness which a child, spending much of his time in the street, so soon learns to throw over his features, however unintelligent in themselves. Then as Phœbe continued to gaze at him, without answering his mother's message, he took his departure.

As the child went down the steps, a gentleman ascended them, and made his entrance into the shop. It was the portly, and, had it possessed the advantage of a little more height, would have been the stately figure of a man considerably in the decline

[1] PROPHET OF NINEVEH—Jonah.

of life, dressed in a black suit of some thin stuff, resembling broadcloth as closely as possible. A gold-headed cane, of rare Oriental wood, added materially to the high respectability of his aspect, as did also a white neckcloth of the utmost snowy purity, and the conscientious polish of his boots. His dark, square countenance, with its almost shaggy depth of eyebrows, was naturally impressive, and would, perhaps, have been rather stern, had not the gentleman considerately taken upon himself to mitigate the harsh effect by a look of exceeding good humor and benevolence. Owing, however, to a somewhat massive accumulation of animal substance about the lower region of his face, the look was, perhaps, unctuous, rather than spiritual, and had, so to speak, a kind of fleshly effulgence,[2] not altogether as satisfactory as he doubtless intended it to be. A susceptible observer, at any rate, might have regarded it as affording very little evidence of the genuine benignity of soul whereof it purported to be the outward reflection. And if the observer chanced to be ill-natured, as well as acute and susceptible, he would probably suspect that the smile on the gentleman's face was a good deal akin to the shine on his boots, and that each must have cost him and his bootblack, respectively, a good deal of hard labor to bring out and preserve them.

As the stranger entered the little shop, where the projection of the second story and the thick foliage of the elm tree, as well as the commodities at the window, created a sort of gray medium, his smile grew as intense as if he had set his heart on counteracting the whole gloom of the atmosphere (besides any moral gloom pertaining to Hepzibah and her inmates) by the unassisted light of his countenance. On perceiving a young rosebud of a girl, instead of the gaunt presence of the old maid, a look of surprise was manifest. He at first knit his brows; then smiled with more unctuous benignity than ever.

"Ah, I see how it is!" said he, in a deep voice—a voice which, had it come from the throat of an uncultivated man, would have

[2] EFFULGENCE—Radiance.

been gruff, but, by dint of careful training, was now sufficiently agreeable—"I was not aware that Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon had commenced business under such favorable auspices. You are her assistant, I suppose?"

"I certainly am," answered Phœbe, and added, with a little air of lady-like assumption (for, civil as the gentleman was, he evidently took her to be a young person serving for wages), "I am a cousin of Miss Hepzibah, on a visit to her."

"Her cousin?—and from the country? Pray pardon me, then," said the gentleman, bowing and smiling, as Phœbe never had been bowed to nor smiled on before; "in that case, we must be better acquainted; for, unless I am sadly mistaken, you are my own little kinswoman likewise! Let me see—Mary?—Dolly?—Phœbe?—yes, Phœbe is the name! Is it possible that you are Phœbe Pyncheon, only child of my dear cousin and classmate, Arthur? Ah, I see your father now, about your mouth! Yes, yes! we must be better acquainted! I am your kinsman, my dear. Surely you must have heard of Judge Pyncheon?"

As Phœbe curtsied in reply, the judge bent forward, with the pardonable and even praiseworthy purpose—considering the nearness of blood, and the difference of age—of bestowing on his young relative a kiss of acknowledged kindred and natural affection. Unfortunately (without design, or only with such instinctive design as gives no account of itself to the intellect) Phœbe, just at the critical moment, drew back; so that her highly respectable kinsman, with his body bent over the counter, and his lips protruded, was betrayed into the rather absurd predicament of kissing the empty air. It was a modern parallel to the case of Ixion [3] embracing a cloud, and was so much the more ridiculous as the judge prided himself on eschewing [4] all airy matter, and never mistaking a shadow for a substance.

On raising her eyes, Phœbe was startled by the change in Judge Pyncheon's face. It was quite as striking, allowing for the

[3] Ixion—A mythological king of Thessaly who pursued a goddess only to find her a cloud.

[4] Eschewing—Avoiding.

difference of scale, as that betwixt a landscape under a broad sunshine and just before a thunderstorm; not that it had the passionate intensity of the latter aspect, but was cold, hard, immitigable,[5] like a day-long brooding cloud.

"Dear me! what is to be done now?" thought the country girl to herself. "He looks as if there were nothing softer in him than a rock, nor milder than the east wind! I meant no harm! Since he is really my cousin, I would have let him kiss me, if I could!"

Then, all at once, it struck Phœbe that this very Judge Pyncheon was the original of the miniature which the daguerrotypist had shown her in the garden, and that the hard, stern, relentless look, now on his face, was the same that the sun had so inflexibly persisted in bringing out. Was it, therefore, no momentary mood, but, however skillfully concealed, the settled temper of his life? And not merely so, but was it hereditary in him, and transmitted down, as a precious heirloom, from that bearded ancestor, in whose picture both the expression, and, to a singular degree, the features of the modern judge were shown as by a kind of prophecy? A deeper philosopher than Phœbe might have found something very terrible in this idea. It implied that the weaknesses and defects, the bad passions, the mean tendencies, and the moral diseases which lead to crime are handed down from one generation to another, by a far surer process of transmission than human law has been able to establish in respect to the riches and honors which it seeks to entail upon posterity.

But, as it happened, scarcely had Phœbe's eyes rested again on the judge's countenance than all its ugly sternness vanished; and she found herself quite overpowered by the sultry, dog-day heat, as it were, of benevolence, which this excellent man diffused out of his great heart into the surrounding atmosphere.

"I like that, Cousin Phœbe!" cried he, with an emphatic nod of approbation. "I like it much, my little cousin! You are a good child, and know how to take care of yourself. A young

[5] IMMITIGABLE—Not to be softened or appeased.

girl—especially if she be a very pretty one—can never be too chary [6] of her lips."

"Indeed, sir," said Phœbe, trying to laugh the matter off, "I did not mean to be unkind."

Nevertheless, whether or no it were entirely owing to the inauspicious commencement of their acquaintance, she still acted under a certain reserve, which was by no means customary to her frank and genial nature. The fantasy would not quit her, that the original Puritan, of whom she had heard so many somber traditions—the progenitor of the whole race of New England Pyncheons, the founder of the House of the Seven Gables, and who had died so strangely in it—had now stepped into the shop. In these days of off-hand equipment, the matter was easily enough arranged. On his arrival from the other world, he had merely found it necessary to spend a quarter of an hour at a barber's, who had trimmed down the Puritan's full beard into a pair of grizzled whiskers, then, patronizing a ready-made clothing establishment, he had exchanged his velvet doublet and sable cloak, with the richly worked band under his chin, for a white collar and cravat, coat, vest, and pantaloons; and lastly, putting aside his steel-hilted broadsword to take up a gold-headed cane, the Colonel Pyncheon of two centuries ago steps forward as the judge of the passing moment!

Of course, Phœbe was far too sensible a girl to entertain this idea in any other way than as matter for a smile. Possibly, also, could the two personages have stood together before her eye, many points of difference would have been perceptible, and perhaps only a general resemblance.

The similarity, intellectual and moral, between the judge and his ancestor appears to have been at least as strong as the resemblance of mien and feature would afford reason to anticipate. For example: tradition affirmed that the Puritan had been greedy of wealth; the judge, too, with all the show of liberal expenditure, was said to be as closefisted as if his grip were of iron. The ancestor had clothed himself in a grim assumption

[6] CHARY—Careful.

of kindliness, a rough heartiness of word and manner, which most people took to be the genuine warmth of nature, making its way through the thick and inflexible hide of a manly character. His descendant, in compliance with the requirements of a nicer age, had etherealized this rude benevolence into that broad benignity of smile, wherewith he shone like a noonday sun along the streets, or glowed like a household fire in the drawing-rooms of his private acquaintance.

The Puritan—so, at least, says chimney-corner tradition, which often preserves traits of character with marvellous fidelity —was bold, imperious, relentless, crafty; laying his purposes deep, and following them out with an inveteracy[7] of pursuit that knew neither rest nor conscience; trampling on the weak, and, when essential to his ends, doing his utmost to beat down the strong. Whether the judge in any degree resembled him the further progress of our narrative may show.

Scarcely any of the items in the above-drawn parallel occurred to Phœbe, whose country birth and residence, in truth, had left her pitifully ignorant of most of the family traditions, which lingered, like cobwebs and incrustations[8] of smoke, about the rooms and chimney-corners of the House of the Seven Gables. Yet there was a circumstance, very trifling in itself, which impressed her with an odd degree of horror. She had heard of the anathemas flung by Maule, the executed wizard, against Colonel Pyncheon and his posterity—that God would give them blood to drink—and likewise of the popular notion, that this miraculous blood might now and then be heard gurgling in their throats. Thus it happened, that when Phœbe heard a certain noise in Judge Pyncheon's throat—rather habitual with him, not altogether voluntary, yet indicative of nothing unless it were a slight bronchial complaint, or, as some people hinted, an apoplectic symptom—when the girl heard this queer and awkward ingurgitation[9] (which the writer never did hear, and there-

[7] Inveteracy—Obstinacy.
[8] Incrustations—Coatings.
[9] Ingurgitation—Swallowing.

fore cannot describe), she, very foolishly, started, and clasped her hands.

Of course, it was exceedingly ridiculous in Phœbe to be discomposed by such a trifle, and still more unpardonable to show her discomposure to the individual most concerned in it. But the incident chimed in so oddly with her previous fancies about the colonel and the judge, that, for the moment, it seemed quite to mingle their identity.

"What is the matter with you, young woman?" said Judge Pyncheon, giving her one of his harsh looks. "Are you afraid of anything?"

"Oh, nothing, sir—nothing in the world!" answered Phœbe, with a little laugh of vexation at herself. "But perhaps you wish to speak with my cousin Hepzibah. Shall I call her?"

"Stay a moment, if you please," said the judge, again beaming sunshine out of his face. "You seem to be a little nervous this morning. The town air, Cousin Phœbe, does not agree with your good, wholesome country habits. Or has anything happened to disturb you?—anything remarkable in Cousin Hepzibah's family? An arrival, eh? I thought so! No wonder you are out of sorts, my little cousin. To be an inmate with such a guest may well startle an innocent young girl!"

"You quite puzzle me, sir," replied Phœbe, gazing inquiringly at the judge. "There is no frightful guest in the house, but only a poor, gentle, childlike man, whom I believe to be Cousin Hepzibah's brother. I am afraid (but you, sir, will know better than I) that he is not quite in his sound senses; but so mild and quiet he seems to be, that a mother might trust her baby with him; and I think he would play with the baby as if he were only a few years older than itself. He startle me—oh, no, indeed!"

"I rejoice to hear so favorable and so ingenuous[10] an account of my cousin Clifford," said the benevolent judge. "Many years ago, when we were boys and young men together, I had a great affection for him, and still feel a tender interest in all his con-

[10] Ingenuous—Artlessly frank.

cerns. You say, Cousin Phœbe, he appears to be weak-minded. Heaven grant him at least enough of intellect to repent of his past sins!"

"Nobody, I fancy," observed Phœbe, "can have fewer to repent of."

"And is it possible, my dear," rejoined the judge, with a commiserating [11] look, "that you have never heard of Clifford Pyncheon—that you know nothing of his history? Well, it is all right; and your mother has shown a very proper regard for the good name of the family with which she connected herself. Believe the best you can of this unfortunate person, and hope the best! It is a rule which Christians should always follow, in their judgments of one another; and especially is it right and wise among near relatives, whose characters have necessarily a degree of mutual dependence. But is Clifford in the parlor? I will just step in and see."

"Perhaps, sir, I had better call my cousin Hepzibah," said Phœbe; hardly knowing, however, whether she ought to obstruct the entrance of so affectionate a kinsman into the private regions of the house. "Her brother seemed to be just falling asleep after breakfast; and I am sure she would not like him to be disturbed. Pray, sir, let me give her notice!"

But the judge showed a singular determination to enter unannounced; and as Phœbe, with the vivacity of a person whose movements unconsciously answer to her thoughts, had stepped toward the door, he used little or no ceremony in putting her aside.

"No, no, Miss Phœbe!" said Judge Pyncheon, in a voice as deep as a thunder growl, and with a frown as black as the cloud whence it issues. "Stay you here! I know the house, and know my cousin Hepzibah, and know her brother Clifford likewise!—nor need my little country cousin put herself to the trouble of announcing me!"—in these latter words, bye the bye, there were symptoms of a change from his sudden harshness

[11] COMMISERATING—Expressing pity.

into his previous benignity of manner. "I am at home here, Phœbe, you must recollect, and you are the stranger. I will just step in, therefore, and see for myself how Clifford is, and assure him and Hepzibah of my kindly feelings and best wishes. It is right, at this juncture, that they should both hear from my own lips how much I desire to serve them. Ha! here is Hepzibah herself!"

Such was the case. The vibrations of the judge's voice had reached the old gentlewoman in the parlor, where she sat, with face averted, waiting on her brother's slumber. She now issued forth, as would appear, to defend the entrance, looking, we must needs say, amazingly like the dragon which, in fairy tales, is wont to be the guardian over an enchanted beauty. The habitual scowl of her brow was, undeniably, too fierce, at this moment, to pass itself off on the innocent score of nearsightedness; and it was bent on Judge Pyncheon in a way that seemed to confound, if not alarm him, so inadequately had he estimated the moral force of a deeply grounded antipathy.[12] She made a repelling gesture with her hand, and stood a perfect picture of prohibition, at full length, in the dark frame of the doorway. But we must betray Hepzibah's secret, and confess that the native timorousness[13] of her character even now developed itself in a quick tremor, which, to her own perception, set each of her joints at variance with its fellows.

Possibly, the judge was aware how little true hardihood lay behind Hepzibah's formidable front. At any rate, being a gentleman of steady nerves, he soon recovered himself, and failed not to approach his cousin with outstretched hand; adopting the sensible precaution, however, to cover his advance with a smile so broad and sultry, that, had it been only half as warm as it looked, a trellis of grapes might at once have turned purple under its summer-like exposure. It may have been his purpose, indeed, to melt poor Hepzibah on the spot, as if she were a figure of yellow wax.

[12] Antipathy—Intense dislike.
[13] Timorousness—Timidity.

"Hepzibah, my beloved cousin, I am rejoiced!" exclaimed the judge, most emphatically. "Now, at length, you have something to live for. Yes, and all of us, let me say, your friends and kindred, have more to live for than we had yesterday. I have lost no time in hastening to offer any assistance in my power toward making Clifford comfortable. He belongs to us all. I know how much he requires—how much he used to require—with his delicate taste, and his love of the beautiful. Anything in my house—pictures, books, wine, luxuries of the table—he may command them all! It would afford me most heartfelt gratification to see him! Shall I step in, this moment?"

"No," replied Hepzibah, her voice quivering too painfully to allow of many words. "He cannot see visitors!"

"A visitor, my dear cousin!—do you call me so?" cried the judge, whose sensibility, it seems, was hurt by the coldness of the phrase. "Nay, then, let me be Clifford's host, and your own likewise. Come at once to my house. The country air, and all the conveniences—I may say luxuries—that I have gathered about me, will do wonder for him. And you and I, dear Hepzibah, will consult together, and watch together, and labor together, to make our dear Clifford happy. Come! why should we make more words about what is both a duty and a pleasure on my part? Come to me at once!"

On hearing these so hospitable offers, and such generous recognition of the claims of kindred, Phœbe felt very much in the mood of running up to Judge Pyncheon, and giving him, of her own accord, the kiss from which she had so recently shrunk away. It was quite otherwise with Hepzibah; the judge's smile seemed to operate on her acerbity of heart like sunshine upon vinegar, making it ten times sourer than ever.

"Clifford," said she—still too agitated to utter more than an abrupt sentence—"Clifford has a home here!"

"May Heaven forgive you, Hepzibah," said Judge Pyncheon —reverently lifting his eyes toward that high court of equity to which he appealed—"if you suffer any ancient prejudice or animosity to weigh with you in this matter! I stand here, with

an open heart, willing and anxious to receive yourself and Clifford into it. Do not refuse my good offices—my earnest propositions for your welfare! They are such, in all respects, as it behooves your nearest kinsman to make. It will be a heavy responsibility, cousin, if you confine your brother to this dismal house and stifled air, when the delightful freedom of my countryseat is at his command."

"It would never suit Clifford," said Hepzibah, as briefly as before.

"Woman!" broke forth the judge, giving way to his resentment, "what is the meaning of all this? Have you other resources? Nay, I suspected as much! Take care, Hepzibah, take care! Clifford is on the brink of as black a ruin as ever befell him yet! But why do I talk with you, woman as you are? Make way!—I must see Clifford!"

Hepzibah spread out her gaunt figure across the door and seemed really to increase in bulk; looking the more terrible, also, because there was so much terror and agitation in her heart. But Judge Pyncheon's evident purpose of forcing a passage was interrupted by a voice from the inner room; a weak, tremulous, wailing voice, indicating helpless alarm, with no more energy for self-defense than belongs to a frightened infant.

"Hepzibah, Hepzibah!" cried the voice; "go down on your knees to him! Kiss his feet! Entreat him not to come in! Oh, let him have mercy on me! Mercy! mercy!"

For the instant, it appeared doubtful whether it were not the judge's resolute purpose to set Hepzibah aside, and step across the threshold into the parlor, whence issued that broken and miserable murmur of entreaty. It was not pity that restrained him, for, at the first sound of the enfeebled voice, a red fire kindled his eyes, and he made a quick pace forward, with something inexpressibly fierce and grim darkening forth, as it were, out of the whole man. To know Judge Pyncheon, was to see him at that moment.

Yet, after all, are we not slandering an excellent and amiable man? Look at the judge now! He is apparently conscious of

having erred in too energetically pressing his deeds of loving-kindness on persons unable to appreciate them. He will await their better mood, and hold himself as ready to assist them, then, as at this moment. As he draws back from the door, an all-comprehensive benignity blazes from his visage, indicating that he gathers Hepzibah, little Phœbe, and the invisible Clifford, all three, together with the whole world besides, into his immense heart, and gives them a warm bath in its flood of affection.

"You do me great wrong, dear cousin Hepzibah!" said he, first kindly offering her his hand, and then drawing on his glove preparatory to departure. "Very great wrong! But I forgive it, and will study to make you think better of me. Of course, our poor Clifford being in so unhappy a state of mind, I cannot think of urging an interview at present. But I shall watch over his welfare, as if he were my own beloved brother; nor do I at all despair, my dear cousin, of constraining both him and you to acknowledge your injustice. When that shall happen, I desire no other revenge than your acceptance of the best offices in my power to do you."

With a bow to Hepzibah, and a degree of paternal benevolence in his parting nod to Phœbe, the judge left the shop, and went smiling along the street. As is customary with the rich when they aim at the honors of a republic, he apologized, as it were, to the people, for his wealth, prosperity, and elevated station, by a free and hearty manner toward those who knew him; putting off the more of his dignity, in due proportion with the humbleness of the man whom he saluted, and thereby proving a haughty consciousness of his advantages as irrefragably[14] as if he had marched forth preceded by a troop of lackeys to clear the way.

No sooner had he disappeared than Hepzibah grew deadly white, and, staggering toward Phœbe, let her head fall on the young girl's shoulder.

[14] IRREFRAGABLY—Undeniably.

"Oh, Phœbe!" murmured she, "that man has been the horror of my life! Shall I never, never have the courage—will my voice never cease from trembling long enough—to let me tell him what he is?"

"Is he so very wicked?" asked Phœbe. "Yet his offers were surely kind!"

"Do not speak of them—he has a heart of iron!" rejoined Hepzibah. "Go, now, and talk to Clifford! Amuse and keep him quiet! It would disturb him wretchedly to see me so agitated as I am. There go, dear child, and I will try to look after the shop."

Phœbe went, accordingly, but perplexed herself, meanwhile, with queries as to the purport of the scene which she had just witnessed, and also, whether judges, clergymen, and other characters of that eminent stamp and respectability, could really, in any single instance, be otherwise than just and upright men. But Phœbe, in order to keep the universe in its old place, was fain to smother, in some degree, her own intuitions as to Judge Pyncheon's character. And as for her cousin's testimony in disparagement of it, she concluded that Hepzibah's judgment was embittered by one of those family feuds which render hatred the more deadly, by the dead and corrupted love that they intermingle with its native poison.

IX CLIFFORD AND PHŒBE

Truly was there something high, generous, and noble in the native composition of our poor old Hepzibah! Or else—and it was quite as probably the case—she had been enriched by poverty, developed by sorrow, elevated by the strong and solitary affection of her life, and thus endowed with heroism which never could have characterized her in what are called happier circumstances. Through dreary years, Hepzibah had looked forward —for the most part despairingly, never with any confidence of hope, but always with the feeling that it was her brightest possibility—to the very position in which she had now found herself.

In her own behalf, she had asked nothing of Providence, but the opportunity of devoting herself to this brother, whom she had so loved—so admired for what he was, or might have been—and to whom she had kept her faith, alone of all the world, wholly, unfalteringly, at every instant, and throughout life. And here, in his late decline, the lost one had come back out of his long and strange misfortune, and was thrown on her sympathy, as it seemed, not merely for the bread of his physical existence, but for everything that should keep him morally alive. She had responded to the call. She had come forward—our poor, gaunt Hepzibah, in her rusty silks, with her rigid joints, and the sad perversity of her scowl—ready to do her utmost; and with affection enough, if that were all, to do a hundred times as much! There could be few more tearful sights—and Heaven forgive us if a smile insists on mingling with our conception of it!—few sights with truer pathos in them, than Hepzibah presented, on that first afternoon.

How patiently did she endeavor to wrap Clifford up in her great, warm love, and make it all the world to him, so that he should retain no torturing sense of the coldness and dreariness without! Her little efforts to amuse him! How pitiful, yet magnanimous, they were!

Remembering his early love of poetry and fiction, she unlocked a bookcase, and took down several books that had been excellent reading in their day. There was a volume of Pope,[1] with *The Rape of the Lock*[2] in it, and another of the *Tatler*,[3] and an odd one of Dryden's *Miscellanies*,[4] all with tarnished gilding on their covers, and thoughts of tarnished brilliancy inside.

They had no success with Clifford. These, and all such

[1] POPE—Alexander Pope (1688–1744), the foremost English poet of his time.

[2] *The Rape of the Lock*—A mock epic, based on the alleged theft of a maiden's lock of hair.

[3] THE TATLER—A periodical published from 1709-11 by Richard Steele. It was succeeded by the more famous *Spectator*.

[4] DRYDEN'S *Miscellanies*—Certain poems by John Dryden (1631-1700), celebrated English poet and critic.

writers of society, whose new works glow like the rich texture of a just-woven carpet, must be content to relinquish their charm, for every reader, after an age or two, and could hardly be supposed to retain any portion of it for a mind that had utterly lost its estimate of modes and manners. Hepzibah then took up *Rasselas*[5] and began to read of the Happy Valley, with a vague idea that some secret of a contented life had there been elaborated, which might at least serve Clifford and herself for this one day. But the Happy Valley had a cloud over it. Hepzibah troubled her auditor, moreover, by innumerable sins of emphasis, which he seemed to detect, without any reference to the meaning; nor, in fact, did he appear to take much note of the sense of what she read, but evidently felt the tedium of the lecture, without harvesting its profits. His sister's voice, too, naturally harsh, had, in the course of her sorrowful lifetime, contracted a kind of croak, which, when it once gets into the human throat, is as ineradicable as sin.

Discerning that Clifford was not gladdened by her efforts, Hepzibah searched about the house for the means of more exhilarating pastime. At one time, her eyes chanced to rest on Alice Pyncheon's harpsichord. It was a moment of great peril; for—despite the traditionary awe that had gathered over this instrument of music, and the dirges which spiritual fingers were said to play on it—the devoted sister had solemn thoughts of thrumming on its chords for Clifford's benefit, and accompanying the performance with her voice. Poor Clifford! Poor Hepzibah! Poor harpsichord! All three would have been miserable together. By some good agency—possibly, by the unrecognized interposition[6] of the long-buried Alice herself—the threatening calamity was averted.

But the worst of all—the hardest stroke of fate, for Hepzibah to endure, and perhaps for Clifford too—was his invincible distaste for her appearance. Her features, never the most agree-

[5] *Rasselas*—A romance by Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-84), dealing with the adventures of a prince of Abyssinia in the Happy Valley.

[6] INTERPOSITION—Intervention.

able, and now harsh with age and grief, and resentment against the world for his sake; her dress, and especially her turban; the queer and quaint manners, which had unconsciously grown upon her in solitude; such being the poor gentlewoman's outward characteristics, it is no great marvel, although the mournfullest of pities, that the instinctive lover of the Beautiful was fain to turn away his eyes. There was no help for it. It would be the latest impulse to die within him. In his last extremity, the expiring breath stealing fanitly through Clifford's lips, he would doubtless press Hepzibah's hand, in fervent recognition of all her lavished love, and close his eyes—but not so much to die, as to be constrained to look no longer on her face! Poor Hepzibah! She took counsel with herself what might be done, and thought of putting ribbons on her turban; but, by the instant rush of several guardian angels, was withheld from an experiment that could hardly have proved less than fatal to the beloved object of her anxiety.

To be brief, besides Hepzibah's disadvantages of person, there was an uncouthness pervading all her deeds; a clumsy something, that could but ill adapt itself for use, and not at all for ornament. She was a grief to Clifford, and she knew it. She therefore turned to Phœbe, and resigned the task into the young girl's hands. The latter took it up cheerfully, as she did everything, but with no sense of a mission to perform, and succeeding all the better for that same simplicity.

By the involuntary effect of a genial temperament, Phœbe soon grew to be absolutely essential to the daily comfort, if not the daily life, of her two forlorn companions.

To the guest—to Hepzibah's brother—or Cousin Clifford, as Phœbe now began to call him—she was especially necessary. Not that he could ever be said to converse with her, or often manifest, in any other very definite mode, his sense of charm in her society. But, if she were a long while absent he became pettish and nervously restless, pacing the room to and fro, with the uncertainty that characterized all his movements; or else would sit broodingly in his great chair, resting his head on his

hands, and evincing life only by an electric sparkle of ill humor, whenever Hepzibah endeavored to arouse him. Phœbe's presence, and the contiguity of her fresh life to his blighted one, was usually all that he required. Indeed, such was the native gush and play of her spirit, that she was seldom perfectly quiet and undemonstrative, and more than a fountain ever ceases to dimple and warble with its flow. She possessed the gift of song, and that, too, so naturally, that you would as little think of inquiring whence she had caught it, or what master had taught her, as of asking the same questions about a bird, in whose small strain of music we recognize the voice of the Creator as distinctly as in the loudest accents of his thunder. So long as Phœbe sang, she might stray at her own will about the house. Clifford was content, whether the sweet, airy homeliness of her tones came down from the upper chambers, or along the passageway from the shop, or was sprinkled through the foliage of the pear tree, inward from the garden, with the twinkling sunbeams. He would sit quietly, with a gentle pleasure gleaming over his face, brighter now, and now a little dimmer, as the song happened to float near him, or was more remotely heard. It pleased him best, however, when she sat on a low footstool at his knee.

Becoming habituated to her companionship, Clifford readily showed how capable of imbibing pleasant tints and gleams of cheerful light from all quarters his nature must originally have been. He grew youthful while she sat by him. A beauty—not precisely real, even in its utmost manifestation, and which a painter would have watched long to seize and fix upon his canvas, and, after all, in vain—beauty, nevertheless, that was not a mere dream, would sometimes play upon and illuminate his face. It did more than to illuminate; it transfigured him with an expression that could only be interpreted as the glow of an exquisite and happy spirit. That gray hair, and those furrows—with their record of infinite sorrow, so deeply written across his brow, and so compressed, as with a futile effort to crowd in all the tale, that the whole inscription was made illegible—these, for the moment, vanished. An eye, at once tender and acute,

might have beheld in the man some shadow of what he was meant to be. Anon, as age came stealing, like a sad twilight, back over his figure, you would have felt tempted to hold an argument with Destiny, and affirm, that either this being should not have been made mortal, or mortal existence should have been tempered to his qualities. There seemed no necessity for his having drawn breath, at all—the world never wanted him—but, as he had breathed, it ought always to have been the balmiest of summer air.

Phœbe, it is probable, had but a very imperfect comprehension of the character over which she had thrown so beneficent a spell. Nor was it necessary. The fire upon the hearth can gladden a whole semicircle of faces round about it, but need not know the individuality of one among them all. Indeed, there was something too fine and delicate in Clifford's traits to be perfectly appreciated by one whose sphere lay so much in the Actual as Phœbe's did. For Clifford, however, the reality, and simplicity, and thorough homeliness, of the girl's nature, were as powerful a charm as any that she possessed. Beauty, it is true, and beauty almost perfect in its own style, was indispensable. Had Phœbe been coarse in feature, shaped clumsily, of a harsh voice, and uncouthly mannered, she might have been rich with all good gifts, beneath this unfortunate exterior, and still, so long as she wore the guise of woman, she would have shocked Clifford, and depressed him by her lack of beauty. But nothing more beautiful—nothing prettier, at least—was ever made than Phœbe. And, therefore, to this man—whose whole poor and impalpable enjoyment of existence, heretofore, and until both his heart and fancy died within him, had been a dream—whose images of women had more and more lost their warmth and substance, and been frozen, like the pictures of secluded artists, into the chilliest ideality—to him, this little figure of the cheeriest household life was just what he required to bring him back into the breathing world.

There was something very beautiful in the relation that grew up between this pair, so closely and constantly linked together,

yet with such a waste of gloomy and mysterious years from his birthday to hers. On Clifford's part, it was the feeling of a man naturally endowed with the liveliest sensibility to feminine influence, but who had never quaffed the cup of passionate love, and knew that it was now too late. He knew it, with the instinctive delicacy that had survived his intellectual decay. Thus, his sentiment for Phœbe, without being paternal, was not less chaste than if she had been his daughter. He was a man, it is true, and recognized her as a woman. She was his only representative of womankind. All her little womanly ways, budding out of her like blossoms on a young fruit tree, had their effect on him, and sometimes caused his very heart to tingle with the keenest thrills of pleasure. At such moments—for the effect was seldom more than momentary—the half-torpid man would be full of harmonious life, just as a long-silent harp is full of sound when the musician's fingers sweep across it. But, after all, it seemed rather a perception, or a sympathy, than a sentiment belonging to himself as an individual. He read Phœbe, as he would a sweet and simple story; he listened to her, as if she were a verse of household poetry, which God, in requital of his bleak and dismal lot, had permitted some angel, that most pitied him, to warble through the house. She was not an actual fact for him, but the interpretation of all that he had lacked on earth, brought warmly home to his conception; so that this mere symbol, or lifelike picture, had almost the comfort of reality.

And how did Phœbe regard Clifford? The girl's was not one of those natures which are most attracted by what is strange and exceptional in human character. The path which would best have suited her was the well-worn track of ordinary life; the companions in whom she would most have delighted were such as one encounters at every turn. The mystery which enveloped Clifford, so far as it affected her at all, was an annoyance, rather than the piquant charm which many women might have found in it. Still, her native kindliness was brought strongly into play, not by what was darkly picturesque in his situation, nor so

much, even by the finer grace of his character, as by the simple appeal of a heart so forlorn as his to one so full of genuine sympathy as hers. She gave him an affectionate regard, because he needed so much love, and seemed to have received so little. With a ready tact, the result of ever-active and wholesome sensibility, she discerned what was good for him, and did it. Whatever was morbid in his mind and experience, she ignored; and thereby kept their intercourse healthy, by the incautious, but, as it were, Heaven-directed freedom of her whole conduct. Phœbe afforded her poor patient a supply of purer air. She impregnated it, too, not with a wild-flower scent—for wildness was no trait of hers—but with the perfume of garden roses, pinks, and other blossoms of much sweetness, which nature and man have consented together in making grow from summer to summer, and from century to century. Such a flower was Phœbe, in her relation with Clifford, and such the delight that he inhaled from her.

Yet, it must be said, her petals sometimes drooped a little in consequence of the heavy atmosphere about her. She grew more thoughtful than heretofore. Looking aside at Clifford's face, and seeing the dim, unsatisfactory elegance, and the intellect almost quenched, she would try to inquire what had been his life. Was he always thus? Had this veil been over him from his birth?—this veil, under which far more of his spirit was hidden than revealed, and through which he so imperfectly discerned the actual world—or was its gray texture woven of some dark calamity? Phoebe loved no riddles, and would have been glad to escape the perplexity of this one. Nevertheless, there was so far a good result of her meditations on Clifford's character, that, when her involuntary conjectures, together with the tendency of every strange circumstance to tell its own story, had gradually taught her the fact, it had no terrible effect upon her. Let the world have done him what vast wrong it might, she knew Cousin Clifford too well—or fancied so—ever to shudder at the touch of his thin, delicate fingers.

Within a few days after the appearance of this remarkable

inmate, the routine of life had established itself with a good deal of uniformity in the old house of our narrative. In the morning, very shortly after breakfast, it was Clifford's custom to fall asleep in his chair; nor, unless accidentally disturbed, would he emerge from a dense cloud of slumber, or the thinner mists that flitted to and fro, until well toward noonday. These hours of drowsy head were the season of the old gentlewoman's attendance on her brother, while Phœbe took charge of the shop; an arrangement which the public speedily understood, and evinced their decided preference of the younger shopwoman by the multiplicity of their calls during her administration of affairs. Dinner over, Hepzibah took her knitting work—a long stocking of gray yarn, for her brother's winter wear—and with a sigh, and a scowl of affectionate farewell to Clifford, and a gesture enjoining watchfulness on Phœbe, went to take her seat behind the counter. It was now the young girl's turn to be the nurse—the guardian, the playmate, or whatever is the fitter phrase—of the gray-haired man.

X THE PYNCHEON GARDEN

Clifford, except for Phœbe's more active investigation, would ordinarily have yielded to the torpor which had crept through all his modes of being, and which sluggishly counseled him to sit in his morning chair till eventide. But the girl seldom failed to propose a removal to the garden, where Uncle Venner and the daguerreotypist had made such repairs on the roof of the ruinous arbor, or summerhouse, that it was now a sufficient shelter from sunshine and casual showers. The hopvine, too, had begun to grow luxuriantly over the sides of the little edifice, and made an interior of verdant seclusion, with innumerable peeps and glimpses into the wider solitude of the garden.

Here, sometimes, in the green play place of flickering light, Phœbe read to Clifford. Her acquaintance, the artist, who appeared to have a literary turn, had supplied her with works of fiction, in pamphlet form, and a few volumes of poetry, in alto-

gether a different style and taste from those which Hepzibah selected for his amusement. Small thanks were due to the books, however, if the girl's readings were in any degree more successful than her elderly cousin's. Phœbe's voice had always a pretty music in it, and could either enliven Clifford by its sparkle and gayety of tone, or soothe him by a continued flow of pebbly and brook-like cadences. But the fictions—in which the country girl, unused to works of that nature, often became deeply absorbed—interested her strange auditor very little, or not at all. Pictures of life, scenes of passion or sentiment, wit, humor, and pathos, were all thrown away, or worse than thrown away, on Clifford; either because he lacked an experience by which to test their truth, or because his own griefs were a touchstone of reality that few feigned emotions could withstand. When Phœbe broke into a peal of merry laughter at what she read, he would now and then laugh for sympathy, but oftener respond with a troubled, questioning look. If a tear—a maiden's sunshiny tear, over imaginary woe—dropped upon some melancholy page, Clifford either took it as a token of actual calamity, or else grew peevish and angrily motioned her to close the volume. And wisely, too! Is not the world sad enough, in genuine earnest, without making a pastime of mock sorrows?

With poetry, it was rather better. He delighted in the swell and subsidence of the rhythm, and the happily recurring rhyme. Nor was Clifford incapable of feeling the sentiment of poetry—not, perhaps, where it was highest or deepest, but where it was most flitting and ethereal. It was impossible to foretell in what exquisite verse the awakening spell might lurk; but, on raising her eyes from the page to Clifford's face, Phœbe would be made aware, by the light breaking through it, that a more delicate intelligence than her own had caught a lambent[1] flame from what she read. One glow of this kind, however, was often the precursor[2] of gloom for many hours afterwards; because, when the glow left him, he seemed conscious of a missing sense and

[1] LAMBENT—Softly radiant.
[2] PRECURSOR—Forerunner.

power, and groped about for them, as if a blind man should go seeking his lost eyesight.

It pleased him more, and was better for his inward welfare, that Phœbe should talk, and make passing occurrences vivid to his mind by her accompanying description and remarks. The life of the garden offered topics enough for such discourse as suited Clifford best. He never failed to inquire what flowers had bloomed since yesterday. His feelings for flowers was very exquisite, and seemed not so much a taste as an emotion; he was fond of sitting with one in his hand, intently observing it, and looking from its petals into Phœbe's face, as if the garden flower were the sister of the household maiden. Not merely was there a delight in the flower's perfume, or pleasure in its beautiful form, and the delicacy or brightness of its hue; but Clifford's enjoyment was accompanied with a perception of life, character, and individuality, that made him love these blossoms of the garden, as if they were endowed with sentiment and intelligence. This affection and sympathy for flowers is almost exclusively a woman's trait. Men, if endowed with it by nature, soon lose, forget, and learn to despise it, in their contact with coarser things than flowers. Clifford, too, had long forgotten it; but found it again, now, as he slowly revived from the chill torpor of his life.

When the bean vines began to flower on the poles, there was one particular variety which bore a vivid scarlet blossom. The daguerreotypist had found these beans in a garret, over one of the seven gables, treasured up in an old chest of drawers, by some horticultural Pyncheon of days gone by, who, doubtless, meant to sow them the next summer, but was himself first sown in Death's garden ground. By way of testing whether there was still a living germ in such ancient seeds, Holgrave had planted some of them; and the result of his experiment was a splendid row of bean vines, clambering, early, to the full height of the poles, and arraying them, from top to bottom, in a spiral profusion of red blossoms. And, ever since the unfolding the first bud, a multitude of humming birds had been attracted

thither. At times, it seemed as if for every one of the hundred blossoms there was one of these tiniest fowls of the air; a thumb's bigness of burnished plumage, hovering and vibrating about the bean poles. It was with indescribable interest, and even more than childish delight, that Clifford watched the humming birds. He used to thrust his head softly out of the arbor, to see them the better; all the while, too, motioning Phœbe to be quiet, and snatching glimpses of the smile upon her face, so as to heap his enjoyment up the higher with her sympathy. He had not merely grown young; he was a child again.

Hepzibah, whenever she happened to witness one of these fits of miniature enthusiasm, would shake her head, with a strange mingling of the mother and sister, and of pleasure and sadness, in her aspect. She said that it had always been thus with Clifford, when the humming birds came—always, from his babyhood—and that his delight in them had been one of the earliest tokens by which he showed his love for beautiful things. And it was a wonderful coincidence, the good lady thought, that the artist should have planted these scarlet-flowering beans—which the humming birds sought far and wide, and which had not grown in the Pyncheon garden before for forty years—on the very summer of Clifford's return.

Then would the tears stand in poor Hepzibah's eyes, or overflow them with a too abundant gush, so that she was fain to betake herself into some corner, lest Clifford should espy her agitation. Indeed, all the enjoyments of this period were provocative of tears. Coming so late as it did, it was a kind of Indian summer, with a mist in its balmiest sunshine, and decay and death in its gaudiest delight. The more Clifford seemed to taste the happiness of a child, the sadder was the difference to be recognized. All his life long, he had been learning how to be wretched, as one learns a foreign tongue; and now, with the lesson thoroughly at heart, he could with difficulty comprehend his little airy happiness. Frequently there was a dim shadow of doubt in his eyes. "Take my hand, Phœbe," he would say, "and pinch it hard with your little fingers! Give me a rose, that I may

press its thorns, and prove myself awake, by the sharp touch of pain!" Evidently, he desired this prick of a trifling anguish, in order to assure himself, by that quality which he best knew to be real, that the garden, and the seven weather-beaten gables, and Hepzibah's scowl and Phœbe's smile, were real, likewise. Without this signet [3] in his flesh, he could have attributed no more substance to them than to the empty confusion of imaginary scenes with which he had fed his spirit until even that poor sustenance was exhausted.

One of the available means of amusement, of which Phœbe made the most, in Clifford's behalf, was that feathered society, the hens, a breed of whom, as we have already said, was an immemorial heirloom in the Pyncheon family. In compliance with a whim of Clifford, as it troubled him to see them in confinement, they had been set at liberty, and now roamed at will about the garden; doing some little mischief, but hindered from escape by buildings, on three sides, and the difficult peaks of a wooden fence, on the other. They spent much of their abundant leisure on the margin of Maule's well, which was haunted by a kind of snail, evidently a titbit to their palates; and the brackish water itself, however nauseous to the rest of the world, was so greatly esteemed by these fowls, that they might be seen tasting, turning up their heads, and smacking their bills, with precisely the air of wine bibbers round a probationary [4] cask. Their generally quiet, yet often brisk, and constantly diversified talk, one to another, or sometimes in soliloquy—as they scratched worms out of the rich, black soil, or pecked at such plants as suited their taste—had such a domestic tone, that it was almost a wonder why you could not establish a regular interchange of ideas about household matters, human and gallinaceous.[5] All hens are well worth studying, for the piquancy and rich variety of their manners; but by no possibility can there have been other fowls of such odd appearance and deportment as these

[3] Signet—Impression, sign.
[4] Probationary—Trial.
[5] Gallinaceous—Relating to fowls.

ancestral ones. They probably embodied the traditionary peculiarities of their whole line of progenitors, derived through an unbroken succession of eggs; or else this individual Chanticleer and his two wives had grown to be humorists, and a little crack-brained withal, on account of their solitary way of life, and out of sympathy for Hepzibah, their lady patroness.

Queer, indeed, they looked! Chanticleer himself, though stalking on two stilt-like legs, with the dignity of interminable descent in all his gestures, was hardly bigger than an ordinary partridge; his two wives were about the size of quails; and as for the one chicken, it looked small enough to be still in the egg, and, at the same time, sufficiently old, withered, wizened, and experienced, to have been the founder of the antiquated race. Instead of being the youngest of the family, it rather seemed to have aggregated into itself the ages, not only of these living specimens of the breed, but of all its forefathers and foremothers, whose united excellencies and oddities were squeezed into its little body. Its mother evidently regarded it as the one chicken of the world, and as necessary, in fact, to the world's continuance, or, at any rate, to the equilibrium of the present system of affairs, whether in church or state. No lesser sense of the infant fowl's importance could have justified, even in a mother's eyes, the perseverance with which she watched over its safety, ruffling her small person to twice its proper size, and flying in everybody's face that so much as looked toward her hopeful progeny. No lower estimate could have vindicated the indefatigable zeal with which she scratched, and her unscrupulousness in digging up the choicest flower or vegetable, for the sake of the fat earthworm at its root. Her nervous cluck, when the chicken happened to be hidden in the long grass or under the squash leaves; her gentle croak of satisfaction, while sure of it beneath her wing; her note of ill-concealed fear and obstreperous defiance, when she saw her archenemy, a neighbor's cat, on the top of the high fence; one or other of these sounds was to be heard at almost every moment of the day. By degrees, the observer

came to feel nearly as much interest in this chicken of illustrious race as the mother hen did.

Phœbe, after getting well acquainted with the old hen, was sometimes permitted to take the chicken in her hand, which was quite capable of grasping its cubic inch or two of body. While she curiously examined its hereditary marks—the peculiar speckle of its plumage, the funny tuft on its head, and a knob on each of its legs—the little biped, as she insisted, kept giving her a sagacious wink. The daguerreotypist once whispered her that these marks betokened the oddities of the Pyncheon family, and that the chicken itself was a symbol of the life of the old house, embodying its interpretation likewise, although an unintelligible one, as such clews generally are. It was a feathered riddle; a mystery hatched out of an egg, and just as mysterious as if the egg had been addle!

The second of Chanticleer's two wives, ever since Phœbe's arrival, had been in a state of heavy despondency, caused, as it afterwards appeared, by her inability to lay an egg. One day, however, by her self-important gait, the sideway turn of her head, and the cock of her eye, as she pried into one and another nook of the garden—croaking to herself, all the while, with inexpressible complacency—it was made evident that this identical hen, much as mankind undervalued her, carried something about her person, the worth of which was not to be estimated either in gold or precious stones. Shortly after, there was a prodigious cackling and gratulation of Chanticleer and all his family, including the wizened chicken, who appeared to understand the matter quite as well as did his sire, his mother, or his aunt. That afternoon Phœbe found a diminutive egg—not in the regular nest—it was far too precious to be trusted there—but cunningly hidden under the currant bushes, on some dry stalks of last year's grass. Hepzibah, on learning the fact, took possession of the egg and appropriated it to Clifford's breakfast, on account of a certain delicacy of flavor, for which, as she affirmed, these eggs had always been famous. Thus unscrupulously did the old gentlewoman sacrifice the continuance, perhaps, of an ancient

feathered race, with no better end than to supply her brother with a dainty that hardly filled the bowl of a teaspoon! It must have been in reference to this outrage that Chanticleer, the next day, accompanied by the bereaved mother of the egg, took his post in front of Phœbe and Clifford, and delivered himself of a harangue that might have proved as long as his own pedigree, but for a fit of merriment on Phœbe's part. Hereupon, the offended fowl stalked away on his long stilts, and utterly withdrew his notice from Phœbe and the rest of human nature, until she made her peace with an offering of spice cake, which, next to snails, was the delicacy most in favor with his aristocratic taste.

We linger too long, no doubt, beside this paltry rivulet of life that flowed through the garden of the Pyncheon house. But we deem it pardonable to record these mean incidents and poor delights, because they proved so greatly to Clifford's benefit. They had the earth smell in them, and contributed to give him health and substance. Some of his occupations wrought less desirably upon him. He had a singular propensity, for example, to hang over Maule's well, and look at the constantly shifting phantasmagoria[6] of figures produced by the agitation of the water over the mosaic work of colored pebbles at the bottom. He said that faces looked upward to him there—beautiful faces, arrayed in bewitching smiles—each momentary face so fair and rosy, and every smile so sunny, that he felt wronged at its departure, until the same flitting withcraft made a new one. But sometimes he would suddenly cry out, "The dark face gazes at me!" and be miserable the whole day afterwards. Phœbe, when she hung over the fountain by Clifford's side, could see nothing of all this—neither the beauty nor the ugliness—but only the colored pebbles, looking as if the gush of the water shook and disarranged them. And the dark face, that so troubled Clifford, was no more than the shadow thrown from a branch of one of the damson trees, and breaking the inner light of Maule's well.

[6] PHANTASMAGORIA—Imaginary pictures, illusions.

The truth was, however, that his fancy—reviving faster than his will and judgment, and always stronger than they—created shapes of loveliness that were symbolic of his native character, and now and then a stern and dreadful shape, that typified his fate.

On Sundays, after Phœbe had been at church—for the girl had a churchgoing conscience, and would hardly have been at ease had she missed either prayer, singing, sermon, or benediction—after church time, therefore, there was, ordinarily, a sober little festival in the garden. In addition to Clifford, Hepzibah, and Phœbe, two guests made up the company. One was the artist, Holgrave, who, in spite of his consociation [7] with reformers, and his other queer and questionable traits, continued to hold an elevated place in Hepzibah's regard. The other, we are almost ashamed to say, was the venerable Uncle Venner, in a clean shirt, and a broadcloth coat, more respectable than his ordinary wear, inasmuch as it was neatly patched on each elbow, and might be called an entire garment, except for a slight inequality in the length of its skirts. Clifford, on several occasions, had seemed to enjoy the old man's intercourse, for the sake of his mellow, cheerful vein, which was like the sweet flavor of a frost-bitten apple, such as one picks up under the tree in December. A man at the very lowest point of the social scale was easier and more agreeable for the fallen gentleman to encounter than a person at any of the intermediate degrees; and, moreover, as Clifford's young manhood had been lost, he was fond of feeling himself comparatively youthful, now, in apposition [8] with the patriarchal age of Uncle Venner. In fact, it was sometimes observable that Clifford half wilfully hid from himself the consciousness of being stricken in years, and cherished visions of an earthly future still before him; visions, however, too indistinctly drawn to be followed by disappointment—though, doubtless, by depression—when any casual incident or recollection made him sensible of the withered leaf.

[7] Consociation—Association.
[8] Apposition—Relation to.

So this oddly composed little social party used to assemble under the ruinous arbor. Hepzibah—stately as ever at heart, and yielding not an inch of her old gentility, but resting upon it so much the more, as justifying a princess-like condescension—exhibited a not ungraceful hospitality. She talked kindly to the vagrant artist, and took sage counsel—lady as she was—with the wood sawyer, the messenger of everybody's petty errands, the patched philosopher. And Uncle Venner, who had studied the world at street corners, and at other posts equally well adapted for just observation, was as ready to give out his wisdom as a town pump to give water.

"Miss Hepzibah, ma'am," said he once, after they had all been cheerful together, "I really enjoy these quiet little meetings of a Sabbath afternoon. They are very much like what I expect to have, after I retire to my farm!"

"Uncle Venner," observed Clifford, in a drowsy, inward tone, "is always talking about his farm. But I have a better scheme for him, by and by. We shall see!"

"Ah, Mr. Clifford Pyncheon!" said the man of patches, "you may scheme for me as much as you please; but I'm not going to give up this one scheme of my own, even if I never bring it really to pass. It does seem to me that men make a wonderful mistake in trying to heap up property upon property. If I had done so, I should feel as if Providence was not bound to take care of me; and, at all events, the city wouldn't be! I'm one of those people who think that infinity is big enough for us all —and eternity long enough!"

"Why, so they are, Uncle Venner," remarked Phœbe, after a pause; for she had been trying to fathom the profundity and appositeness of this concluding apothegm. "But for this short life of ours, one would like a house and a moderate garden spot of one's own."

"It appears to me," said the daguerreotypist, smiling, "that Uncle Venner has the principles of Fourier[9] at the bottom of

[9] FOURIER—A French socialist.

his wisdom; only they have not quite so much distinctness, in his mind, as in that of the systematizing Frenchman."

"Come, Phœbe," said Hepzibah, "it is time to bring the currants."

And then, while the yellow richness of the declining sunshine still fell into the open space of the garden, Phœbe brought out a loaf of bread, and a China bowl of currants, freshly gathered from the bushes, and crushed with sugar. These, with water—but not from the fountain of ill omen, close at hand—constituted all the entertainment. Meanwhile, Holgrave took some pains to establish an intercourse with Clifford, actuated, it might seem, entirely by an impulse of kindliness, in order that the present hour might be cheerfuller than most which the poor recluse had spent, or was destined yet to spend. Nevertheless, in the artist's deep, thoughtful, all-observant eyes, there was, now and then, an expression, not sinister, but questionable, as if he had some other interest in the scene than a stranger, a youthful and unconnected adventurer, might be supposed to have. With great mobility of outward mood, however, he applied himself to the task of enlivening the party; and with so much success, that even dark-hued Hepzibah threw off one tint of melancholy, and made what shift she could with the remaining portion. Phoebe said to herself, "How pleasant he can be!" As for Uncle Venner, as a mark of friendship and approbation, he readily consented to afford the young man his countenance in the way of his profession—not metaphorically, be it understood, but literally, by allowing a daguerreotype of his face, so familiar to the town, to be exhibited at the entrance of Holgrave's studió.

Clifford, as the company partook of their little banquet, grew to be the gayest of them all. Either it was one of those upquivering flashes of the spirit, to which minds in an abnormal state are liable, or else the artist had subtly touched some chord that made musical vibration. Indeed, what with the pleasant summer evening, and the sympathy of this little circle of not unkindly souls, it was perhaps natural that a character so susceptible as Clifford's should become animated, and show itself

readily responsive to what was said around him. But he gave out his own thoughts, likewise, with an airy and fanciful glow; so that they glistened, as it were, through the arbor, and made their escape among the interstices [10] of the foliage. He had been as cheerful, no doubt, while alone with Phœbe, but never with such tokens of acute, although partial intelligence.

But, as the sunlight left the peaks of the seven gables, so did the excitement fade out of Clifford's eyes. He gazed vaguely and mournfully about him, as if he missed something precious, and missed it the more drearily for not knowing precisely what it was.

"I want my happiness!" at last he murmured, hoarsely and indistinctly, hardly shaping out the words. "Many, many years have I waited for it! It is late! It is late! I want my happiness!"

[10] INTERSTICES—Crevices, openings.

XI THE ARCHED WINDOW

FROM the inertness, or what we may term the vegetative character, of this ordinary mood, Clifford would perhaps have been content to spend one day after another, interminably—or, at least, throughout the summertime—in just the kind of life described in the preceding pages. Fancying, however, that it might be for his benefit occasionally to diversify the scene, Phœbe sometimes suggested that he should look out upon the life of the street. For this purpose, they used to mount the staircase together, to the second story of the house, where, at the termination of a wide entry, there was an arched window of uncommonly large dimensions, shaded by a pair of curtains. It opened above the porch, where there had formerly been a balcony, the balustrade of which had long since gone to decay, and been removed. At this arched window, throwing it open, but keeping himself in comparative obscurity by means of the curtain, Clifford had an opportunity of witnessing such a portion

of the great world's movement as might be supposed to roll through one of the retired streets of a not very populous city. But he and Phœbe made a sight as well worth seeing as any that the city could exhibit. The pale, gray, childish, aged, melancholy, yet often simply cheerful, and sometimes delicately intelligent aspect of Clifford, peering from behind the faded crimson of the curtain—watching the monotony of everyday occurrences with a kind of inconsequential interest and earnestness, and, at every petty throb of his sensibility, turning for sympathy to the eyes of the bright young girl!

If once he were fairly seated at the window, even Pyncheon Street would hardly be so dull and lonely but that, somewhere or other along its extent, Clifford might discover matter to occupy his eyes, and titillate,[1] if not engross,[2] his observation. Things familiar to the youngest child that had begun its outlook at existence seemed strange to him. A cab; an omnibus, with its populous interior, dropping here and there a passenger, and picking up another, and thus typifying that vast rolling vehicle, the world, the end of whose journey is everywhere and nowhere; these objects he followed eagerly with his eyes, but forgot them, before the dust raised by the horses and wheels had settled along their track. As regarded novelties (among which cabs and omnibuses were to be reckoned), his mind appeared to have lost its proper gripe and retentiveness. Twice or thrice, for example, during the sunny hours of the day, a water cart went along by the Pyncheon house, leaving a broad wake of moistened earth, instead of the white dust that had risen at a lady's lightest footfall; it was like a summer shower, which the city authorities had caught and tamed, and compelled it into the commonest routine of their convenience. With the water cart Clifford could never grow familiar; it always affected him with just the same surprise as at first. His mind took an apparently sharp impression from it, but lost the recollection of this perambulatory shower, before its next reappearance, as completely as did the

[1] Titillate—Excite pleasurably.
[2] Engross—Occupy fully.

street itself, along which the heat so quickly strewed white dust again. It was the same with the railroad. Clifford could hear the obstreperous howl of the steam devil, and, by leaning a little way from the arched window, could catch a glimpse of the trains of cars, flashing a brief transit across the extremity of the street. The idea of terrible energy, thus forced upon him, was new at every recurrence, and seemed to affect him as disagreeably, and with almost as much surprise, the hundredth time as the first.

Clifford was indeed the most inveterate [3] of conservatives. All the antique fashions of the street were dear to him; even such as were characterized by a rudeness that would naturally have annoyed his fastidious senses. He loved the old rumbling and jolting carts, the former track of which he still found in his long-buried remembrance, as the observer of to-day finds the wheel tracks of ancient vehicles in Herculaneum.[4] The butcher's cart, with its snowy canopy, was an acceptable object; so was the fish cart, heralded by its horn; so, likewise, was the countryman's cart of vegetables, plodding from door to door, with long pauses of the patient horse, while his owner drove a trade in turnips, carrots, summer squashes, string beans, green peas, and new potatoes with half the housewives of the neighborhood. The baker's cart, with the harsh music of its bells, had a pleasant effect on Clifford, because, as few things else did, it jingled the very dissonance of yore. One afternoon, a scissor grinder chanced to set his wheel a-going under the Pyncheon elm, and just in front of the arched window. Children came running with their mother's scissors, or the carving knife, or the paternal razor, or anything else that lacked an edge (except, indeed, poor Clifford's wits), that the grinder might apply the article to his magic wheel, and give it back as good as new. Round went the busily revolving machinery, kept in motion by the scissor grinder's foot, and wore away the hard steel against the hard stone, whence issued an intense and spiteful prolongation of a hiss, as fierce as those emitted by Satan and his compeers in Pande-

[3] Inveterate—Confirmed, habitual.
[4] Herculaneum—City buried in 79 A.D. by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

monium,[5] though squeezed into smaller compass. It was an ugly, little, venomous serpent of a noise, as ever did petty violence to human ears. But Clifford listened with rapturous delight. The sound, however disagreeable, had very brisk life in it, and, together with the circle of curious children watching the revolutions of the wheel, appeared to give him a more vivid sense of active, bustling, and sunshiny existence, than he had attained in almost any other way. Nevertheless, its charm lay chiefly in the past; for the scissor grinder's wheel had hissed in his childish ears.

He sometimes made doleful complaint that there were no stage coaches nowadays. And he asked, in an injured tone, what had become of all those old square-top chaises, with wings sticking out on either side, that used to be drawn by a plow horse, and driven by a farmer's wife and daughter, peddling whortleberries[6] and blackberries about the town. Their disappearance made him doubt, he said, whether the berries had not left off growing in the broad pastures and along the shady country lanes.

But anything that appealed to the sense of beauty, in however humble a way, did not require to be recommended by these old associations. This was observable when one of the Italian boys (who are rather a modern feature of our streets) came along with his barrel organ,[7] and stopped under the wide and cool shadows of the elm. With his quick professional eye, he took note of the two faces watching him from the arched window, and, opening his instrument, began to scatter its melodies abroad. He had a monkey on his shoulder, dressed in a Highland plaid; and, to complete the sum of splendid attractions wherewith he presented himself to the public, there was a company of little figures, whose sphere and habitation was in the mahogany case of his organ, and whose principle of life was the music which the Italian made it his business to grind out. In all their variety of occupation—the cobbler, the blacksmith, the soldier, the lady

[5] PANDEMONIUM—The meeting place of the evil spirits.
[6] WHORTLEBERRIES—A species of blueberry.
[7] BARREL ORGAN—Hand organ or hurdy-gurdy.

with her fan, the toper with his bottle, the milkmaid sitting by her cow—this fortunate little society might truly be said to enjoy a harmonious existence, and to make life literally a dance. The Italian turned a crank; and behold! everyone of these small individuals started into the most curious vivacity.

The monkey, meanwhile, with a thick tail curling out into preposterous prolixity [8] from beneath his tartans,[9] took his station at the Italian's feet. He turned a wrinkled and abominable little visage to every passer-by, and to the circle of children that soon gathered round, and to Hepzibah's shop door, and upward to the arched window, whence Phœbe and Clifford were looking down. Every moment, also, he took off his Highland bonnet, and performed a bow and scrape. Sometimes, moreover, he made personal application to individuals, holding out his small black palm, and otherwise plainly signifying his excessive desire for whatever filthy lucre might happen to be in anybody's pocket. The mean and low, yet strangely man-like expression of his wilted countenance; the prying and crafty glance, that showed him ready to gripe at every miserable advantage; his enormous tail (too enormous to be decently concealed under his gabardine [10]), and the deviltry of nature which it betokened—take this monkey just as he was, in short, and you could desire no better image of the Mammon [11] of copper coin, symbolizing the grossest form of love of money. Neither was there any possibility of satisfying the covetous little devil. Phœbe threw down a whole handful of cents, which he picked up with joyous eagerness, handed them over to the Italian for safe-keeping, and immediately recommenced a series of pantomimic petitions for more.

Clifford had taken childish delight in the music, and smiled, too, at the figures which it set in motion. But, after looking a while at the long-tailed imp, he was so shocked by his horrible

[8] Prolixity—Undue length.
[9] Tartans—Clothes made of Scotch plaid.
[10] Gabardine—A coarse, loose frock or coat.
[11] Mammon—Riches personified, hence the god of cupidity.

ugliness, spiritual as well as physical, that he actually began to shed tears; a weakness which men of merely delicate endowments, and destitute of the fiercer, deeper, and more tragic power of laughter, can hardly avoid, when the worst and meanest aspect of life happens to be presented to them.

Pyncheon Street was sometimes enlivened by spectacles of more imposing pretensions than the above, and which brought the multitude along with them. With a shivering repugnance at the idea of personal contact with the world, a powerful impulse still seized on Clifford, whenever the rush and roar of the human tide grew strongly audible to him. This was made evident, one day, when a political procession, with hundreds of flaunting banners, and drums, fifes, clarions, and cymbals, reverberating between the rows of buildings, marched all through town, and trailed its length of trampling footsteps, and most infrequent uproar, past the ordinarily quiet House of the Seven Gables. As a mere object of sight, nothing is more deficient in picturesque features than a procession, seen in its passage through narrow streets. The spectator feels it to be fool's play, when he can distinguish the tedious commonplace of each man's visage, with the perspiration and weary self-importance on it, and the very cut of his pantaloons, and the stiffness or laxity of his shirt collar, and the dust on the back of his black coat. But, on the other hand, if an impressible person, standing alone over the brink of one of these processions, should behold it, not in its atoms, but in its aggregate—as a mighty river of life, massive in its tide, and black with mystery, and, out of its depths, calling to the kindred depth within him—then the contiguity would add to the effect. It might so fascinate him that he would hardly be restrained from plunging into the surging stream of human sympathies.

So it proved with Clifford. He shuddered; he grew pale; he threw an appealing look at Hepzibah and Phœbe, who were with him at the window. They comprehended nothing of his emotions, and supposed him merely disturbed by the unaccustomed tumult. At last, with tremulous limbs, he started up, set

his foot on the window sill, and, in an instant more, would have been in the unguarded balcony. As it was, the whole procession might have seen him, a wild, haggard figure, his gray locks floating in the wind that waved their banners; a lonely being, estranged from his race, but now feeling himself man again, by virtue of the irrepressible instinct that possessed him. Had Clifford attained the balcony, he would probably have leaped into the street; but whether impelled by the species of terror that sometimes urges its victim over the very precipice which he shrinks from, or by a natural magnetism, tending toward the great center of humanity, it were not easy to decide. Both impulses might have wrought on him at once.

But his companions, affrighted by his gesture—which was that of a man hurried away, in spite of himself—seized Clifford's garment and held him back. Hepzibah shrieked. Phœbe, to whom all extravagance was a horror, burst into sobs and tears.

"Clifford, Clifford! are you crazy?" cried his sister.

"I hardly know, Hepzibah," said Clifford, drawing a long breath. "Fear nothing, it is over now, but had I taken that plunge, and survived it, methinks it would have made me another man!"

Possibly, in some sense, Clifford may have been right. He needed a shock; or perhaps he required to take a deep, deep plunge into the ocean of human life, and to sink down and be covered by its profoundness, and then to emerge, sobered, invigorated, restored to the world and to himself. Perhaps, again, he required nothing less than the great final remedy—death!

A similar yearning to renew the broken links of brotherhood with his kind sometimes showed itself in a milder form; and once it was made beautiful by the religion that lay even deeper than itself. In the incident now to be sketched, there was a touching recognition, on Clifford's part, of God's care and love toward him—toward this poor, forsaken man, who, if any mortal could, might have been pardoned for regarding himself as thrown aside, forgotten, and left to be the sport of some fiend, whose playfulness was an ecstasy of mischief.

It was the Sabbath morning; one of those bright, calm Sabbaths, with its own hallowed atmosphere, when heaven seems to diffuse itself over the earth's face, in a solemn smile, no less sweet than solemn. On such a Sabbath morn, were we pure enough to be its medium, we should be conscious of the earth's natural worship, ascending through our frames, on whatever spot of ground we stood. The church bells, with various tones, but all in harmony, were calling out, and responding to one another, "It is the Sabbath!—the Sabbath!—yea; the Sabbath!" and over the whole city the bells scattered the blessed sounds, now slowly, now with livelier joy, now one bell alone, now all the bells together, crying earnestly, "It is the Sabbath!" and flinging their accents far off, to melt into the air, and pervade it with the holy word. The air, with God's sweetest and tenderest sunshine in it, was meet for mankind to breathe into their hearts, and send it forth again as the utterance of prayer.

Clifford sat at the window, with Hepzibah, watching the neighbors as they stepped into the street. All of them, however unspiritual on other days, were transfigured by the Sabbath influence; so that their very garments—whether it were an old man's decent coat, well brushed for the thousandth time, or a little boy's first sack and trousers, finished yesterday by his mother's needle—had somewhat of the quality of ascension robes. Forth, likewise, from the portal of the old house, stepped Phœbe, putting up her small green sunshade, and throwing upward a glance and smile of parting kindness to the faces at the arched window. In her aspect there was a familiar gladness, and a holiness that you could play with, and yet reverence it as much as ever. She was like a prayer, offered up in the homeliest beauty of one's mother tongue. Fresh was Phœbe, moreover, and airy and sweet in her apparel; as if nothing that she wore—neither her gown, nor her small straw bonnet, nor her little kerchief, any more than her snowy stockings—had ever been put on before; or, if worn, were all the fresher for it, and with a fragrance as if they had lain among the rosebuds.

The girl waved her hand to Hepzibah and Clifford, and went

up the street; a religion in herself, warm, simple, true, with a substance that could walk on earth, and a spirit that was capable of heaven.

"Hepzibah," asked Clifford, after watching Phoebe to the corner, "do you never go to church?"

"No, Clifford!" she replied, "not these many, many years!"

"Were I to be there," he rejoined, "it seems to me that I could pray once more, when so many human souls were praying all around me!"

She looked into Clifford's face, and beheld there a soft, natural effusion; for his heart gushed out, as it were, and ran over at his eyes, in delightful reverence for God, and kindly affection for his human brethren. The emotion communicated itself to Hepzibah. She yearned to take him by the hand, and go and kneel down, they two together—both so long separate from the world, and, as she now recognized, scarcely friends with Him above—to kneel down among the people, and be reconciled to God and man at once.

"Dear brother," said she, earnestly, "let us go! We belong nowhere. We have not a foot of space in any church to kneel upon; but let us go to some place of worship, even if we stand in the broad aisle. Poor and forsaken as we are, some pew door will be opened to us!"

So Hepzibah and her brother made themselves ready—as ready as they could, in the best of their old-fashioned garments, which had hung on pegs, or been laid away in trunks, so long that the dampness and moldy smell of the past was on them—made themselves ready, in their faded bettermost, to go to church. They descended the staircase together—gaunt, sallow Hepzibah, and pale, emaciated, age-stricken Clifford! They pulled open the front door, and stepped across the threshold, and felt, both of them, as if they were standing in the presence of the whole world, and with mankind's great and terrible eye on them alone. The eye of their Father seemed to be withdrawn, and gave them no encouragement. The warm sunny air of the street made them

shiver. Their hearts quaked within them, at the idea of taking one step further.

"It cannot be, Hepzibah!—it is too late," said Clifford, with deep sadness. "We are ghosts! We have no right among human beings—no right anywhere, but in this old house, which has a curse on it, and which therefore we are doomed to haunt! And, besides," he continued, with a fastidious sensibility, inalienably characteristic of the man, "it would not be fit nor beautiful to go! It is an ugly thought, that I should be frightful to my fellow beings, and that children would cling to their mothers' gowns at sight of me!"

They shrank back into the dusky passageway, and closed the door. But, going up the staircase again, they found the whole interior of the house tenfold more dismal, and the air closer and heavier, for the glimpse and breath of freedom which they had just snatched. They could not flee; their jailer had but left the door ajar, in mockery, and stood behind it, to watch them stealing out. At the threshold, they felt his pitiless gripe upon them. For, what other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart! What jailer so inexorable as one's self!

But it would be no fair picture of Clifford's state of mind, were we to represent him as continually or prevailingly wretched. On the contrary, there was no other man in the city, we are bold to affirm, of so much as half his years, who enjoyed so many lightsome and griefless moments as himself. He had no burden of care upon him; there were none of those questions and contingencies with the future to be settled, which wear away all other lives, and render them not worth having by the very process of providing for their support. In this respect, he was a child—a child for the whole term of his existence, be it long or short. Indeed, his life seemed to be standing still at a period little in advance of childhood, and to cluster all his reminiscences about that epoch; just as, after the torpor of a heavy blow, the sufferer's reviving consciousness goes back to a moment considerably behind the accident that stupefied him. He sometimes told Phœbe and Hepzibah his dreams, in which he invariably

played the part of a child, or a very young man. So vivid were they, in his relation of them, that he once held a dispute with his sister as to the particular figure or print of a chintz morning dress, which he had seen their mother wear, in the dream of the preceding night. Hepzibah, piquing herself [12] on a woman's accuracy in such matters, held it to be slightly different from what Clifford described; but producing the very gown from an old trunk, it proved to be identical with his remembrance of it. Had Clifford, every time that he emerged out of dreams so life-like, undergone the torture of transformation from a boy into an old and broken man, the daily recurrence of the shock would have been too much to bear. It would have caused an acute agony to thrill, from the morning twilight, all the day through, until bedtime; and even then would have mingled a dull, inscrutable pain, and pallid hue of misfortune, with the visionary bloom and adolescence of his slumber. But the nightly moonshine interwove itself with the morning mist, and enveloped him as in a robe, which he hugged about his person, and seldom let realities pierce through; he was not often quite awake, but slept open-eyed, and perhaps fancied himself most dreaming then.

Thus, lingering always so near his childhood, he had sympathies with children, and kept his heart the fresher thereby, like a reservoir into which rivulets were pouring, not far from the fountain head. Though prevented, by a subtle sense of propriety, from desiring to associate with them, he loved few things better than to look out of the arched window, and see a little girl driving her hoop along the sidewalk, or schoolboys at a game of ball. Their voices, also, were very pleasant to him, heard at a distance, all swarming and intermingling together, as flies do in a sunny room.

Clifford would, doubtless, have been glad to share their sports. One afternoon, he was seized with an irresistible desire to blow soap bubbles; an amusement, as Hepzibah told Phœbe apart,

[12] PIQUING HERSELF—Priding herself.

that had been a favorite one with her brother, when they were both children. Behold him, therefore, at the arched window, with an earthen pipe in his mouth! Behold him, with his gray hair, and a wan, unreal smile over his countenance, where still hovered a beautiful grace, which his worst enemy must have acknowledged to be spiritual and immortal, since it had survived so long! Behold him, scattering airy spheres abroad, from the window into the street! Little impalpable[13] worlds were those soap bubbles, with the big world depicted, in hues bright as imagination, on the nothing of their surface. It was curious to see how the passers-by regarded these brilliant fantasies, as they came floating down, and made the dull atmosphere imaginative about them. Some stopped to gaze, and, perhaps, carried a pleasant recollection of the bubbles onward as far as the street corner; some looked angrily upward, as if poor Clifford wronged them, by setting an image of beauty afloat so near their dusty pathway. A great many put out their fingers or their walking sticks, to touch withal; and were perversely gratified, no doubt, when the bubble, with all its pictured earth and sky scene, vanished as if it had never been.

At length, just as an elderly gentleman of very dignified presence happened to be passing, a large bubble sailed majestically down, and burst right against his nose! He looked up—at first with a stern, keen glance, which penetrated at once into the obscurity behind the arched window—then with a smile, which might be conceived as diffusing a dog-day sultriness for the space of several yards about him.

"Aha, Cousin Clifford!" cried Judge Pyncheon. "What! still blowing soap bubbles!"

The tone seemed as if meant to be kind and soothing, but yet had a bitterness of sarcasm in it. As for Clifford, an absolute palsy of fear came over him. Apart from any definite cause of dread which his past experience might have given him, he felt that native and original horror of the excellent judge which is

[13] Impalpable—That which cannot be felt.

proper to a weak, delicate and apprehensive character, in the presence of massive strength. Strength is incomprehensible by weakness, and, therefore, the more terrible. There is no greater bugbear than a strong-willed relative, in the circle of his own connections.

XII THE DAGUERREOTYPIST

It must not be supposed that the life of a personage naturally so active as Phœbe could be wholly confined within the precincts of the old Pyncheon house. Clifford's demands upon her time were usually satisfied, in those long days, considerably earlier than sunset. Quiet as his daily existence seemed, it nevertheless drained all the resources by which he lived. It was not physical exercise that overwearied him; for—except that he sometimes wrought a little with a hoe, or paced the garden walk, or, in rainy weather, traversed a large, unoccupied room—it was his tendency to remain only too quiescent, as regarded any toil of the limbs and muscles. But either there was a smoldering fire within him that consumed his vital energy, or the monotony that would have dragged itself with benumbing effect over a mind differently situated was no monotony to Clifford. Possibly, he was in a state of second growth and recovery, and was constantly assimilating nutriment for his spirit and intellect from sights, sounds, and events, which passed as a perfect void to persons more practiced with the world. As all is activity and vicissitude to the new mind of a child, so might it be, likewise, to a mind that had undergone a kind of new creation, after its long-suspended life.

Be the cause what it might, Clifford commonly retired to rest, thoroughly exhausted, while the sunbeams were still melting through his window curtains, or were thrown with late luster on the chamber wall. And while he thus slept early, as other children do, and dreamed of childhood, Phœbe was free to follow her own tastes for the remainder of the day and evening.

This was a freedom essential to the health even of a character

so little susceptible of morbid influences as that of Phœbe. The old house, as we have already said, had both the dry-rot and the damp-rot in its walls; it was not good to breathe no other atmosphere than that. Hepzibah, though she had her valuable and redeeming traits, had grown to be a kind of lunatic, by imprisoning herself so long in one place, with no other company than a single series of ideas and but one affection, and one bitter sense of wrong. Clifford, the reader may perhaps imagine, was too inert to operate morally on his fellow creatures, however intimate and exclusive their relations with him. But the sympathy or magnetism among human beings is more subtle and universal than we think; it exists, indeed, among different classes of organized life, and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phœbe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford's hand, or Hepzibah's, than in her own; and by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast. Unless she had now and then indulged her brisk impulses, and breathed rural air in a suburban walk, or ocean breezes along the shore—had occasionally obeyed the impulse of nature, in New England girls, by attending a metaphysical[1] or philosophical lecture, or viewing a seven-mile panorama, or listening to a concert—had gone shopping about the city, ransacking entire depots of splendid merchandise, and bringing home a ribbon—had employed, likewise, a little time to read the Bible in her chamber, and had stolen a little more to think of her mother and her native place—unless for such moral medicines as the above, we should soon have beheld our poor Phœbe grow thin, and put on a bleached, unwholesome aspect, and assume strange, shy ways, prophetic of old maidenhood and a cheerless future.

Even as it was, a change grew visible; a change partly to be regretted, although whatever charm it infringed upon was re-

[1] METAPHYSICAL—Abstruse branches of philosophy.

paired by another, perhaps more precious. She was not so constantly gay, but had her moods of thought, which Clifford, on the whole, liked better than her former phase of unmingled cheerfulness; because now she understood him better and more delicately, and sometimes even interpreted him to himself. Her eyes looked larger, and darker, and deeper; so deep, at some silent moments, that they seemed like artesian wells, down, down, into the infinite. She was less girlish than when we first beheld her, alighting from the omnibus; less girlish, but more a woman.

The only youthful mind with which Phœbe had an opportunity of frequent intercourse was that of the daguerreotypist. Inevitably, by the pressure of the seclusion about them, they had been brought into habits of some familiarity. Had they met under different circumstances, neither of these young persons would have been likely to bestow much thought upon the other; unless, indeed, their extreme dissimilarity should have proved a principle of mutual attraction. During the early part of their acquaintance, Phœbe had held back rather more than was customary with her frank and simple manners from Holgrave's not very marked advances. Nor was she yet satisfied that she knew him well, although they almost daily met and talked together in a kind, friendly, and what seemed to be a familiar way.

The artist, in a desultory[2] manner, had imparted to Phœbe something of his history. Young as he was, and had his career terminated at the point already attained, there had been enough of incident to fill, very creditably, an autobiographic volume. Holgrave, as he told Phœbe, somewhat proudly, could not boast of his origin, unless as being exceedingly humble, nor of his education, except that it had been the scantiest possible, and obtained by a few winter months' attendance at a district school. Left early to his own guidance, he had begun to be self-dependent while yet a boy; and it was a condition aptly suited to

[2] Desultory—Disconnected, unmethodical.

his natural force of will. Though now but twenty-two years old (lacking some months, which are years in such a life), he had already been, first, a country schoolmaster; next, a salesman in a country store; and, either at the same time or afterwards, the political editor of a country newspaper. He had subsequently traveled New England and the Middle States, as a peddler, in the employment of a Connecticut manufactory of cologne water and other essences. In an episodical way, he had studied and practiced dentistry, and with very flattering success, especially in many of the factory towns along our inland streams. As a supernumerary [3] official, of some kind or other, aboard a packet ship, he visited Europe, and found means, before his return, to see Italy, and part of France and Germany. At a later period, he had spent some months in a community of Fourierists.[4] Still more recently, he had been a public lecturer on Mesmerism, for which science (as he assured Phœbe, and, indeed, satisfactorily proved, by putting Chanticleer, who happened to be scratching near by, to sleep) he had very remarkable endowments.

His present phase, as a daguerreotypist, was of no more importance in his own view, nor likely to be more permanent, than any of the preceding ones. It had been taken up with the careless alacrity of an adventurer who had his bread to earn. It would be thrown aside as carelessly, whenever he should choose to earn his bread by some other equally digressive means. But what was most remarkable, and, perhaps, showed a more than common poise in the young man, was the fact, that amid all these personal vicissitudes, he had never lost his identity. Homeless as he had been—continually changing his whereabout, and, therefore, responsible neither to public opinion nor to individuals—putting off one exterior, and snatching up another, to be soon shifted for a third—he had never violated the innermost man, but had carried his conscience along with him. It was impossible to know Holgrave, without recognizing this to be

[3] Supernumerary—Beyond the usual or needed number.
[4] Fouriekists—Disciples of Fourier, a French socialist.

the fact. Hepzibah had seen it. Phœbe soon saw it, likewise, and gave him the sort of confidence which such a certainty inspires. She was startled, however, and sometimes repelled,—not by any doubt of his integrity to whatever law he acknowledged—but by a sense that his law differed from her own. He made her uneasy, and seemed to unsettle everything around her, by his lack of reverence for what was fixed, unless, at a moment's warning, it could establish its right to hold its ground.

Then, moreover, she scarcely thought him affectionate in his nature. He was too calm and cool an observer. Phœbe felt his eye, often; his heart, seldom or never. He took a certain kind of interest in Hepzibah and her brother, and Phœbe herself. He studied them attentively, and allowed no slightest circumstance of their individualities to escape him. He was ready to do them whatever good he might; but, after all, he never exactly made common cause with them, nor gave any reliable evidence that he loved them better, in proportion as he knew them more. In his relations with them, he seemed to be in quest of mental food, not heart sustenance. Phœbe could not conceive what interested him so much in her friends and herself, intellectually, since he cared nothing for them, or, comparatively, so little, as objects of human affection.

Always, in his interviews with Phœbe, the artist made especial inquiry as to the welfare of Clifford, whom, except at the Sunday festival, he seldom saw.

"Does he still seem happy?" he asked, one day.

"As happy as a child," answered Phœbe; "but—like a child, too—very easily disturbed."

"How disturbed?" inquired Holgrave. "By things without, or by thoughts within?"

"I cannot see his thoughts! How should I?" replied Phœbe, with simple piquancy. "Very often his humor changes without any reason that can be guessed at, just as a cloud comes over the sun. Latterly, since I have begun to know him better, I feel it to be not quite right to look closely into his moods. He has had such a great sorrow. that his heart is made all solemn

and sacred by it. When he is cheerful—when the sun shines into his mind—then I venture to peep in, just as far as the light reaches, but no further. It is holy ground where the shadow falls!"

"How prettily you express this sentiment!" said the artist. "I can understand the feeling, without possessing it. Had I your opportunities, no scruples would prevent me from fathoming Clifford to the full depth of my plummet line!"

"How strange that you should wish it!" remarked Phœbe, involuntarily. "What is Cousin Clifford to you?"

"Oh, nothing—of course, nothing!" answered Holgrave, with a smile. "Only this is such an odd and incomprehensible world! The more I look at it the more it puzzles me; and I begin to suspect that a man's bewilderment is the measure of his wisdom. Men and women, and children, too, are such strange creatures, that one never can be certain that he really knows them; nor ever guess what they have been, from what he sees them to be now. Judge Pyncheon! Clifford! What a complex riddle—a complexity of complexities—do they present! It requires intuitive sympathy, like a young girl's, to solve it. A mere observer, like myself (who never have any intuitions, and am, at best, only subtle and acute), is pretty certain to go astray."

The artist now turned the conversation to themes less dark than that which they had touched upon. Phœbe and he were young together; nor had Holgrave, in his premature experience of life, wasted entirely that beautiful spirit of youth, which, gushing forth from one small heart and fancy, may diffuse itself over the universe, making it all as bright as on the first day of creation. It seemed to Holgrave—as doubtless it has seemed to the hopeful of every century, since the epoch of Adam's grandchildren—that in this age, more than ever before, the moss-grown and rotten Past is to be torn down, and lifeless institutions to be thrust out of the way, and their dead corpses buried, and everything to begin anew.

Holgrave had read very little, and that little in passing through the thoroughfare of life, where the mystic language of

his books was necessarily mixed up with the babble of the multitude, so that both one and the other were apt to lose any sense that might have been properly their own. Altogether, in his culture and want of culture—in his crude, wild, and misty philosophy, and the practical experience that counteracted some of its tendencies; in his magnanimous zeal for man's welfare, and his recklessness of whatever the ages had established in man's behalf; in his faith, and in his infidelity; in what he had, and in what he lacked—the artist might fitly enough stand forth as the representative of many compeers [5] in his native land.

But our business is with Holgrave as we find him on this particular afternoon, and in the arbor of the Pyncheon garden. In that point of view, it was a pleasant sight to behold this young man, with so much faith in himself, and so fair an appearance of admirable powers—so little harmed, too, by the many tests that had tried his mettle—it was pleasant to see him in his kindly intercourse, with Phœbe. Her thought had scarcely done him justice, when it pronounced him cold; or, if so, he had grown warmer now. Without such purpose on her part, and unconsciously on his, she made the House of the Seven Gables like a home to him, and the garden a familiar precinct. With the insight on which he prided himself, he fancied that he could look through Phœbe, and all around her, and could read her off like a page of a child's storybook. But these transparent natures are often deceptive in their depth; those pebbles at the bottom of the fountain are farther from us than we think. Thus the artist, whatever he might judge of Phœbe's capacity, was beguiled, by some silent charm of hers, to talk freely of what he dreamed of doing in the world. He poured himself out as to another self. Very possibly, he forgot Phœbe while he talked to her, and was moved only by the inevitable tendency of thought, when rendered sympathetic by enthusiasm and emotion, to flow into the first safe reservoir which it finds. But, had you peeped at them through the chinks of the garden fence, the

[5] Compeers—Equals, companions.

young man's earnestness and heightened color might have led you to suppose that he was making love to the young girl!

At length, something was said by Holgrave that made it apposite[6] for Phœbe to inquire what had first brought him acquaintance with her cousin Hepzibah, and why he now chose to lodge in the desolate old Pyncheon house. Without directly answering her, he turned from the Future, which had heretofore been the theme of his discourse, and began to speak of the influences of the Past. One subject indeed is but the reverberation of the other.

"Shall we never, never get rid of this Past?" cried he, keeping up the earnest tone of his preceding conversation. "It lies upon the Present like a giant's dead body! In fact, the case is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of the old giant, his grandfather, who died a long while ago, and only needs to be decently buried. Just think a moment, and it will startle you to see what slaves we are to bygone times—to Death, if we give the matter the right word!"

"But I do not see it," observed Phœbe.

"For example, then," continued Holgrave, "a dead man, if he happen to have made a will, disposes of wealth no longer his own; or, if he die intestate, it is distributed in accordance with the notions of men much longer dead than he. A dead man sits on all our judgment seats; and living judges do but search out and repeat his decisions. We read in dead men's books! We laugh at dead men's jokes, and cry at dead men's pathos! We are sick of dead men's diseases, physical and moral, and die of the same remedies with which dead doctors killed their patients! We worship the living Deity according to dead men's forms and creeds. Whatever we seek to do, of our own free motion, a dead man's icy hand obstructs us! Turn our eyes to what point we may, a dead man's white, immitigable[7] face encounters them, and freezes our very heart! And we must be dead ourselves, be-

[6] Apposite—Fitting, relevant.
[7] Immitigable—Unchanging, unsoftened.

fore we can begin to have our proper influence on our own world, which will then be no longer our world, but the world of another generation, with which we shall have no shadow of a right to interfere. I ought to have said, too, that we live in dead men's houses; as, for instance, in this of the seven gables!"

"And why not," said Phœbe, "so long as we can be comfortable in them?"

"But we shall live to see the day, I trust," went on the artist, "when no man shall build his house for posterity. Why should he? He might just as reasonably order a durable suit of clothes —leather, or gutta percha, or whatever else lasts longest—so that his great-grandchildren should have the benefit of them, and cut precisely the same figure in the world that he himself does. If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own houses, that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every reform which society is now suffering for. I doubt whether even our public edifices—our capitols, statehouses, courthouses, city halls, and churches—ought to be built of such permanent materials as stone or brick. It were better that they should crumble to ruin, once in twenty years, or thereabouts, as a hint to the people to examine into and reform the institutions which they symbolize."

"How you hate everything old!" said Phœbe, in dismay. "It makes me dizzy to think of such a shifting world!"

"I certainly love nothing moldy," answered Holgrave. "Now, this old Pyncheon house! Is it a wholesome place to live in, with its black shingles, and the green moss that shows how damp they are?—its dark, low-studded rooms?—its grime and sordidness, which are the crystallization on its walls of the human breath that has been drawn and exhaled here, in discontent and anguish? The house ought to be purified with fire—purified till only its ashes remain!"

"Then why do you live in it?" asked Phœbe, a little piqued.

"Oh, I am pursuing my studies here; not in books, however," replied Holgrave. "The house, in my view, is expressive of that odious and abominable Past, with all its bad influences, against

which I have just been declaiming. I dwell in it for a while, that I may know the better how to hate it. Bye the bye, did you ever hear the story of Maule, the wizard, and what happened between him and your immeasurably great-grandfather?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Phœbe; "I heard it long ago, from my father, and two or three times from my cousin Hepzibah, in the month that I have been here. She seems to think that the calamities of the Pyncheons began from that quarrel with the wizard, as you call him. And you, Mr. Holgrave, look as if you thought so too! How singular, that you should believe what is so very absurd, when you reject many things that are a great deal worthier of credit!"

"I do believe it," said the artist, seriously; "not as a superstition, however, but as proved by unquestionable facts, and as exemplifying a theory. Now, see—under those seven gables, at which we now look up, and which old Colonel Pyncheon meant to be the house of his descendants, in prosperity and happiness, down to an epoch far beyond the present—under that roof, through a portion of three centuries, there has been perpetual remorse of conscience, a constantly defeated hope, strife among kindred, various misery, a strange form of death, dark suspicion, unspeakable disgrace, all, or most of which calamity, I have the means of tracing to the old Puritan's inordinate desire to plant and endow a family. To plant a family! This idea is at the bottom of most of the wrong and mischief which men do. The truth is, that, once in every half century, at longest, a family should be merged into the great, obscure mass of humanity, and forget all about its ancestors. Human blood, in order to keep its freshness, should run in hidden streams, as the water of an aqueduct is conveyed in subterranean pipes. In the family existence of these Pyncheons, for instance—forgive me, Phœbe; but I cannot think of you as one of them—in their brief New England pedigree, there has been time enough to infect them all with one kind of lunacy or another!"

"You speak very unceremoniously of my kindred," said Phœbe, debating with herself whether she ought to take offense.

"I speak true thoughts to a true mind!" answered Holgrave, with a vehemence which Phœbe had not before witnessed in him. "The truth is as I say! Furthermore, the original perpetrator and father of this mischief appears to have perpetuated himself, and still walks the street—at least, his very image, in mind and body—with the fairest prospect of transmitting to posterity as rich and as wretched an inheritance as he has received! Do you remember the daguerreotype, and its resemblance to the old portrait?"

"How strangely in earnest you are!" exclaimed Phœbe, looking at him with surprise and perplexity, half alarmed and partly inclined to laugh. "You talk of the lunacy of the Pyncheons; is it contagious?"

"I understand you!" said the artist, coloring and laughing. "I believe I am a little mad. This subject has taken hold of my mind with the strangest tenacity of clutch, since I have lodged in yonder old gable. As one method of throwing it off, I have put an incident of the Pyncheon family history, with which I happen to be acquainted, into the form of a legend, and mean to publish it in a magazine."

"Do you write for the magazines?" inquired Phœbe.

"Is it possible you did not know it?" cried Holgrave. "Well, such is literary fame! Yes, Miss Phœbe Pyncheon, among the multitude of my marvelous gifts, I have that of writing stories; and my name has figured, I can assure you, on the covers of Graham and Godey,[8] making as respectable an appearance, for aught I could see, as any of the canonized beadroll[9] with which it was associated. In the humorous line, I am thought to have a very pretty way with me; and as for pathos, I am as provocative of tears as an onion. But shall I read you my story?"

"Yes, if it is not very long," said Phœbe—and added laughingly—"nor very dull."

As this latter point was one which the daguerreotypist could

[8] GRAHAM AND GODEY—Graham's Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book were popular magazines of the period.

[9] CANONIZED BEADROLL—A list of saints, here a list of prominent authors.

not decide for himself, he forthwith produced his roll of manuscript, and, while the late sunbeams gilded the seven gables, began to read.

XIII ALICE PYNCHEON

THERE was a message brought, one day, from the worshipful Gervayse Pyncheon to young Matthew Maule, the carpenter, desiring his immediate presence at the House of the Seven Gables.

"And what does your master want with me?" said the carpenter to Mr. Pyncheon's black servant. "Does the house need any repair? Well it may, by this time; and no blame to my father who built it, neither! I was reading the old colonel's tombstone, no longer ago than last Sabbath; and reckoning from that date, the house has stood seven-and-thirty years. No wonder if there should be a job to do on the roof."

"Don't know what massa wants," answered Scipio. "The house is a berry good house, and old Colonel Pyncheon think so too, I reckon; else why the old man haunt it so, and frighten a poor nigga, as he does?"

"Well, well, friend Scipio; let your master know that I'm coming," said the carpenter, with a laugh. "For a fair, workman-like job, he'll find me his man. And so the house is haunted, is it? It will take a tighter workman than I am to keep the spirits out of the seven gables. Even if the colonel would be quit," he added, muttering to himself, "my old grandfather, the wizard, will be pretty sure to stick to the Pyncheons, as long as their walls hold together."

"What's that you mutter to yourself, Matthew Maule?" asked Scipio. "And what for do you look so black at me?"

"No matter, darky!" said the carpenter. "Do you think nobody is to look black but yourself? Go tell your master I'm coming; and if you happen to see Mistress Alice, his daughter, give Matthew Maule's humble respects to her. She has brought a fair face from Italy—fair, and gentle, and proud—has that same Alice Pyncheon!"

"He talk of Mistress Alice!" cried Scipio, as he returned from his errand. "The low carpenter man! He no business so much as to look at her a great way off!"

This young Matthew Maule, the carpenter, it must be observed, was a person little understood, and not very generally liked, in the town where he resided; not that anything could be alleged against his integrity, or his skill and diligence in the handicraft which he exercised. The aversion (as it might justly be called) with which many persons regarded him was partly the result of his own character and deportment, and partly an inheritance.

He was the grandson of a former Matthew Maule, one of the early settlers of the town, and who had been a famous and terrible wizard, in his day. This old reprobate was one of the sufferers when Cotton Mather,[1] and his brother ministers, and the learned judges, and other wise men, and Sir William Phipps,[2] the sagacious governor, made such laudable efforts to weaken the great enemy of souls, by sending a multitude of his adherents up the rocky pathway of Gallows Hill.[3] Since those days, no doubt, it had grown to be suspected, that, in consequence of an unfortunate overdoing of a work praiseworthy in itself, the proceedings against the witches had proved far less acceptable to the Beneficent Father than to that very Archenemy[4] whom they were intended to distress and utterly overwhelm. It is not the less certain, however, that awe and terror brooded over the memories of those who died for this horrible crime of witchcraft. Their graves, in the crevices of the rocks, were supposed to be incapable of retaining the occupants who had been so hastily thrust into them. Old Matthew Maule, especially, was known to have as little hesitation or difficulty in rising out of his grave as an ordinary man in getting out of bed, and was as often seen

[1] Cotton Mather—A celebrated American clergyman, author, and scholar who took an active part in the persecutions for witchcraft.

[2] Sir William Phipps—Governor of Massachusetts from 1692–94.

[3] Gallows Hill—A hill near Salem which was the scene of the executions for witchcraft.

[4] Archenemy—A synonym for Satan.

at midnight as living people at noonday. This pestilent wizard (in whom his just punishment seemed to have wrought no manner of amends) had an inveterate habit of haunting a certain mansion, styled the House of the Seven Gables, against the owner of which he pretended to hold an unsettled claim for ground rent. The ghost, it appears, with the pertinacity [5] which was one of his distinguishing characteristics while alive, insisted that he was the rightful proprietor of the site upon which the house stood. His terms were, that either the aforesaid ground rent, from the day when the cellar began to be dug, should be paid down, or the mansion itself given up; else he, the ghostly creditor, would have his finger in all the affairs of the Pyncheons, and make everything go wrong with them, though it should be a thousand years after his death. It was a wild story, perhaps, but seemed not altogether so incredible, to those who could remember what an inflexibly obstinate old fellow this wizard Maule had been.

Now, the wizard's grandson, the young Matthew Maule of our story, was popularly supposed to have inherited some of his ancestor's questionable traits. It is wonderful how many absurdities were promulgated [6] in reference to the young man. He was fabled, for example, to have a strange power of getting into people's dreams, and regulating matters there according to his own fancy, pretty much like the stage manager of a theater. There was a great deal of talk among the neighbors, particularly the petticoated ones, about what they called the witchcraft of Maule's eye. Some said that he could look into people's minds; others, that, by the marvelous power of this eye, he could draw people into his own mind, or send them, if he pleased, to do errands to his grandfather, in the spiritual world; others, again, that it was what is termed an Evil Eye,[7] and possessed the valuable faculty of blighting corn, and drying children into mummies with the heartburn. But, after all, what worked most to the

[5] Pertinacity—Resoluteness, obstinacy.
[6] Promulgated—Published abroad.
[7] Evil Eye—An eye supposedly possessed of the power of destroying persons and objects falling under its gaze.

young carpenter's disadvantage was, first, the reserve and sternness of his natural disposition, and next, the fact of his not being a church communicant, and the suspicion of his holding heretical [8] tenets in matters of religion and polity.[9]

After receiving Mr. Pyncheon's message, the carpenter merely tarried to finish a small job, which he happened to have in hand, and then took his way toward the House of the Seven Gables. This noted edifice, though its style might be getting a little out of fashion, was still as respectable a family residence as that of any gentleman in town. The present owner, Gervayse Pyncheon, was said to have contracted a dislike to the house, in consequence of a shock to his sensibility, in early childhood, from the sudden death of his grandfather. In the very act of running to climb Colonel Pyncheon's knee, the boy had discovered the old Puritan to be a corpse! On arriving at manhood, Mr. Pyncheon had visited England, where he married a lady of fortune, and had subsequently spent many years, partly in the mother country, and partly in various cities on the continent of Europe. During this period the family mansion had been consigned to the charge of a kinsman, who was allowed to make it his home, for the time being, in consideration of keeping the premises in thorough repair. So faithfully had this contract been fulfilled, that now, as the carpenter approached the house, his practiced eye could detect nothing to criticize in its condition. The peaks of the seven gables rose up sharply; the shingled roof looked thoroughly water-tight; and the glittering plasterwork entirely covered the exterior walls, and sparkled in the October sun, as if it had been new only a week ago.

The house had that pleasant aspect of life which is like the cheery expression of comfortable activity in the human countenance. You could see, at once, that there was the stir of a large family within it. A huge load of oak wood was passing through the gateway, toward the outbuildings, in the rear; the

[8] Heretical—Opposed to the commonly accepted doctrine, especially in religion.

[9] Polity—Constitution or government of a state.

fat cook—or probably it might be the housekeeper—stood at the side door, bargaining for some turkeys and poultry, which a countryman had brought for sale. Now and then a maidservant, neatly dressed, and now the shining sable face of a slave, might be seen bustling across the windows, in the lower part of the house. At an open window of a room in the second story, hanging over some pots of beautiful and delicate flowers—exotics,[10] but which had never known a more genial sunshine than that of the New England autumn—was the figure of a young lady, an exotic, like the flowers, and beautiful and delicate as they. Her presence imparted an indescribable grace and faint witchery to the whole edifice. In other respects, it was a substantial, jolly-looking mansion, and seemed fit to be the residence of a patriarch, who might establish his own headquarters in the front gable, and assign one of the remainder to each of his six children; while the great chimney in the center should symbolize the old fellow's hospitable heart, which kept them all warm, and made a great whole of the seven smaller ones.

There was a vertical sundial on the front gable; and as the carpenter passed beneath it, he looked up and noted the hour.

"Three o'clock!" said he to himself. "My father told me that dial was put up only an hour before the old colonel's death. How truly it has kept time these seven-and-thirty years past! The shadow creeps and creeps, and is always looking over the shoulder of the sunshine!"

It might have befitted a craftsman, like Matthew Maule, on being sent for to a gentleman's house, to go to the back door, where servants and workpeople were usually admitted; or at least to the side entrance, where the better class of tradesmen made application. But the carpenter had a great deal of pride and stiffness in his nature; and, at this moment, moreover, his heart was bitter with the sense of hereditary wrong, because he considered the great Pyncheon house to be standing on soil which should have been his own. So young Maule went straight to the

[10] Exotics—Not native, foreign.

principal entrance, beneath a portal of carved oak, and gave such a peal of the iron knocker that you would have imagined the stern old wizard himself to be standing at the threshold.

Black Scipio answered the summons, in a prodigious hurry; but showed the whites of his eyes, in amazement, on beholding only the carpenter.

"Lord-a-mercy! what a great man he be, this carpenter fellow!" mumbled Scipio, down in his throat. "Anybody think he beat on the door with his biggest hammer!"

"Here I am!" said Maule, sternly. "Show me the way to your master's parlor!"

As he stepped into the house, a note of sweet and melancholy music thrilled and vibrated along the passageway, proceeding from one of the rooms abovestairs. It was the harpsichord which Alice Pyncheon had brought with her from beyond the sea. The fair Alice bestowed most of her maiden leisure between flowers and music, although the former were apt to droop, and the melodies were often sad. She was of foreign education, and could not take kindly to the New England modes of life, in which nothing beautiful had ever been developed.

As Mr. Pyncheon had been impatiently awaiting Maule's arrival, black Scipio, of course, lost no time in ushering the carpenter into his master's presence. The room in which this gentleman sat was a parlor of moderate size, looking out upon the garden of the house, and having its windows partly shadowed by the foliage of fruit trees. It was Mr. Pyncheon's peculiar apartment, and was provided with furniture, in an elegant and costly style, principally from Paris; the floor (which was unusual, at that day) being covered with a carpet, so skillfully and richly wrought, that it seemed to glow as with living flowers. In one corner stood a marble woman, to whom her own beauty was the sole and sufficient garment. Some pictures—that looked old, and had a mellow tinge diffused through all their artful splendor—hung on the walls. Near the fireplace was a large and very beautiful cabinet of ebony, inlaid with ivory; a piece of antique furniture, which Mr. Pyncheon had bought in Venice, and which he

used as the treasure place for medals, ancient coins, and whatever small and valuable curiosities he had picked up on his travels. Through all this variety of decoration, however, the room showed its original characteristics; its low stud, its cross-beam, its chimney piece, with the old-fashioned Dutch tiles; so that it was the emblem of a mind industriously stored with foreign ideas, and elaborated into artificial refinement, but neither larger, nor, in its proper self, more elegant, than before.

There were two objects that appeared rather out of place in this very handsomely furnished room. One was a large map, or surveyor's plan, of a tract of land, which looked as if it had been drawn a good many years ago, and was now dingy with smoke, and soiled, here and there, with the touch of fingers. The other was a portrait of a stern old man, in a Puritan garb, painted roughly, but with a bold effect, and a remarkably strong expression of character.

At a small table, before a fire of English sea coal, sat Mr. Pyncheon, sipping coffee, which had grown to be a very favorite beverage with him in France. He was a middle-aged and really handsome man, with a wig flowing down upon his shoulders; his coat was of blue velvet, with lace on the borders and at the buttonholes; and the firelight glistened on the spacious breadth of his waistcoat, which was flowered all over with gold. On the entrance of Scipio, ushering in the carpenter, Mr. Pyncheon turned partly round, but resumed his former position, and proceeded deliberately to finish his cup of coffee, without immediate notice of the guest whom he had summoned to his presence. It was not that he intended any rudeness, or improper neglect, which, indeed, he would have blushed to be guilty of, but it never occurred to him that a person in Maule's station had a claim on his courtesy, or would trouble himself about it, one way or the other.

The carpenter, however, stepped at once to the hearth, and turned himself about, so as to look Mr. Pyncheon in the face.

"You sent for me," said he. "Be pleased to explain your business, that I may go back to my own affairs."

"Ah! excuse me," said Mr. Pyncheon, quietly. "I did not mean to tax your time without a recompense. Your name, I think, is Maule—Thomas or Matthew Maule—a son or grandson of the builder of this house?"

"Matthew Maule," replied the carpenter, "son of him who built the house—grandson of the rightful proprietor of the soil."

"I know the dispute to which you allude," observed Mr. Pyncheon, with undisturbed equanimity. "I am well aware that my grandfather was compelled to resort to a suit at law, in order to establish his claim to the foundation site of this edifice. We will not, if you please, renew the discussion. The matter was settled at the time, and by the competent authorities—equitably, it is to be presumed—and at all events, irrevocably. Yet, singularly enough, there is an incidental reference to this very subject in what I am now about to say to you. And this same inveterate grudge—excuse me, I mean no offense—this irritability, which you have just shown, is not entirely aside from the matter."

"If you can find anything for your purpose, Mr. Pyncheon," said the carpenter, "in a man's natural resentment for the wrongs done to his blood, you are welcome to it!"

"I take you at your word, Goodman Maule," said the owner of the Seven Gables, with a smile, "and will proceed to suggest a mode in which your hereditary resentments—justifiable, or otherwise—may have had a bearing on my affairs. You have heard, I suppose, that the Pyncheon family, ever since my grandfather's days, have been prosecuting a still unsettled claim to a very large extent of territory at the eastward?"

"Often," replied Maule, and it is said that a smile came over his face, "very often—from my father!"

"This claim," continued Mr. Pyncheon, after pausing a moment, as if to consider what the carpenter's smile might mean, "appeared to be on the very verge of a settlement and full allowance, at the period of my grandfather's decease. It was well known, to those in his confidence, that he anticipated neither difficulty nor delay. Now, Colonel Pyncheon, I need hardly say,

was a practical man, well acquainted with public and private business, and not at all the person to cherish ill-founded hopes, or to attempt the following out of an impracticable scheme. It is obvious to conclude, therefore, that he had grounds, not apparent to his heirs, for his confident anticipation of success in the matter of this eastern claim. In a word, I believe—and my legal advisers coincide in the belief, which, moreover, is authorized, to a certain extent, by the family traditions—that my grandfather was in possession of some deed, or other document, essential to this claim, but which has since disappeared."

"Very likely," said Matthew Maule, and again, it is said, there was a dark smile on his face, "but what can a poor carpenter have to do with the grand affairs of the Pyncheon family?"

"Perhaps nothing," returned Mr. Pyncheon, "possibly, much!"

Here ensued a great many words between Matthew Maule and the proprietor of the Seven Gables, on the subject which the latter had thus broached. It seems (although Mr. Pyncheon had some hesitation in referring to stories so exceedingly absurd in their aspect) that the popular belief pointed to some mysterious connection and dependence, existing between the family of the Maules and these vast, unrealized possessions of the Pyncheons. It was an ordinary saying, that the old wizard, hanged though he was, had obtained the best end of the bargain, in his contest with Colonel Pyncheon; inasmuch as he had got possession of the great eastern claim, in exchange for an acre or two of garden ground. A very aged woman, recently dead, had often used the metaphorical expression, in her fireside talk, that miles and miles of the Pyncheon lands had been shoveled into Maule's grave; which, bye the bye, was but a very shallow nook, between two rocks, near the summit of Gallows Hill. Again, when the lawyers were making inquiry for the missing document, it was a byword, that it would never be found, unless in the wizard's skeleton hand. So much weight had the shrewd lawyers assigned to the fables, that—(but Mr. Pyncheon did not see fit to inform the carpenter of the fact)—they had secretly caused the wizard's grave to be searched. Nothing was dis-

covered, however, except that, unaccountably, the right hand of the skeleton was gone.

Now, what was unquestionably important, a portion of these popular rumors could be traced, though rather doubtfully and indistinctly, to chance words and obscure hints of the executed wizard's son, and the father of this present Matthew Maule. And here Mr. Pyncheon could bring an item of his own personal evidence into play. Though but a child at the time, he either remembered or fancied that Matthew's father had had some job to perform, on the day before, or possibly the very morning of the colonel's decease, in the private room where he and the carpenter were at this moment talking. Certain papers belonging to Colonel Pyncheon, as his grandson distinctly recollected, had been spread out on the table.

Matthew Maule understood the insinuated suspicion.

"My father," he said, but still there was that dark smile, making a riddle of his countenance, "my father was an honester man than the bloody old colonel! Not to get his rights back again would he have carried off one of those papers!"

"I shall not bandy words with you," observed the foreign-bred Mr. Pyncheon, with haughty composure. "Nor will it become me to resent any rudeness toward either my grandfather or myself. A gentleman, before seeking intercourse with a person of your station and habits, will first consider whether the urgency of the end may compensate for the disagreeableness of the means. It does so, in the present instance."

He then renewed the conversation, and made great pecuniary offers to the carpenter, in case the latter should give information leading to the discovery of the lost document, and the consequent success of the eastern claim. For a long time Matthew Maule is said to have turned a cold ear to these propositions. At last, however, with a strange kind of laugh, he inquired whether Mr. Pyncheon would make over to him the old wizard's homestead ground, together with the House of the Seven Gables, now standing on it, in requital of the documentary evidence so urgently required.

The wild, chimney-corner legend (which, without copying all its extravagances, my narrative essentially follows) here gives an account of some very strange behavior on the part of Colonel Pyncheon's portrait. This picture, it must be understood, was supposed to be so intimately connected with the fate of the house, and so magically built into its walls, that, if once it should be removed, that very instant the whole edifice would come thundering down in a heap of dusty ruin. All through the foregoing conversation between Mr. Pyncheon and the carpenter, the portrait had been frowning, clenching its fist, and giving many such proofs of excessive discomposure, but without attracting the notice of either of the two colloquists.[11] And finally, at Matthew Maule's audacious suggestion of a transfer of the seven-gabled structure, the ghostly portrait is averred to have lost all patience, and to have shown itself on the point of descending bodily from its frame. But such incredible incidents are merely to be mentioned aside.

"Give up this house!" exclaimed Mr. Pyncheon, in amazement at the proposal. "Were I to do so, my grandfather would not rest quiet in his grave!"

"He never has, if all stories are true," remarked the carpenter, composedly. "But that matter concerns his grandson more than it does Matthew Maule. I have no other terms to propose."

Impossible as he at first thought it to comply with Maule's conditions, still, on a second glance, Mr. Pyncheon was of opinion that they might at least be made matter of discussion. He himself had no personal attachment for the house, nor any pleasant associations connected with his childish residence in it. On the contrary, after seven-and-thirty years, the presence of his dead grandfather seemed still to pervade it, as on that morning when the affrighted boy had beheld him, with so ghastly an aspect, stiffening in his chair. His long abode in foreign parts, moreover, and familiarity with many of the castles and ancestral

[11] Colloquists—Parties to a conversation.

halls of England, and the marble palaces of Italy, had caused him to look contemptuously at the House of the Seven Gables, whether in point of splendor or convenience. It was a mansion exceedingly inadequate to the style of living which it would be incumbent on Mr. Pyncheon to support after realizing his territorial rights. His steward might deign to occupy it, but never, certainly, the great landed proprietor himself. In the event of success, indeed, it was his purpose to return to England; nor, to say the truth, would he recently have quitted that more congenial home, had not his own fortune, as well as his deceased wife's, begun to give symptoms of exhaustion. The eastern claim once fairly settled, and put upon the firm basis of actual possession, Mr. Pyncheon's property—to be measured by miles, not acres—would be worth an earldom, and would reasonably entitle him to solicit, or enable him to purchase, that elevated dignity from the British monarch. Lord Pyncheon!—or the Earl of Waldo![12]—how could such a magnate be expected to contract his grandeur within the pitiful compass of seven shingled gables?

In short, on an enlarged view of the business, the carpenter's terms appeared so ridiculously easy, that Mr. Pyncheon could scarcely forbear laughing in his face. He was quite ashamed, after the foregoing reflections, to propose any diminution of so moderate a recompense for the immense service to be rendered.

"I consent to your proposition, Maule," cried he. "Put me in possession of the document essential to establish my rights, and the House of the Seven Gables is your own!"

According to some versions of the story, a regular contract to the above effect was drawn up by a lawyer, and signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses. Others say that Matthew Maule was contented with a private written agreement, in which Mr. Pyncheon pledged his honor and integrity to the fulfillment of the terms concluded upon. The gentleman then ordered wine, which he and the carpenter drank together, in confirmation of

[12] Earl of Waldo—A title Mr. Pyncheon believed he could get from the British king; Waldo being the eastern property in Maine.

their bargain. During the whole preceding discussion and subsequent formalities, the old Puritan's portrait seems to have persisted in its shadowy gestures of disapproval; but without effect except that, as Mr. Pyncheon set down the emptied glass, he thought he beheld his grandfather frown.

"This sherry is too potent a wine for me; it has affected my brain already," he observed, after a somewhat startled look at the picture. "On returning to Europe, I shall confine myself to the more delicate vintages of Italy and France, the best of which will not bear transportation."

"My Lord Pyncheon may drink what wine he will, and wherever he pleases," replied the carpenter, as if he had been privy to Mr. Pyncheon's ambitious projects. "But first, sir, if you desire tidings of this lost document, I must crave the favor of a little talk with your fair daughter Alice."

"You are mad, Maule!" exclaimed Mr. Pyncheon, haughtily; and now, at last, there was anger mixed up with his pride. "What can my daughter have to do with a business like this?"

Indeed, at this new demand on the carpenter's part, the proprietor of the Seven Gables was even more thunderstruck than at the cool proposition to surrender his house. There was, at least, an assignable motive for the first stipulation; there appeared to be none whatever for the last. Nevertheless, Matthew Maule sturdily insisted on the young lady being summoned, and even gave her father to understand, in a mysterious kind of explanation, which made the matter considerably darker than it looked before, that the only chance of acquiring the requisite knowledge was through the clear, crystal medium of a pure and virgin intelligence, like that of the fair Alice. Not to encumber our story with Mr. Pyncheon's scruples, whether of conscience, pride, or fatherly affection, he at length ordered his daughter to be called. He well knew that she was in her chamber, and engaged in no occupation that could not readily be laid aside; for, as it happened, ever since Alice's name had been spoken, both her father and the carpenter had heard the sad and sweet music

of her harpsichord, and the airier melancholy of her accompanying voice.

So Alice Pyncheon was summoned, and appeared. If ever there was a lady born, and set apart from the world's vulgar mass by a certain gentle and cold stateliness, it was this very Alice Pyncheon. Yet there was the womanly mixture in her; the tenderness, or, at least, the tender capabilities. For the sake of that redeeming quality, a man of generous nature would have forgiven all her pride, and have been content, almost, to lie down in her path, and let Alice set her slender foot upon his heart. All that he would have required, was simply the acknowledgment that he was indeed a man, and a fellow being, molded of the same elements as she.

As Alice came into the room, her eyes fell upon the carpenter, who was standing near its center, clad in a green woolen jacket, a pair of loose breeches, open at the knees, and with a long pocket for his rule, the end of which protruded; it was as proper a mark of the artisan's calling, as Mr. Pyncheon's full dress sword of that gentleman's aristocratic pretensions. A glow of artistic approval brightened over Alice Pyncheon's face; she was struck with admiration—which she made no attempt to conceal —of the remarkable comeliness, strength, and energy of Maule's figure. But that admiring glance (which most other men, perhaps, would have cherished as a sweet recollection, all through life) the carpenter never forgave. It must have been the devil himself that made Maule so subtle in his perception.

"Does the girl look at me as if I were a brute beast?" thought he, setting his teeth. "She shall know whether I have a human spirit; and the worse for her, if it prove stronger than her own!"

"My father, you sent for me," said Alice, in her sweet and harp-like voice. "But if you have business with this young man, pray let me go again. You know I do not love this room, in spite of that Claude,[13] with which you try to bring back sunny recollections."

[13] CLAUDE—Claude Gellee, a French artist of note.

"Stay a moment, young lady, if you please," said Matthew Maule. "My business with your father is over. With yourself, it is now to begin!"

Alice looked toward her father, in surprise and inquiry.

"Yes, Alice," said Mr. Pyncheon, with some disturbance and confusion. "This young man—his name is Matthew Maule—professes, so far as I can understand, to be able to discover, through your means, a certain paper or parchment, which was missing long before your birth. The importance of the document in question renders it advisable to neglect no possible, even if improbable, method of regaining it. You will therefore oblige me, my dear Alice, by answering this person's inquiries, and complying with his lawful and reasonable requests, so far as they may appear to have the aforesaid object in view. As I shall remain in the room, you need apprehend no rude nor unbecoming deportment, on the young man's part; and, at your slightest wish, of course, the investigation, or whatever we may call it, shall immediately be broken off."

"Mistress Alice Pyncheon," remarked Matthew Maule, with the utmost deference, but yet a half-hidden sarcasm in his look and tone, "will no doubt feel herself quite safe in her father's presence, and under his all-sufficient protection."

"I certainly shall entertain no manner of apprehension with my father at hand," said Alice, with maidenly dignity. "Neither do I conceive that a lady, while true to herself, can have aught to fear, from whomsoever, or in any circumstances!"

Poor Alice! By what unhappy impulse did she thus put herself at once on terms of defiance against a strength which she could not estimate?

"Then, Mistress Alice," said Matthew Maule, handing a chair, gracefully enough, for a craftsman, "will it please you only to sit down, and do me the favor (though altogether beyond a poor carpenter's deserts) to fix your eyes on mine!"

Alice complied. She was very proud. Setting aside all advantages of rank, this fair girl deemed herself conscious of a power —combined of beauty, high, unsullied purity, and the preserva-

tive force of womanhood—that could make her sphere impenetrable, unless betrayed by treachery within. She instinctively knew, it may be, that some sinister or evil potency was now striving to pass her barriers; nor would she decline the contest. So Alice put woman's might against man's might; a match not often equal, on the part of woman.

Her father, meanwhile, had turned away, and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a landscape by Claude, where a shadowy and sun-streaked vista penetrated so remotely into an ancient wood, that it would have been no wonder if his fancy had lost itself in the picture's bewildering depths. But, in truth, the picture was no more to him, at that moment, than the blank wall against which it hung. His mind was haunted with the many and strange tales which he had heard, attributing mysterious if not supernatural endowments to these Maules, as well the grandson, here present, as his two immediate ancestors. Mr. Pyncheon's long residence abroad, and intercourse with men of wit and fashion—courtiers, worldlings, and freethinkers—had done much toward obliterating the grim Puritan superstitions, which no man of New England birth, at that early period, could entirely escape. But, on the other hand, had not the whole community believed Maule's grandfather to be a wizard? Had not the crime been proved? Had not the wizard died for it? Had he not bequeathed a legacy of hatred against the Pyncheons to this only grandson, who, as it appeared, was now about to exercise a subtle influence over the daughter of his enemy's house? Might not this influence be the same that was called witchcraft?

Turning half around, he caught a glimpse of Maule's figure in the looking-glass. At some paces from Alice, with his arms uplifted in the air, the carpenter made a gesture, as if directing downward a slow, ponderous, and invisible weight upon the maiden.

"Stay, Maule!" exclaimed Mr. Pyncheon, stepping forward. "I forbid your proceeding further!"

"Pray, my dear father, do not interrupt the young man," said

Alice, without changing her position. "His efforts, I assure you, will prove very harmless."

Again Mr. Pyncheon turned his eyes toward the Claude. It was then his daughter's will, in opposition to his own, that the experiment should be fully tried. Henceforth, therefore, he did but consent, not urge it. And was it not for her sake, far more than his own, that he desired its success? That lost parchment once restored, the beautiful Alice Pyncheon, with the rich dowry which he could then bestow, might wed an English duke, or a German reigning prince, instead of some New England clergyman or lawyer! At the thought, the ambitious father almost consented, in his heart, that, if the devil's power were needed to the accomplishment of this great object, Maule might evoke him. Alice's own purity would be her safeguard.

With his mind full of imaginary magnificence, Mr. Pyncheon heard a half-uttered exclamation from his daughter. It was very faint and low; so indistinct that there seemed but half a will to shape out the words, and too undefined a purport to be intelligible. Yet it was a call for help!—his conscience never doubted it; and, little more than a whisper to his ear, it was a dismal shriek, and long reëchoed so, in the region round his heart! But, this time, the father did not turn.

After a further interval, Maule spoke.

"Behold your daughter!" said he.

Mr. Pyncheon came hastily forward. The carpenter was standing erect in front of Alice's chair, and pointing his finger toward the maiden with an expression of triumphant power, the limits of which could not be defined, as, indeed, its scope stretched vaguely toward the unseen and the infinite. Alice sat in an attitude of profound repose, with the long brown lashes drooping over her eyes.

"There she is!" said the carpenter. "Speak to her!"

"Alice! My daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Pyncheon. "My own Alice!"

She did not stir.

"Louder!" said Maule, smiling.

"Alice! Awake!" cried her father. "It troubles me to see you thus! Awake!"

He spoke loudly, with terror in his voice, and close to that delicate ear, which had always been so sensitive to every discord. But the sound evidently reached her not. It is indescribable what a sense of remote, dim, unattainable distance, betwixt himself and Alice, was impressed on the father by this impossibility of reaching her with his voice.

"Best touch her!" said Matthew Maule. "Shake the girl, and roughly too! My hands are hardened with too much use of ax, saw, and plane, else I might help you!"

Mr. Pyncheon took her hand, and pressed it with the earnestness of startled emotion. He kissed her, with so great a heart-throb in the kiss, that he thought she must needs feel it. Then, in a gust of anger at her insensibility, he shook her maiden form with a violence which, the next moment, it affrighted him to remember. He withdrew his encircling arms, and Alice—whose figure, though flexible, had been wholly impassive—relapsed into the same attitude as before these attempts to arouse her. Maule having shifted his position, her face was turned toward him, slightly, but with what seemed to be a reference of her very slumber to his guidance.

Then it was a strange sight to behold how the man of conventionalities shook the powder out of his periwig; how the reserved and stately gentleman forgot his dignity; how the gold-embroidered waistcoat flickered and glistened in the firelight, with the convulsion of rage, terror, and sorrow in the human heart that was beating under it.

"Villain!" cried Mr. Pyncheon, shaking his clenched fist at Maule. "You and the fiend together have robbed me of my daughter! Give her back, spawn of the old wizard, or you shall climb Gallows Hill in your grandfather's footsteps!"

"Softly, Mr. Pyncheon!" said the carpenter, with scornful composure. "Softly, an' it please your worship, else you will spoil those rich lace ruffles at your wrists! Is it my crime if you have sold your daughter for the mere hope of getting a

sheet of yellow parchment into your clutch? There sits Mistress Alice, quietly asleep! Now let Matthew Maule try whether she be as proud as the carpenter found her a while since."

He spoke, and Alice responded, with a soft, subdued inward acquiescence, and a bending of her form toward him, like the flame of a torch when it indicates a gentle draft of air. He beckoned with his hand, and, rising from her chair—blindly, but undoubtingly, as tending to her sure and inevitable center—the proud Alice approached him. He waved her back, and, retreating, Alice sank again into her seat.

"She is mine!" said Matthew Maule. "Mine, by the right of the strongest spirit!"

In the further progress of the legend, there is a long, grotesque, and occasionally awe-striking account of the carpenter's incantations (if so they are to be called), with a view of discovering the lost document. It appears to have been his object to convert the mind of Alice into a kind of telescopic medium, through which Mr. Pyncheon and himself might obtain a glimpse into the spiritual world. He succeeded, accordingly, in holding an imperfect sort of intercourse, at one remove, with the departed personages, in whose custody the so much valued secret had been carried beyond the precincts of earth. During her trance, Alice described three figures as being present to her spiritualized perception. One was an aged, dignified, stern-looking gentleman, clad, as for a solemn festival, in grave and costly attire, but with a great bloodstain on his richly wrought band; the second, an aged man, meanly dressed, with a dark and malign countenance, and a broken halter about his neck; the third, a person not so advanced in life as the former two, but beyond the middle age, wearing a coarse woolen tunic and leather breeches, and with a carpenter's rule sticking out of his side pocket. These three visionary characters possessed a mutual knowledge of the missing document. One of them, in truth—it was he with the bloodstain on his band—seemed, unless his gestures were misunderstood, to hold the parchment in his immediate keeping, but was prevented, by his two partners in the mystery, from dis-

burdening himself of the trust. Finally, when he showed a purpose of shouting forth the secret, loudly enough to be heard from his own sphere into that of mortals, his companions struggled with him, and pressed their hands over his mouth; and forthwith—whether that he were choked by it, or that the secret itself was of a crimson hue—there was a fresh flow of blood upon his band. Upon this, the two meanly dressed figures mocked and jeered at the much-abashed old dignitary, and pointed their fingers at the stain.

At this juncture, Maule turned to Mr. Pyncheon.

"It will never be allowed," said he. "The custody of this secret, that would so enrich his heirs, makes part of your grandfather's retribution. He must choke with it until it is no longer of any value. And keep you the House of the Seven Gables! It is too dear-bought an inheritance and too heavy with the curse upon it, to be shifted yet a while from the colonel's posterity!"

Mr. Pyncheon tried to speak, but—what with fear and passion—could make only a gurgling murmur in his throat. The carpenter smiled.

"Aha, worshipful sir!—so, you have old Maule's blood to drink!" said he jeeringly.

"Fiend in man's shape! why dost thou keep dominion over my child?" cried Mr. Pyncheon, when his choked utterance could make way. "Give me back my daughter! Then go thy ways; and may we never meet again!"

"Your daughter!" said Matthew Maule. "Why, she is fairly mine! Nevertheless, not to be too hard with fair Mistress Alice, I will leave her in your keeping; but I do not warrant you that she shall never have occasion to remember Maule, the carpenter."

He waved his hands with an upward motion; and, after a few repetitions of similar gestures, the beautiful Alice Pyncheon awoke from her strange trance. She awoke, without the slightest recollection of her visionary experience; but as one losing herself in a momentary reverie, and returning to the consciousness of

actual life, in almost as brief an interval as the down-sinking flame of the hearth should quiver again up the chimney. On recognizing Matthew Maule, she assumed an air of somewhat cold but gentle dignity, the rather as there was a certain peculiar smile on the carpenter's visage, that stirred the native pride of the fair Alice. So ended, for that time, the quest for the lost title deed of the Pyncheon territory at the eastward; nor, though often subsequently renewed, has it ever yet befallen a Pyncheon to set his eyes upon that parchment.

But, alas for the beautiful, the gentle, yet too haughty Alice! A power, that she little dreamed of, had laid its grasp upon her maiden soul. A will, most unlike her own, constrained her to do its grotesque and fantastic bidding. Her father, as it proved, had martyred his poor child to an inordinate desire for measuring his land by miles, instead of acres. And, therefore, while Alice Pyncheon lived, she was Maule's slave, in a bondage more humiliating, a thousandfold, than that which binds its chain around the body. Seated by his humble fireside, Maule had but to wave his hand; and, wherever the proud lady chanced to be, whether in her chamber, or entertaining her father's stately guests, or worshiping at church—whatever her place or occupation, her spirit passed from beneath her own control, and bowed itself to Maule. "Alice, laugh!"—the carpenter, beside his hearth, would say; or perhaps intensely will it, without a spoken word. And, even were it prayer time, or at a funeral, Alice must break into wild laughter. "Alice, be sad!"—and, at the instant, down would come her tears, quenching all the mirth of those around her, like sudden rain upon a bonfire. "Alice, dance!"—and dance she would, not in such court-like measures as she had learned abroad, but some high-paced jig, or hop-skip rigadoon,[14] befitting the brisk lasses at a rustic merry-making. It seemed to be Maule's impulse not to ruin Alice, nor to visit her with any black or gigantic mischief, which would have crowned her sorrows with the grace of tragedy, but to

[14] Rigadoon—A lively dance with a jumping step.

wreak a low, ungenerous scorn upon her. Thus all the dignity of life was lost. She felt herself too much abased, and longed to change natures with some worm!

One evening, at a bridal party—(but not her own; for, so lost from self-control, she would have deemed it sin to marry)—poor Alice was beckoned forth by her unseen despot, and constrained, in her gossamer white dress and satin slippers, to hasten along the street to the mean dwelling of a laboring man. There was laughter and good cheer within; for Matthew Maule, that night, was to wed the laborer's daughter, and had summoned proud Alice Pyncheon to wait upon his bride. And so she did; and when the twain were one, Alice awoke out of her enchanted sleep. Yet, no longer proud—humbly, and with a smile all steeped in sadness—she kissed Maule's wife, and went her way. It was an inclement night; the southeast wind drove the mingled snow and rain into her thinly sheltered bosom; her satin slippers were wet through and through, as she trod the muddy sidewalks. The next day, a cold; soon, a settled cough; anon, a hectic cheek, a wasted form, that sat beside the harpsichord and filled the house with music! Music, in which a strain of the heavenly choristers was echoed! Oh, joy! For Alice had borne her last humiliation! Oh, greater joy! For Alice was penitent of her one earthly sin, and proud no more.

The Pyncheons made a great funeral for Alice. The kith and kin were there, and the whole respectability of the town besides. But, last in the procession, came Matthew Maule, gnashing his teeth, as if he would have bitten his own heart in twain—the darkest and woefullest man that ever walked behind a corpse! He meant to humble Alice—not to kill her; but he had taken a woman's delicate soul into his rude gripe, to play with—and she was dead!

XIV PHŒBE'S GOOD-BY

Holgrave, plunging into his tale with the energy and absorption natural to a young author, had given a good deal of action to the parts capable of being developed and exemplified in that

manner. He now observed that a certain remarkable drowsiness (wholly unlike that with which the reader possibly feels himself affected) had been flung over the senses of his auditress. It was the effect, unquestionably, of the mystic gesticulations by which he had sought to bring bodily before Phœbe's perception the figure of the mesmerizing carpenter. With the lids drooping over her eyes—now lifted, for an instant, and drawn down again, as with leaden weights—she leaned slightly toward him, and seemed almost to regulate her breath by his. Holgrave gazed at her, as he rolled up his manuscript, and recognized an incipient stage of that curious psychological condition, which, as he had himself told Phœbe, he possessed more than an ordinary faculty of producing. A veil was beginning to be muffled about her, in which she could behold only him, and live only in his thoughts and emotions. His glance, as he fastened it on the young girl, grew involuntarily more concentrated; in his attitude there was the consciousness of power, investing his hardly mature figure with a dignity that did not belong to its physical manifestation. It was evident, that, with but one wave of his hand and a corresponding effort of his will, he could complete his mastery over Phœbe's yet free and virgin spirit: he could establish an influence over this good, pure, and simple child, as dangerous, and perhaps as disastrous, as that which the carpenter of his legend had acquired and exercised over the ill-fated Alice.

To a disposition like Holgrave's, at once speculative and active, there is no temptation so great as the opportunity of acquiring empire over the human spirit; nor any idea more seductive to a young man than to become the arbiter of a young girl's destiny. Let us, therefore—whatever his defects of nature and education, and in spite of his scorn for creeds and institutions—concede to the daguerreotypist the rare and high quality of reverence for another's individuality. Let us allow him integrity, also, forever after to be confided in; since he forbade himself to twine that one link more which might have rendered his spell over Phœbe indissoluble.

He made a slight gesture upward with his hand.

"You really mortify me, my dear Miss Phœbe!" he exclaimed, smiling half sarcastically at her. "My poor story, it is but too evident, will never do for Godey or Graham! Only think of your falling asleep at what I hoped the newspaper critics would pronounce a most brilliant, powerful, imaginative, pathetic, and original winding up! Well, the manuscript must serve to light lamps with; if, indeed, being so imbued with my gentle dulness, it is any longer capable of flame!"

"Me asleep! How can you say so?" answered Phœbe, as unconscious of the crisis through which she had passed as an infant of the precipice to the verge of which it has rolled. "No, no! I consider myself as having been very attentive; and, though I don't remember the incidents quite distinctly, yet I have an impression of a vast deal of trouble and calamity—so, no doubt, the story will prove exceedingly attractive."

By this time the sun had gone down, and was tinting the clouds toward the zenith with those bright hues which are not seen there until some time after sunset, and when the horizon has quite lost its richer brilliancy.

So sweetly cool was the atmosphere, after all the feverish day, that the summer eve might be fancied as sprinkling dews and liquid moonlight, with a dash of icy temper in them, out of a silver vase. Here and there a few drops of this freshness were scattered on a human heart, and gave it youth again, and sympathy with the eternal youth of nature. The artist chanced to be one on whom the reviving influence fell. It made him feel—what he sometimes almost forgot, thrust so early as he had been into the rude struggle of man with man—how youthful he still was.

"It seems to me," he observed, "that I never watched the coming of so beautiful an eve, and never felt anything so very much like happiness as at this moment. After all, what a good world we live in! How good, and beautiful! How young it is, too, with nothing really rotten or age-worn in it! This old house, for example, which sometimes has positively oppressed my breath with its smell of decaying timber! And this garden,

where the black mold always clings to my spade, as if I were a sexton, delving in a graveyard! Could I keep the feeling that now possesses me, the garden would every day be virgin soil, with the earth's first freshness in the flavor of its beans and squashes; and the house!—it would be like a bower in Eden, blossoming with the earliest roses that God ever made. Moonlight, and the sentiment in man's heart responsive to it, are the greatest of renovators and reformers. And all other reform and renovation, I suppose, will prove to be no better than moonshine!"

"I have been happier than I am now; at least, much gayer," said Phœbe, thoughtfully. "Yet I am sensible of a great charm in this brightening moonlight; and I love to watch how the day, tired as it is, lags away reluctantly, and hates to be called yesterday so soon. I never cared much about moonlight before. What is there, I wonder, so beautiful in it, to-night?"

"And you have never felt it before?" inquired the artist, looking earnestly at the girl, through the twilight.

"Never," answered Phœbe; "and life does not look the same, now that I have felt it so. It seems as if I had looked at everything, hitherto, in broad daylight, or else in the ruddy light of a cheerful fire, glimmering and dancing through a room. Ah, poor me!" she added, with a half-melancholy laugh. "I shall never be so merry as before I knew Cousin Hepzibah and poor Cousin Clifford. I have grown a great deal older, in this little time. Older, and, I hope, wiser, and—not exactly sadder—but, certainly, with not half so much lightness in my spirits! I have given them my sunshine, and have been glad to give it; but, of course, I cannot both give and keep it. They are welcome, notwithstanding."

"You have lost nothing, Phœbe, worth keeping, nor which it was possible to keep," said Holgrave, after a pause. "Our first youth is of no value; for we are never conscious of it, until after it is gone. But sometimes—always, I suspect, unless one is exceedingly unfortunate—there comes a sense of second youth, gushing out of the heart's joy at being in love; or, possibly, it

may come to crown some other grand festival in life, if any other such there be."

"I hardly think I understand you," said Phœbe.

"No wonder," replied Holgrave, smiling; "for I have told you a secret which I hardly began to know, before I found myself giving it utterance. Remember it, however; and when the truth becomes clear to you, then think of this moonlight scene!"

"It is entirely moonlight now, except only a little flush of faint crimson, upward from the west, between those buildings," remarked Phœbe. "I must go in. Cousin Hepzibah is not quick at figures, and will give herself a headache over the day's accounts, unless I help her."

But Holgrave detained her a little longer.

"Miss Hepzibah tells me," observed he, "that you return to the country in a few days."

"Yes, but only for a little while," answered Phœbe; "for I look upon this as my present home. I go to make a few arrangements, and to take a more deliberate leave of my mother and friends. It is pleasant to live where one is much desired, and very useful; and I think I may have the satisfaction of feeling myself so, here."

"You surely may, and more than you imagine," said the artist. "Whatever health, comfort, and natural life exists in the house, is embodied in your person. These blessings came along with you, and will vanish when you leave the threshold. Miss Hepzibah, by secluding herself from society, has lost all true relation with it, and is, in fact, dead; although she galvanizes herself into a semblance of life, and stands behind her counter, afflicting the world with a greatly-to-be-deprecated scowl. Your poor cousin Clifford is another dead and long-buried person, on whom the governor and council have wrought a necromantic[1] miracle. I should not wonder if he were to crumble away, some morning, after you are gone, and nothing

[1] NECROMANTIC—Magical.

be seen of him more, except a heap of dust. Miss Hepzibah, at any rate, will lose what little flexibility she has. They both exist by you."

"I should be very sorry to think so," answered Phœbe, gravely. "But it is true that my small abilities were precisely what they needed; and I have a real interest in their welfare—an odd kind of motherly sentiment—which I wish you would not laugh at! And let me tell you frankly, Mr. Holgrave, I am sometimes puzzled to know whether you wish them well or ill."

"Undoubtedly," said the daguerreotypist, "I do feel an interest in this antiquated, poverty-stricken old maiden lady, and this degraded and shattered gentleman—this abortive lover of the beautiful. A kindly interest, too, helpless old children that they are! But you have no conception what a different kind of heart mine is from your own. It is not my impulse as regards these two individuals either to help or hinder; but to look on, to analyze, to explain matters to myself, and to comprehend the drama which, for almost two hundred years, has been dragging its slow length over the ground where you and I now tread. If permitted to witness the close, I doubt not to derive a moral satisfaction from it, go matters how they may. There is a conviction within me that the end draws nigh. But, though Providence sent you hither to help, and sends me only as a privileged and meet spectator, I pledge myself to lend these unfortunate beings whatever aid I can!"

"I wish you would speak more plainly," cried Phœbe, perplexed and displeased; "and, above all, that you would feel more like a Christian and a human being! How is it possible to see people in distress, without desiring, more than anything else, to help and comfort them? You talk as if this old house were a theater; and you seem to look at Hepzibah's and Clifford's misfortunes, and those of generations before them, as a tragedy, such as I have seen acted in the hall of a country hotel, only the present one appears to be played exclusively for your amusement. I do not like this. The play costs the performers too much, and the audience is too cold-hearted."

"You are severe," said Holgrave, compelled to recognize a degree of truth in this piquant sketch of his own mood.

"And then," continued Phœbe, "what can you mean by your conviction, which you tell me of, that the end is drawing near? Do you know of any new trouble hanging over my poor relatives? If so, tell me at once, and I will not leave them!"

"Forgive me, Phœbe!" said the daguerreotypist, holding out his hand, to which the girl was constrained to yield her own. "I am somewhat of a mystic,[2] it must be confessed. The tendency is in my blood, together with the faculty of mesmerism, which might have brought me to Gallows Hill, in the good old times of witchcraft. Believe me, if I were really aware of any secret, the disclosure of which would benefit your friends, who are my own friends, likewise, you should learn it before we part. But I have no such knowledge."

"You hold something back!" said Phœbe.

"Nothing—no secrets but my own," answered Holgrave. "I can perceive, indeed, that Judge Pyncheon still keeps his eye on Clifford, in whose ruin he had so large a share. His motives and intentions, however, are a mystery to me. He is a determined and relentless man, with the genuine character of an inquisitor;[3] and had he any object to gain by putting Clifford to the rack,[4] I verily believe that he would wrench his joints from their sockets, in order to accomplish it. But, so wealthy and eminent as he is—so powerful in his own strength, and in the support of society on all sides—what can Judge Pyncheon have to hope or fear from the imbecile, branded, half-torpid Clifford?"

"Yet," urged Phœbe, "you did speak as if misfortune were impending!"

"Oh, that was because I am morbid!" replied the artist. "My mind has a twist aside, like almost everybody's mind, except

[2] Mystic—One who obtains knowledge through spiritual insight.

[3] Inquisitor—Questioner, especially one associated with the Spanish Inquisition, noted for the severity of its dealings with heretics.

[4] To the rack—An engine for torturing by stretching the body.

your own. Moreover, it is so strange to find myself an inmate of this old Pyncheon house, and sitting in this old garden—(hark, how Maule's well is murmuring!)—that, were it only for this one circumstance, I cannot help fancying that Destiny is arranging its fifth act for a catastrophe."

"There!" cried Phœbe, with renewed vexation; for she was by nature as hostile to mystery as the sunshine to a dark corner. "You puzzle me more than ever!"

"Then let us part friends!" said Holgrave, pressing her hand. "Or, if not friends, let us part before you entirely hate me. You, who love everybody else in the world!"

"Good-by, then," said Phœbe, frankly. "I do not mean to be angry a great while, and should be sorry to have you think so. There has Cousin Hepzibah been standing in the shadow of the doorway, this quarter of an hour past! She thinks I stay too long in the damp garden. So, good-night, and good-by!"

On the second morning thereafter, Phœbe might have been seen, in her straw bonnet, with a shawl on one arm and a little carpetbag on the other, bidding adieu to Hepzibah and Cousin Clifford. She was to take a seat in the next train of cars, which would transport her to within half a dozen miles of her country village.

The tears were in Phœbe's eyes; a smile, dewy with affectionate regret, was glimmering around her pleasant mouth. She wondered how it came to pass, that her life of a few weeks, here in this heavy-hearted old mansion, had taken such hold of her, and so melted into her associations, as now to seem a more important center point of remembrance than all which had gone before. How had Hepzibah—grim, silent, and irresponsive to her overflow of cordial sentiment—contrived to win so much love? And Clifford—in his abortive decay, with the mystery of fearful crime upon him, and the close prison atmosphere yet lurking in his breath—how had he transformed himself into the simplest child, whom Phœbe felt bound to watch over, and be, as it were, the providence of his unconsidered hours! Everything, at that instant of farewell, stood out prominently to her

view. Look where she would, lay her hand on what she might, the object responded to her consciousness, as if a moist human heart were in it.

She peeped from the window into the garden, and felt herself more regretful at leaving this spot of black earth, vitiated with such an age-long growth of weeds, than joyful at the idea of again scenting her pine forests and fresh clover fields. She called Chanticleer, his two wives, and the venerable chicken, and threw them some crumbs of bread from the breakfast table. These being hastily gobbled up, the chicken spread its wings, and alighted close by Phœbe on the window sill, where it looked gravely into her face and vented its emotions in a croak. Phœbe bade it be a good old chicken during her absence, and promised to bring it a little bag of buckwheat.

"Ah, Phœbe!" remarked Hepzibah, "you do not smile so naturally as when you came to us! Then the smile chose to shine out; now, you choose it should. It is well that you are going back, for a little while, into your native air. There has been too much weight on your spirits. The house is too gloomy and lonesome; the shop is full of vexations; and as for me, I have no faculty of making things look brighter than they are. Dear Clifford has been your only comfort!"

"Come hither, Phœbe," suddenly cried her cousin Clifford, who had said very little all the morning. "Close!—close!—and look me in the face!"

Phœbe put one of her small hands on each elbow of his chair, and leaned her face toward him, so that he might peruse it as carefully as he would. It is probable that the latent emotions of this parting hour had revived, in some degree, his bedimmed and enfeebled faculties. At any rate, Phœbe soon felt that, if not the profound insight of a seer, yet a more than feminine delicacy of appreciation, was making her heart the subject of its regard. A moment before, she had known nothing which she would have sought to hide. Now, as if some secret were hinted to her own consciousness through the medium of another's perception, she was fain to let her eyelids droop beneath

Clifford's gaze. A blush, too—the redder because she strove hard to keep it down—ascended, higher and higher, in a tide of fitful progress, until even her brow was all suffused with it.

"It is enough, Phœbe," said Clifford, with a melancholy smile. "When I first saw you, you were the prettiest little maiden in the world; and now you have deepened into beauty! Girlhood has passed into womanhood; the bud is a bloom! Go, now!—I feel lonelier than I did."

Phœbe took leave of the desolate couple, and passed through the shop, twinkling her eyelids to shake off a dewdrop; for—considering how brief her absence was to be, and therefore the folly of being cast down about it—she would not so far acknowledge her tears as to dry them with her handkerchief. On the doorstep, she met the little urchin whose marvelous feats of gastronomy[5] have been recorded in the earlier pages of our narrative. She took from the window some specimen or other of natural history—her eyes being too dim with moisture to inform her accurately whether it was a rabbit or a hippopotamus—put it into the child's hand, as a parting gift, and went her way. Old Uncle Venner was just coming out of his door, with a woodhorse and saw on his shoulder; and, trudging along the street, he scrupled not to keep company with Phœbe, so far as their paths lay together; nor, in spite of his patched coat and rusty beaver, and the curious fashion of his tow-cloth trousers, could she find it in her heart to outwalk him.

"We shall miss you, next Sabbath afternoon," observed the street philosopher. "It is unaccountable how little time it takes some folks to grow just as natural to a man as his own breath; and, begging your pardon, Miss Phœbe (though there can be no offense in an old man's saying it), that's just what you've grown to me! My years have been a great many, and your life is but just beginning; and yet, you are somehow as familiar to me as if I had found you at my mother's door, and you had blossomed, like a running vine, all along my pathway since.

[5] Gastronomy—Art of good eating.

Come back soon, or I shall be gone to my farm; for I begin to find these wood-sawing jobs a little too tough for my back-ache."

"Very soon, Uncle Venner," replied Phœbe.

"And let it be all the sooner, Phœbe, for the sake of those poor souls yonder," continued her companion. "They can never do without you now—never, Phœbe, never!—no more than if one of God's angels had been living with them, and making their dismal house pleasant and comfortable! Don't it seem to you they'd be in a sad case, if, some pleasant summer morning like this, the angel should spread his wings, and fly to the place he came from? Well, just so they feel, now that you're going home by the railroad! They can't bear it, Miss Phœbe; so be sure to come back!"

"I am no angel, Uncle Venner," said Phœbe, smiling, as she offered him her hand at the street corner. "But, I suppose, people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may. So I shall certainly come back!"

Thus parted the old man and the rosy girl; and Phœbe took the wings of the morning, and was soon flitting almost as rapidly away as if endowed with the aërial locomotion of the angels to whom Uncle Venner had so graciously compared her.

XV THE SCOWL AND SMILE

Several days passed over the seven gables, heavily and drearily enough. In fact (not to attribute the whole gloom of sky and earth to the one inauspicious circumstance of Phœbe's departure), an easterly storm had set in, and indefatigably applied itself to the task of making the black roof and walls of the old house look more cheerless than ever before. Yet was the outside not half so cheerless as the interior. Poor Clifford was cut off, at once, from all his scanty resources of enjoyment. Phœbe was not there; nor did the sunshine fall upon the floor. The garden, with its muddy walks, and the chill, dripping foliage of its summerhouse, was an image to be shuddered at. Nothing

flourished in the cold, moist, pitiless atmosphere, drifting with the brackish scud of sea breezes, except the moss along the joints of the shingle roof, and the great bunch of weeds, that had lately been suffering from drought, in the angle between the two front gables.

As for Hepzibah, she seemed not merely possessed with the east wind, but to be, in her very person, only another phase of this gray and sullen spell of weather; the east wind itself, grim and disconsolate, in a rusty black silk gown, and with a turban of cloud wreaths on its head. The custom of the shop fell off, because a story got abroad that she soured her small beer and other damageable commodities, by scowling on them. It is, perhaps, true that the public had something reasonably to complain of in her deportment; but toward Clifford she was neither ill-tempered nor unkind, nor felt less warmth of heart than always, had it been possible to make it reach him. The inutility of her best efforts, however, palsied the poor old gentlewoman. She could do little else than sit silently in a corner of the room, when the wet pear tree branches, sweeping across the small windows, created a noonday dusk, which Hepzibah unconsciously darkened with her woe-begone aspect. It was no fault of Hepzibah's. Everything—even the old chairs and tables, that had known what weather was for three or four such lifetimes as her own—looked as damp and chill as if the present were their worst experience. The picture of the Puritan colonel shivered on the wall. The house itself shivered, from every attic of its seven gables, down to the great kitchen fireplace, which served all the better as an emblem of the mansion's heart, because, though built for warmth, it was now so comfortless and empty.

Hepzibah attempted to enliven matters by a fire in the parlor. But the storm demon kept watch above, and, whenever a flame was kindled, drove the smoke back again, choking the chimney's sooty throat with its own breath. Nevertheless, during four days of this miserable storm, Clifford wrapped himself in an old cloak, and occupied his customary chair. On the morn-

ing of the fifth, when summoned to breakfast, he responded only by a broken-hearted murmur, expressive of a determination not to leave his bed. His sister made no attempt to change his purpose. In fact, entirely as she loved him, Hepzibah could hardly have borne any longer the wretched duty—so impracticable by her few and rigid faculties—of seeking pastime for a still sensitive, but ruined mind, critical and fastidious, without force or volition. It was, at least, something short of positive despair, that, to-day, she might sit shivering alone, and not suffer continually a new grief, and unreasonable pang of remorse, at every fitful sigh of her fellow sufferer.

But Clifford, it seemed, though he did not make his appearance below stairs, had, after all, bestirred himself in quest of amusement. In the course of the forenoon, Hepzibah heard a note of music, which (there being no other tuneful contrivance in the House of the Seven Gables) she knew must proceed from Alice Pyncheon's harpsichord. She was aware that Clifford, in his youth, possessed a cultivated taste for music, and a considerable degree of skill in its practice. It was difficult, however, to conceive of his retaining an accomplishment to which daily exercise is so essential, in the measure indicated by the sweet, airy, and delicate, though most melancholy strain, that now stole upon her ear. Nor was it less marvelous that the long-silent instrument should be capable of so much melody. Hepzibah involuntarily thought of the ghostly harmonies, prelusive [1] of death in the family, which were attributed to the legendary Alice. But it was, perhaps, proof of the agency of other than spiritual fingers, that, after a few touches, the chords seemed to snap asunder with their own vibrations, and the music ceased.

But a harsher sound succeeded to the mysterious notes; nor was the easterly day fated to pass without an event sufficient in itself to poison, for Hepzibah and Clifford, the balmiest air that ever brought the humming birds along with it. The final

[1] PRELUSIVE—Introductory to.

echoes of Alice Pyncheon's performance (or Clifford's, if his we must consider it) were driven away by no less vulgar a dissonance than the ringing of the shop bell. A foot was heard scraping itself on the threshold, and thence somewhat ponderously stepping on the floor. Hepzibah delayed a moment, while muffling herself in a faded shawl, which had been her defensive armor in a forty years' warfare against the east wind. A characteristic sound, however—neither a cough nor a hem, but a kind of rumbling and reverberating spasm in somebody's capacious depth of chest—impelled her to hurry forward, with that aspect of fierce faint-heartedness so common to women in cases of perilous emergency. Few of her sex, on such occasions, have ever looked so terrible as our poor scowling Hepzibah. But the visitor quietly closed the shop door behind him, stood up his umbrella against the counter, and turned a visage of composed benignity, to meet the alarm and anger which his appearance had excited.

Hepzibah's presentiment had not deceived her. It was no other than Judge Pyncheon, who, after in vain trying the front door, had now effected his entrance into the shop.

"How do you do, Cousin Hepzibah?—and how does this most inclement weather affect our poor Clifford?" began the judge; and wonderful it seemed, indeed, that the easterly storm was not put to shame, or, at any rate, a little mollified, by the genial benevolence of his smile. "I could not rest without calling to ask, once more, whether I can in any manner promote his comfort, or your own."

"You can do nothing," said Hepzibah, controlling her agitation as well as she could. "I devote myself to Clifford. He has every comfort which his situation admits of."

"But allow me to suggest, dear cousin," rejoined the judge, "you err—in all affection and kindness, no doubt, and with the very best intentions—but you do err, nevertheless, in keeping your brother so secluded. Why insulate him thus from all sympathy and kindness? Clifford, alas! has had too much of solitude. Now let him try society—the society, that is to say,

of kindred and old friends. Let me, for instance, but see Clifford, and I will answer for the good effect of the interview."

"You cannot see him," answered Hepzibah. "Clifford has kept his bed since yesterday."

"What! How! Is he ill?" exclaimed Judge Pyncheon, starting with what seemed to be angry alarm; for the very frown of the old Puritan darkened through the room as he spoke. "Nay, then, I must and will see him! What if he should die?"

"He is in no danger of death," said Hepzibah, and added, with bitterness that she could repress no longer, "none; unless he shall be persecuted to death, now, by the same man who long ago attempted it!"

"Cousin Hepzibah," said the judge, with an impressive earnestness of manner, which grew even to tearful pathos, as he proceeded, "is it possible that you do not perceive how unjust, how unkind, how unchristian, is this constant, this long-continued bitterness against me, for a part which I was constrained by duty and conscience, by the force of law, and at my own peril, to act? What did I do, in detriment to Clifford, which it was possible to leave undone? How could you, his sister—if for your never-ending sorrow, as it has been for mine, you had known what I did,—have shown greater tenderness? And do you think, cousin, that it has cost me no pang?—that it has left no anguish in my bosom, from that day to this, amidst all the prosperity with which Heaven has blessed me?—or that I do not now rejoice, when it is deemed consistent with the dues of public justice and the welfare of society that this dear kinsman, this early friend, this nature so delicately and beautifully constituted—so unfortunate, let us pronounce him, and forbear to say, so guilty—that our own Clifford, in fine, should be given back to life, and its possibilities of enjoyment? Ah, you little know me, Cousin Hepzibah! You little know this heart! It now throbs at the thought of meeting him! There lives not the human being (except yourself, and you not more than I) who has shed so many tears for Clifford's calamity! You behold some of them now. There is none who would so delight to

promote his happiness! Try me, Hepzibah!—try me, cousin!—try the man whom you have treated as your enemy and Clifford's!—try Jaffrey Pyncheon, and you shall find him true, to the heart's core!"

"In the name of Heaven," cried Hepzibah, provoked only to intenser indignation by this outgush of the inestimable tenderness of a stern nature, "in God's name, whom you insult, and whose power I could almost question, since he hears you utter so many false words, without palsying your tongue, give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretense of affection for your victim! You hate him! Say so, like a man! You cherish, at this moment, some black purpose against him, in your heart! Speak it out, at once!—or, if you hope so to promote it better, hide it till you can triumph in its success! But never speak again of your love for my poor brother! I cannot bear it! It will drive me beyond a woman's decency! It will drive me mad! Forbear! Not another word! It will make me spurn you!"

For once, Hepzibah's wrath had given her courage. She had spoken. But, after all, was this unconquerable distrust of Judge Pyncheon's integrity, and this utter denial, apparently, of his claim to stand in the ring of human sympathies, were they founded in any just perception of his character, or merely the offspring of a woman's unreasonable prejudice, deduced from nothing?

The judge, beyond all question, was a man of eminent respectability. The church acknowledged it; the state acknowledged it. It was denied by nobody. In all the very extensive sphere of those who knew him, whether in his public or private capacities, there was not an individual—except Hepzibah, and some lawless mystic, like the daguerreotypist, and, possibly, a few political opponents—who would have dreamed of seriously disputing his claim to a high and honorable place in the world's regard. Nor (we must do him the further justice to say) did Judge Pyncheon himself, probably, entertain many or very frequent doubts, that his enviable reputation accorded with his

deserts. His conscience, therefore, usually considered the surest witness to a man's integrity—his conscience, unless it might be for the little space of five minutes in the twenty-four hours, or, now and then, some black day in the whole year's circle—his conscience bore an accordant testimony with the world's laudatory voice. And yet, strong as this evidence may seem to be, we should hesitate to peril our own conscience on the assertion, that the judge and the consenting world were right, and that poor Hepzibah, with her solitary prejudice, was wrong. Hidden from mankind—forgotten by himself, or buried so deeply under a sculptured and ornamented pile of ostentatious deeds that his daily life could take no note of it—there may have lurked some evil and unsightly thing. Nay, we could almost venture to say, further, that a daily guilt might have been acted by him, continually renewed, and reddening forth afresh, like the miraculous bloodstain of a murder, without his necessarily at every moment being aware of it.

But our affair now is with Judge Pyncheon as he stood confronting the fierce outbreak of Hepzibah's wrath. Without premeditation, to her own surprise, and indeed terror, she had given vent, for once, to the inveteracy of her resentment, cherished against this kinsman for thirty years.

Thus far, the judge's countenance had expressed mild forbearance—grave and almost gentle deprecation of his cousin's unbecoming violence—free and Christian-like forgiveness of the wrong inflicted by her words. But, when those words were irrevocably spoken, his look assumed sternness, the sense of power, and immitigable resolve; and this with so natural and imperceptible a change, that it seemed as if the iron man had stood there from the first, and the meek man not at all. The effect was as when the light vapory clouds, with their soft coloring, suddenly vanish from the stony brow of a precipitous mountain, and leave there the frown which you at once feel to be eternal. Hepzibah almost adopted the insane belief that it was her old Puritan ancestor, and not the modern judge, on whom she had just been wreaking the bitterness of her heart.

Never did a man show stronger proof of the lineage attributed to him than Judge Pyncheon, at this crisis, by his unmistakable resemblance to the picture in the inner room.

"Cousin Hepzibah," said he, very calmly, "it is time to have done with this."

"With all my heart!" answered she. "Then, why do you persecute us any longer? Leave poor Clifford and me in peace. Neither of us desires anything better!"

"It is my purpose to see Clifford before I leave this house," continued the judge. "Do not act like a madwoman, Hepzibah! I am his only friend, and an all-powerful one. Has it never occurred to you—are you so blind as not to have seen—that, without not merely my consent, but my efforts, my representations, the exertion of my whole influence, political, official, personal, Clifford would never have been what you call free? Did you think his release a triumph over me? Not so, my good cousin; not so, by any means! The furthest possible from that! No; but it was the accomplishment of a purpose long entertained on my part. I set him free!"

"You!" answered Hepzibah. "I never will believe it! He owed his dungeon to you—his freedom to God's province!"

"I set him free!" reaffirmed Judge Pyncheon, with the calmest composure. "And I come hither now to decide whether he shall retain his freedom. It will depend upon himself. For this purpose, I must see him."

"Never!—it would drive him mad!" exclaimed Hepzibah, but with an irresoluteness sufficiently perceptible to the keen eye of the judge; for, without the silghtest faith in his good intentions, she knew not whether there was most to dread in yielding or resistance. "And why should you wish to see this wretched, broken man, who retains hardly a fraction of his intellect, and will hide even that from an eye which has no love in it?"

"He shall see love enough in mine, if that be all!" said the judge, with well-grounded confidence in the benignity of his aspect. "But, Cousin Hepzibah, you confess a great deal, and very much to the purpose. Now, listen, and I will frankly ex-

plain my reasons for insisting on this interview. At the death, thirty years since, of our uncle Jaffrey, it was found—I know not whether the circumstance ever attracted much of your attention, among the sadder interests that clustered round that event—but it was found that his visible estate, of every kind, fell far short of any estimate ever made of it. He was supposed to be immensely rich. Nobody doubted that he stood among the weightiest men of his day. It was one of his eccentricities, however—and not altogether a folly, either—to conceal the amount of his property by making distant and foreign investments, perhaps under other names than his own, and by various means, familiar enough to capitalists, but unnecessary here to be specified. By Uncle Jaffrey's last will and testament, as you are aware, his entire property was bequeathed to me, with the single exception of a life interest to yourself in this old family mansion, and the strip of patrimonial estate remaining attached to it."

"And do you seek to deprive us of that?" asked Hepzibah, unable to restrain her bitter contempt. "Is this your price for ceasing to persecute poor Clifford?"

"Certainly not, my dear cousin!" answered the judge, smiling benevolently. "On the contrary, as you must do me the justice to own, I have constantly expressed my readiness to double or treble your resources, whenever you should make up your mind to accept any kindness of that nature at the hands of your kinsman. No, no! But here lies the gist of the matter. Of my uncle's unquestionably great estate, as I have said, not the half—no, not one-third, as I am fully convinced—was apparent after his death. Now, I have the best possible reasons for believing that your brother Clifford can give me a clew to the recovery of the remainder."

"Clifford!—Clifford know of any hidden wealth?—Clifford have it in his power to make you rich?" cried the old gentlewoman, affected with a sense of something like ridicule, at the idea. "Impossible! You deceive yourself! It is really a thing to laugh at!"

"It is as certain as that I stand here!" said Judge Pyncheon,

striking his gold-headed cane on the floor, and at the same tim stamping his foot, as if to express his conviction the more forc ibly by the whole emphasis of his substantial person. "Cliffor told me so himself!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Hepzibah, incredulously. "You ar dreaming, Cousin Jaffrey!"

"I do not belong to the dreaming class of men," said th judge, quietly. "Some months before my uncle's death, Cliffor boasted to me of the possession of the secret of incalculabl wealth. His purpose was to taunt me, and excite my curiosity I know it well. But, from a pretty distinct recollection of th particulars of our conversation, I am thoroughly convinced tha there was truth in what he said. Clifford, at this moment, if h chooses—and choose he must!—can inform me where to find th schedule, the documents, the evidences, in whatever shape the exist, of the vast amount of Uncle Jaffrey's missing property He has the secret. His boast was no idle word. It had a direct ness, an emphasis, a particularity, that showed a backbone o solid meaning within the mystery of his expression."

"And what if he should refuse?" inquired Hepzibah. "Or—a I steadfastly believe—what if he has no knowledge of thi wealth?"

"My dear cousin," said Judge Pyncheon, with a quietud which he had the power of making more formidable than an violence, "since your brother's return, I have taken the precau tion (a highly proper one in the near kinsman and natura guardian of an individual so situated) to have his deportmen and habits constantly and carefully overlooked. Your neighbor have been eyewitnesses to whatever has passed in the garden The butcher, the baker, the fishmonger, some of the customer of your shop, and many a prying old woman, have told m several of the secrets of your interior. A still larger circle—I myself, among the rest—can testify to his extravagances at th arched window. Thousands beheld him, a week or two ago, o the point of flinging himself thence into the street. From al this testimony, I am led to apprehend—reluctantly, and wit

deep grief—that Clifford's misfortunes have so affected his intellect, never very strong, that he cannot safely remain at large. The alternative, you must be aware—and its adoption will depend entirely on the decision which I am now about to make—the alternative is his confinement, probably for the remainder of his life, in a public asylum, for persons in his unfortunate state of mind."

"You cannot mean it!" shrieked Hepzibah.

"Should my cousin Clifford," continued Judge Pyncheon, wholly undisturbed, "from mere malice, and hatred of one whose interests ought naturally to be dear to him—a mode of passion that, as often as any other, indicates mental disease—should he refuse me the information so important to myself, and which he assuredly possesses, I shall consider it the one needed jot of evidence to satisfy my mind of his insanity. And, once sure of the course pointed out by conscience, you know me too well, Cousin Hepzibah, to entertain a doubt that I shall pursue it."

"Oh, Jaffrey—Cousin Jaffrey!" cried Hepzibah, mournfully, not passionately, "it is you that are diseased in mind, not Clifford! You have forgotten that a woman was your mother!—that you have had sisters, brothers, children of your own!—or that there ever was affection between man and man, or pity from one man to another, in this miserable world! Else, how could you have dreamed of this? You are not young, Cousin Jaffrey!—no, nor middle-aged—but already an old man! The hair is white upon your head! How many years have you to live? Are you not rich enough for that little time? Shall you be hungry—shall you lack clothes, or a roof to shelter you—between this point and the grave? No! but, with the half of what you now possess, you could revel in costly food and wines, and build a house twice as splendid as you now inhabit, and make a far greater show to the world, and yet leave riches to your only son, to make him bless the hour of your death! Then, why should you do this cruel, cruel thing?—so mad a thing, that I know not whether to call it wicked! Alas, Cousin Jaffrey, this hard and grasping spirit has run in our blood these

two hundred years! You are but doing over again, in another shape, what your ancestor before you did, and sending down to your posterity the curse inherited from him!"

"Talk sense, Hepzibah, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the judge, with the impatience natural to a reasonable man, on hearing anything so utterly absurd as the above, in a discussion about matters of business. "I have told you my determination I am not apt to change. Clifford must give up his secret, or take the consequences. And let him decide quickly; for I have several affairs to attend to, this morning, and an important dinner engagement with some political friends."

"Clifford has no secret!" answered Hepzibah. "And God will not let you do the thing you meditate!"

"We shall see," said the unmoved judge. "Meanwhile, choose whether you will summon Clifford, and allow this business to be amicably settled by an interview between two kinsmen, or drive me to harsher measures, which I should be most happy to feel myself justified in avoiding. The responsibility is altogether on your part."

"You are stronger than I," said Hepzibah, after a brief consideration; "and you have no pity in your strength! Clifford is not now insane; but the interview which you insist upon may go far to make him so. Nevertheless, knowing you as I do, I believe it to be my best course to allow you to judge for yourself as to the improbability of his possessing any valuable secret. I will call Clifford. Be merciful in your dealings with him!—be far more merciful than your heart bids you be!—for God is looking at you, Jaffrey Pyncheon!"

The judge followed his cousin from the shop, where the foregoing conversation had passed, into the parlor, and flung himself heavily into the great ancestral chair. Many a former Pyncheon had found repose in its capacious arms:—rosy children, after their sports; young men, dreamy with love; grown men, weary with cares; old men, burdened with winters—they had mused, and slumbered, and departed to a yet profounder sleep. It had been a long tradition, though a doubtful one

that this was the very chair, seated in which, the earliest of the judge's New England forefathers—he whose picture still hung upon the wall—had given a dead man's silent and stern reception to the throng of distinguished guests. From that hour of evil omen until the present, it may be—though we know not the secret of his heart—but it may be that no wearier and sadder man had ever sunk into the chair than this same Judge Pyncheon, whom we have just beheld so immitigably hard and resolute. Surely, it must have been at no slight cost that he had thus fortified his soul with iron. Such calmness is a mightier effort than the violence of weaker men. And there was yet a heavy task for him to do. Was it a little matter—a trifle to be prepared for in a single moment, and to be rested from in another moment—that he must now, after thirty years, encounter a kinsman risen from a living tomb, and wrench a secret from him, or else consign him to a living tomb again?

"Did you speak?" asked Hepzibah, looking in from the threshold of the parlor; for she imagined that the judge had uttered some sound which she was anxious to interpret as a relenting impulse. "I thought you called me back."

"No, no!" gruffly answered Judge Pyncheon, with a harsh frown, while his brow grew almost a black purple, in the shadow of the room. "Why should I call you back? Time flies! Bid Clifford come to me!"

The judge had taken his watch from his vest pocket, and now held it in his hand, measuring the interval which was to ensue before the appearance of Clifford.

XVI CLIFFORD'S CHAMBER

Never had the old house appeared so dismal to poor Hepzibah as when she departed on that wretched errand. There was a strange aspect in it. As she trod along the foot-worn passages, and opened one crazy door after another, and ascended the creaking staircase, she gazed wistfully and fearfully around. It would have been no marvel, to her excited mind,

if, behind or beside her, there had been the rustle of dead people's garments, or pale visages awaiting her on the landing place above. Her nerves were set all ajar by the scene of passion and terror through which she had just struggled. Her colloquy with Judge Pyncheon, who so perfectly represented the person and attributes of the founder of the family, had called back the dreary past. It weighed upon her heart. Whatever she had heard, from legendary aunts and grandmothers, concerning the good or evil fortunes of the Pyncheons—stories which had heretofore been kept warm in her remembrance by the chimney-corner glow that was associated with them—now recurred to her, somber, ghastly, cold, like most passages of family history, when brooded over in melancholy mood. The whole seemed little else but a series of calamity, reproducing itself in successive generations, with one general hue, and varying in little, save the outline. But Hepzibah now felt as if the judge, and Clifford, and herself—they three together—were on the point of adding another incident to the annals of the house, with a bolder relief of wrong and sorrow, which would cause it to stand out from all the rest.

But Hepzibah could not rid herself of the sense of something unprecedented at that instant passing, and soon to be accomplished. Her nerves were in a shake. Instinctively she paused before the arched window, and looked out upon the street, in order to seize its permanent objects with her mental grasp, and thus to steady herself from the reel and vibration which affected her more immediate sphere. It brought her up, as we may say, with a kind of shock, when she beheld everything under the same appearance as the day before, and numberless preceding days, except for the difference between sunshine and sullen storm. Her eye traveled along the street, from doorstep to doorstep, noting the wet sidewalks, with here and there a puddle in hollows that had been imperceptible until filled with water. She screwed her dim optics to their acutest point, in the hope of making out, with greater distinctness, a certain window, where she half saw, half guessed, that a tailor's seam-

stress was sitting at her work. Hepzibah flung herself upon that unknown woman's companionship, even thus far off. Then she was attracted by a chaise rapidly passing, and watched its moist and glistening top, and its splashing wheels, until it had turned the corner, and refused to carry any further her idly trifling, because appalled and overburdened, mind. When the vehicle had disappeared, she allowed herself still another loitering moment; for the patched figure of good Uncle Venner was now visible, coming slowly from the head of the street downward, with a rheumatic limp, because the east wind had got into his joints. Hepzibah wished that he would pass yet more slowly, and befriend her shivering solitude a little longer. Anything that would take her out of the grievous present, and interpose human beings betwixt herself and what was nearest to her—whatever would defer, for an instant, the inevitable errand on which she was bound—all such impediments were welcome. Next to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be most playful.

Hepzibah had little hardihood for her own proper pain, and far less for what she must inflict on Clifford. Of so slight a nature, and so shattered by his previous calamities, it would not well be short of utter ruin to bring him face to face with the hard, relentless man, who had been his evil destiny through life. It would be like flinging a porcelain vase, with already a crack in it, against a granite column. Never before had Hepzibah so adequately estimated the powerful character of her cousin Jaffrey—powerful by intellect, energy of will, the long habit of acting among men, and, as she believed, by his unscrupulous pursuit of selfish ends through evil means. It did but increase the difficulty, that Judge Pyncheon was under a delusion as to the secret which he supposed Clifford to possess. Thus, as the judge required an impossibility of Clifford, the latter, as he could not perform it, must needs perish. For what, in the grasp of a man like this, was to become of Clifford's soft, poetic nature, that never should have had a task more stubborn than to set a life of beautiful enjoyment to the flow and rhythm of musical cadences! Indeed, what had become of it already?

Broken! Blighted! All but annihilated! Soon to be wholly so!

For a moment, the thought crossed Hepzibah's mind, whether Clifford might not really have such knowledge of their deceased uncle's vanished estate as the judge imputed to him. She remembered some vague intimations, on her brother's part, which —if the supposition were not essentially preposterous—might have been so interpreted. There had been schemes of travel and residence abroad, daydreams of brilliant life at home, and splendid castles in the air, which it would have required boundless wealth to build and realize. Had this wealth been in her power, how gladly would Hepzibah have bestowed it all upon her iron-hearted kinsman, to buy for Clifford the freedom and seclusion of the desolate old house! But she believed that her brother's schemes were as destitute of actual substance and purpose as a child's pictures of its future life, while sitting in a little chair by its mother's knee. Clifford had none but shadowy gold at his command; and it was not the stuff to satisfy Judge Pyncheon!

Was there no help, in their extremity? It seemed strange that there should be none, with a city round about her. It would be so easy to throw up the window, and send forth a shriek, at the strange agony of which everybody would come hastening to the rescue, well understanding it to be the cry of a human soul, at some dreadful crisis! But how wild, how almost laughable, the fatality, and yet how continually it comes to pass, thought Hepzibah, in this dull delirium of a world, that whosoever, and with however kindly a purpose, should come to help, they would be sure to help the strongest side!

Nevertheless, in spite of this perception that the judge would draw all human aid to his own behalf, Hepzibah was so unaccustomed to act for herself, that the least word of counsel would have swayed her to any mode of action. Little Phœbe Pyncheon would at once have lighted up the whole scene, if not by any available suggestion, yet simply by the warm vivacity of her character. The idea of the artist occurred to Hepzibah. Young and unknown, mere vagrant adventurer as he was, she

had been conscious of a force in Holgrave which might well adapt him to be the champion of a crisis. With this thought in her mind, she unbolted a door, cobwebbed and long disused, but which had served as a former medium of communication between her own part of the house and the gable where the wandering daguerreotypist had now established his temporary home. He was not there. A book, face downward, on the table, a roll of manuscript, a half-written sheet, a newspaper, some tools of his present occupation, and several rejected daguerreotypes, conveyed an impression as if he were close at hand. But, at this period of the day, as Hepzibah might have anticipated, the artist was at his public rooms. With an impulse of idle curiosity, that flickered among her heavy thoughts, she looked at one of the daguerreotypes, and beheld Judge Pyncheon frowning at her! Fate stared her in the face. She turned back from her fruitless quest, with a heart-sinking sense of disappointment. In all her years of seclusion, she had never felt, as now, what it was to be alone. It seemed as if the house stood in a desert, or, by some spell, was made invisible to those who dwelt around, or passed beside it; so that any mode of misfortune, miserable accident, or crime, might happen in it, without the possibility of aid. In her grief and wounded pride, Hepzibah had spent her life in divesting herself of friends—she had willfully cast off the support which God has ordained his creatures to need from one another—and it was now her punishment, that Clifford and herself would fall the easier victims to their kindred enemy.

Returning to the arched window, she lifted her eyes—scowling, poor, dim-sighted Hepzibah, in the face of Heaven!—and strove hard to send up a prayer through the dense gray pavement of clouds. Those mists had gathered, as if to symbolize a great, brooding mass of human trouble, doubt, confusion, and chill indifference, between earth and the better regions. Her faith was too weak; the prayer too heavy to be thus uplifted. It fell back, a lump of lead, upon her heart.

At last, finding no other pretext for deferring the torture

that she was to inflict on Clifford—her reluctance to which was the true cause of her loitering at the window, her search for the artist, and even her abortive prayer—dreading, also, to hear the stern voice of Judge Pyncheon from below stairs, chiding her delay, she crept slowly, a pale, grief-stricken figure, a dismal shape of woman, with almost torpid limbs, slowly to her brother's door, and knocked!

There was no reply!

And how should there have been? Her hand, tremulous with the shrinking purpose which directed it, had smitten so feebly against the door that the sound could hardly have gone inward. She knocked again. Still, no response! Nor was it to be wondered at. She had struck with the entire force of her heart's vibration, communicating by some subtle magnetism, her own terror to the summons. Clifford would turn his face to the pillow, and cover his head beneath the bedclothes, like a startled child at midnight. She knocked a third time, three regular strokes, gentle, but perfectly distinct, and with meaning in them.

Clifford returned no answer.

"Clifford! dear brother!" said Hepzibah. "Shall I come in?"

A silence.

Two or three times, and more, Hepzibah repeated his name, without result; till, thinking her brother's sleep unwontedly profound, she undid the door, and entering, found the chamber vacant. How could he have come forth, and when, without her knowledge? Was it possible that, in spite of the stormy day, and worn out with the irksomeness within doors, he had betaken himself to his customary haunt in the garden, and was now shivering under the cheerless shelter of the summer-house? She hastily threw up a window, thrust forth her turbaned head and the half of her gaunt figure, and searched the whole garden through, as completely as her dim vision would allow. She could see the interior of the summerhouse, and its circular seat, kept moist by the droppings of the roof. It had no occupant. Clifford was not thereabouts; unless, indeed, he had crept for concealment—(as, for a moment, Hepzibah fancied

might be the case)—into a great wet mass of tangled and broad-leaved shadow, where the squash vines were clambering tumultuously upon an old wooden framework, set casually aslant the fence. This could not be, however; he was not there; for while Hepzibah was looking, a strange grimalkin[1] stole forth from the very spot, and picked his way across the garden. Twice he paused to snuff the air, and then anew directed his course toward the parlor window. Whether it was only on account of the stealthy, prying manner common to the race, or that this cat seemed to have more than ordinary mischief in his thoughts, the old gentlewoman, in spite of her much perplexity, felt an impulse to drive the animal away, and accordingly flung down a window stick. The cat stared up at her, like a detected thief or murderer, and, the next instant, took to flight. No other living creature was visible in the garden. Chanticleer and his family had either not left their roost, disheartened by the interminable rain, or had done the next wisest thing, by seasonably returning to it. Hepzibah closed the window.

But where was Clifford? Could it be, that, aware of the presence of his Evil Destiny, he had crept silently down the staircase, while the judge and Hepzibah stood talking in the shop, and had softly undone the fastenings of the outer door, and made his escape into the street? With that thought, she seemed to behold his gray, wrinkled, yet childlike aspect, in the old-fashioned garments which he wore about the house; a figure such as one sometimes imagines himself to be, with the world's eye upon him, in a troubled dream. This figure of her wretched brother would go wandering through the city, attracting all eyes, and everybody's wonder and repugnance, like a ghost, the more to be shuddered at because visible at noontide. To incur the ridicule of the younger crowd, that knew him not —the harsher scorn and indignation of a few old men, who might recall his once familiar features! To be the sport of boys, who, when old enough to run about the streets, have no more reverence for what is beautiful and holy, nor pity for what

[1] GRIMALKIN—A cat, especially an old she-cat.

is sad—no more sense of sacred misery, sanctifying the human shape in which it embodies itself—than if Satan were the father of them all! Goaded by their taunts, their loud, shrill cries, and cruel laughter—insulted by the filth of the public ways, which they would fling upon him—or, as it might well be, distracted by the mere strangeness of his situation, though nobody should afflict him with so much as a thoughtless word, what wonder if Clifford were to break into some wild extravagance, which was certain to be interpreted as lunacy? Thus Judge Pyncheon's fiendish scheme would be ready accomplished to his hands!

Then Hepzibah reflected that the town was almost completely water girdled. The wharves stretched out toward the center of the harbor, and, in this inclement weather, were deserted by the ordinary throng of merchants, laborers, and sea-faring men; each wharf a solitude, with the vessels moored stem and stern, along its misty length. Should her brother's aimless footsteps stray thitherward, and he but bend, one moment, over the deep, black tide, would he not bethink himself that here was the sure refuge within his reach, and that, with a single step, or the slightest overbalance of his body, he might be forever beyond his kinsman's gripe? Oh, the temptation! To make of his ponderous sorrow a security! To sink, with its leaden weight upon him, and never rise again!

The horror of this last conception was too much for Hepzibah. Even Jaffrey Pyncheon must help her now! She hastened down the staircase, shrieking as she went.

"Clifford is gone!" she cried. "I cannot find my brother! Help, Jaffrey Pyncheon! Some harm will happen to him!"

She threw open the parlor door. But, what with the shade of branches across the windows, and the smoke-blackened ceiling, and the dark oak panelling of the walls, there was hardly so much daylight in the room that Hepzibah's imperfect sight could accurately distinguish the judge's figure. She was certain, however, that she saw him sitting in the ancestral armchair, near the center of the floor, with his face somewhat averted, and

looking toward a window. So firm and quiet is the nervous system of such men as Judge Pyncheon, that he had perhaps stirred not more than once since her departure, but, in the hard composure of his temperament, retained the position into which accident had thrown him.

"I tell you, Jaffrey," cried Hepzibah, impatiently, as she turned from the parlor door to search other rooms, "my brother is not in his chamber! You must help me seek him!"

But Judge Pyncheon was not the man to let himself be startled from an easy-chair with haste ill befitting either the dignity of his character or his broad personal basis, by the alarm of an hysteric woman. Yet, considering his own interest in the matter, he might have bestirred himself with a little more alacrity.

"Do you hear me, Jaffrey Pyncheon?" screamed Hepzibah, as she again approached the parlor door, after an ineffectual search elsewhere. "Clifford is gone!"

At this instant, on the threshold of the parlor, emerging from within, appeared Clifford himself! His face was preternaturally [2] pale; so deadly white, indeed, that, through all the glimmering indistinctness of the passageway, Hepzibah could discern his features, as if a light fell on them alone. Their vivid and wild expression, seemed likewise sufficient to illuminate them; it was an expression of scorn and mockery, coinciding with the emotions indicated by his gesture. As Clifford stood on the threshold, partly turning back, he pointed his finger within the parlor, and shook it slowly as though he would have summoned, not Hepzibah alone, but the whole world, to gaze at some object inconceivably ridiculous. This action, so ill-timed and extravagant—accompanied, too, with a look that showed more like joy than any other kind of excitement—compelled Hepzibah to dread that her stern kinsman's ominous visit had driven her poor brother to absolutely insanity. Nor could she otherwise account for the judge's quiescent mood than by supposing him craftily

[2] PRETERNATURALLY—Abnormally.

on the watch, while Clifford developed these symptoms of a distracted mind.

"Be quiet, Clifford!" whispered his sister, raising her hand, to impress caution. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, be quiet!"

"Let him be quiet! What can he do better?" answered Clifford, with a still wilder gesture, pointing into the room which he had just quitted. "As for us, Hepzibah, we can dance now!—we can sing, laugh, play, do what we will! The weight is gone, Hepzibah! it is gone off this weary old world, and we may be as light-hearted as little Phœbe herself!"

And, in accordance with his words, he began to laugh, still pointing his finger at the object, invisible to Hepzibah, within the parlor. She was seized with a sudden intuition of some horrible thing. She thrust herself past Clifford, and disappeared into the room; but almost immediately returned, with a cry choking in her throat. Gazing at her brother, with an affrighted glance of inquiry, she beheld him all in a tremor and a quake, from head to foot, while, amid these commoted elements of passion or alarm, still flickered his gusty mirth.

"My God! what is to become of us?" gasped Hepzibah.

"Come!" said Clifford, in a tone of brief decision, most unlike what was usual with him. "We stay here too long! Let us leave the old house to our cousin Jaffrey! He will take good care of it!"

Hepzibah now noticed that Clifford had on a cloak—a garment of long ago—in which he had constantly muffled himself during these days of easterly storm. He beckoned with his hand, and intimated, so far as she could comprehend him, his purpose that they should go together from the house. Unaccustomed to action or responsibility—full of horror at what she had seen, and afraid to inquire, or almost to imagine, how it had come to pass—affrighted at the fatality which seemed to pursue her brother—stupefied by the dim, thick, stifling atmosphere of dread, which filled the house as with a death smell, and obliterated all definiteness of thought—Hepzibah yielded without a question, and on the instant, to the will which Clif-

ford expressed. For herself, she was like a person in a dream, when the will always sleeps. Clifford, ordinarily so destitute of this faculty, had found it in the tension of the crisis.

"Why do you delay so?" cried he, sharply. "Put on your cloak and hood, or whatever it pleases you to wear! No matter what; you cannot look beautiful nor brilliant, my poor Hepzibah! Take your purse, with money in it, and come along!"

Hepzibah obeyed these instructions, as if nothing else were to be done or thought of. She began to wonder, it is true, why she did not wake up, and at what still more intolerable pitch of dizzy trouble her spirit would struggle out of the maze, and make her conscious that nothing of all this had actually happened. Of course, it was not real; no such black, easterly day as this had yet begun to be; Judge Pyncheon had not talked with her; Clifford had not laughed, pointed, beckoned her away with him; but she had merely been afflicted—as lonely sleepers often are—with a great deal of unreasonable misery, in a morning dream!

"Now—now—I shall certainly awake!" thought Hepzibah, as she went to and fro, making her little preparations. "I can bear it no longer! I must wake up now!"

But it came not, that awakening moment! It came not, even when, just before they left the house, Clifford stole to the parlor door, and made a parting obeisance to the sole occupant of the room.

"What an absurd figure the old fellow cuts now!" whispered he to Hepzibah. "Just when he fancied he had me completely under his thumb! Come, come; make haste! or he will start up, like Giant Despair in pursuit of Christian and Hopeful,[3] and catch us yet!"

As they passed into the street, Clifford directed Hepzibah's attention to something on one of the posts of the front door. It was merely the initials of his own name, which, with somewhat of his characteristic grace about the forms of the letters, he

[3] Giant Despair, Christian, Hopeful—Characters in *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan.

had cut there when a boy. The brother and sister departed, and left Judge Pyncheon sitting in the old home of his forefathers, all by himself.

XVII THE FLIGHT OF TWO OWLS

SUMMER as it was, the east wind set poor Hepzibah's few remaining teeth chattering in her head, as she and Clifford faced it, on their way up Pyncheon Street, and toward the center of the town. Not merely was it the shiver which this pitiless blast brought to her frame (although her feet and hands, especially, had never seemed so death-a-cold as now), but there was a moral sensation, mingling itself with the physical chill, and causing her to shake more in spirit than in body. The world's broad, bleak atmosphere was all so comfortless! What, then, must it have been to Hepzibah and Clifford—so time stricken as they were, yet so like children in their inexperience—as they left the doorstep, and passed from beneath the wide shelter of the Pyncheon elm! They were wandering all abroad, on precisely such a pilgrimage as a child often meditates, to the world's end, with perhaps a sixpence and a biscuit in his pocket. In Hepzibah's mind, there was the wretched consciousness of being adrift. She had lost the faculty of self-guidance; but, in view of the difficulties around her, felt it hardly worth an effort to regain it, and was, moreover, incapable of making one.

As they proceeded on their strange expedition, she now and then cast a look sidelong at Clifford, and could not but observe that he was possessed and swayed by a powerful excitement. It was this, indeed, that gave him the control which he had at once, and so irresistibly, established over his movements.

They met few people abroad, even on passing from the retired neighborhood of the House of the Seven Gables into what was ordinarily the more thronged and busier portion of the town. Glistening sidewalks, with little pools of rain, here and there, along their unequal surface; umbrellas displayed ostentatiously in the shop windows, as if the life of trade had concentrated

itself in that one article; wet leaves of the horse chestnut or elm trees, torn off untimely by the blast, and scattered along the public way; an unsightly accumulation of mud in the middle of the street, which perversely grew the more unclean for its long and laborious washing; these were the more definable points of a very sombre picture. Had it been a sunny and cheerful day, Hepzibah and Clifford could hardly have gone through the streets without making themselves obnoxious[1] to remark. Now, probably, they were felt to be in keeping with the dismal and bitter weather, and therefore did not stand out in strong relief, as if the sun were shining on them, but melted into the gray gloom, and were forgotten as soon as gone.

Poor Hepzibah! Could she have understood this fact, it would have brought her some little comfort; for, to all her other troubles—strange to say!—there was added the womanish and old-maiden-like misery arising from a sense of unseemliness in her attire. Thus, she was fain to shrink deeper into herself, as it were, as if in the hope of making people suppose that here was only a cloak and hood, threadbare and woefully faded, taking an airing in the midst of the storm, without any wearer!

As they went on, the feeling of indistinctness and unreality kept dimly hovering round about her, and so diffusing itself into her system that one of her hands was hardly palpable to the touch of the other. Any certainty would have been preferable to this. She whispered to herself, again and again, "Am I awake! am I awake?"—and sometimes exposed her face to the chill spatter of the wind, for the sake of its rude assurance that she was. Whether it was Clifford's purpose, or only chance, had led them thither, they now found themselves passing beneath the arched entrance of a large structure of gray stone. Within, there was a spacious breadth, and an airy height from floor to roof, now partially filled with smoke and steam, which eddied voluminously upward, and formed a mimic cloud region over their heads. A train of cars was just ready for a start;

[1] Obnoxious—Liable, blameworthy.

the locomotive was fretting and fuming, like a steed impatient for a headlong rush; and the bell rang out its hasty peal, so well expressing the brief summons which life vouchsafes to us in its hurried career.

Without question or delay—with the irresistible decision, if not rather to be called recklessness, which had so strangely taken possession of him, and through him of Hepzibah—Clifford impelled her toward the cars, and assisted her to enter. The signal was given; the engine puffed forth its short, quick breaths; the train began its movement; and, along with a hundred other passengers, these two unwonted travelers sped onward like the wind.

At last, therefore, and after so long estrangement from everything that the world acted or enjoyed, they had been drawn into the great current of human life, and were swept away with it, as by the suction of fate itself.

Still haunted with the idea that not one of the past incidents, inclusive of Judge Pyncheon's visit, could be real, the recluse of the Seven Gables murmured in her brother's ear:

"Clifford! Clifford! Is not this a dream?"

"A dream, Hepzibah!" repeated he, almost laughing in her face. "On the contrary, I have never been awake before!"

Meanwhile, looking from the window, they could see the world racing past them.

Within the car, there was the usual interior life of the railroad, offering little to the observation of other passengers, but full of novelty for this pair of strangely enfranchised prisoners. It was novelty enough, indeed, that there were fifty human beings in close relation with them, under one long and narrow roof, and drawn onward by the same mighty influence that had taken their two selves into its grasp. It seemed marvelous how all these people could remain so quietly in their seats, while so much noisy strength was at work in their behalf. Some, with tickets in their hats (long travelers these, before whom lay a hundred miles of railroad), had plunged into the English scenery and adventures of pamphlet novels, and were keeping com-

pany with dukes and earls. Others, whose briefer span forbade their devoting themselves to studies so abtruse, beguiled the little tedium of the way with penny papers. A party of girls, and one young man, on opposite sides of the car, found huge amusement in a game of ball. Boys, with apples, cakes, candy, and rolls of variously tinctured lozenges—merchandise that reminded Hepzibah of her deserted shop—appeared at each momentary stopping place, doing up their business in a hurry, or breaking it short off, lest the market should ravish them away with it. New people continually entered. Old acquaintances—for such they soon grew to be, in this rapid current of affairs—continually departed. Here and there, amid the rumble and the tumult, sat one asleep. Sleep; sport; business; graver or lighter study; and the common and inevitable movement onward! It was life itself!

Clifford's naturally poignant sympathies were all aroused. He caught the color of what was passing about him, and threw it back more vividly than he received it, but mixed, nevertheless, with a lurid and portentous hue. Hepzibah, on the other hand, felt herself more apart from humankind than even in the seclusion which she had just quitted.

"You are not happy, Hepzibah!" said Clifford, apart, in a tone of reproach. "You are thinking of that dismal old house, and of Cousin Jaffrey"—here came the quake through him—"and of Cousin Jaffrey sitting there, all by himself! Take my advice—follow my example—and let such things slip aside. Here we are, in the world, Hepzibah!—in the midst of life!—in the throng of our fellow beings! Let you and I be happy! As happy as that youth, and those pretty girls, at their game of ball!"

"Happy!" thought Hepzibah, bitterly conscious, at the word, of her dull and heavy heart, with the frozen pain in it. "Happy! He is mad already; and, if I could once feel myself broad awake, I should go mad too!"

If a fixed idea be madness, she was perhaps not remote from it. Fast and far as they had rattled and clattered along the

iron track, they might just as well, as regarded Hepzibah's mental images, have been passing up and down Pyncheon Street. With miles and miles of varied scenery between, there was no scene for her, save the seven old gable peaks, with their moss, and the tuft of weeds in one of the angles, and the shop window, and a customer shaking the door, and compelling the little bell to jingle fiercely, but without disturbing Judge Pyncheon! This one old house was everywhere! It transported its great, lumbering bulk, with more than railroad speed, and set itself phlegmatically[2] down on whatever spot she glanced at. The quality of Hepzibah's mind was too unmalleable to take new impressions so readily as Clifford's. He had a winged nature; she was rather of the vegetable kind, and could hardly be kept long alive, if drawn up by the roots. Thus it happened that the relation heretofore existing between her brother and herself was changed. At home, she was his guardian; here, Clifford had become hers, and seemed to comprehend whatever belonged to their new position with a singular rapidity of intelligence. He had been startled into manhood and intellectual vigor; or, at least, into a condition that resembled them, though it might be both diseased and transitory.

The conductor now applied for their tickets; and Clifford, who had made himself the purse bearer, put a bank note into his hand, as he had observed others do.

"For the lady and yourself?" asked the conductor. "And how far?"

"As far as that will carry us," said Clifford. "It is no great matter. We are riding for pleasure, merely!"

"You choose a strange day for it, sir," remarked a gimleteyed old gentleman, on the other side of the car, looking at Clifford and his companion, as if curious to make them out. "The best chance of pleasure, in an easterly rain, I take it, is in a man's own house, with a nice little fire in the chimney."

"I cannot precisely agree with you," said Clifford, courteously

[2] PHLEGMATICALLY—Composedly.

bowing to the old gentleman, and at once taking up the clew of conversation which the latter had proffered. "It had just occurred to me, on the contrary, that this admirable invention of the railroad—with the vast and inevitable improvements to be looked for, both as to speed and convenience—is destined to do away with those stale ideas of home and fireside, and substitute something better."

"In the name of common sense," asked the old gentleman, rather testily, "what can be better for a man than his own parlor and chimney corner?"

"These things have not the merit which many good people attribute to them," replied Clifford. "They may be said, in few and pithy words, to have ill served a poor purpose. My impression is, that our wonderfully increased and still increasing facilities of locomotion are destined to bring us round again to the nomadic[3] state. These railroads—could but the whistle be made musical, and the rumble and the jar got rid of—are positively the greatest blessing that the ages have wrought out for us. They give us wings; they annihilate the toil and dust of pilgrimage; they spiritualize travel! Transition being so facile, what can be any man's inducement to tarry in one spot? Why, therefore, should he build a more cumbrous habitation than can readily be carried off with him? Why should he make himself a prisoner for life in brick, and stone, and old worm-eaten timber, when he may just as easily dwell, in one sense, nowhere—in a better sense, wherever the fit and beautiful shall offer him a home?"

Clifford's countenance glowed as he divulged this theory; a youthful character shone out from within, converting the wrinkles and pallid duskiness of age into an almost transparent mask. The merry girls let their ball drop upon the floor, and gazed at him. They said to themselves, perhaps, that, before his hair was gray and the crow's feet tracked his temples, this now decaying man must have stamped the impress of his fea-

[3] NOMADIC—Wandering.

tures on many a woman's heart. But, alas! no woman's eye had seen his face while it was beautiful!

"I should scarcely call it an improved state of things," observed Clifford's new acquaintance, "to live everywhere and nowhere!"

"Would you not?" exclaimed Clifford, with singular energy. "It is as clear to me as sunshine—were there any in the sky—that the greatest possible stumblingblocks in the path of human happiness and improvement are those heaps of bricks and stones, consolidated with mortar, or hewn timber, fastened together with spike nails, which men painfully contrive for their own torment, and call them house and home! There is no such unwholesome atmosphere as that of an old home, rendered poisonous by one's defunct forefathers and relatives. I speak of what I know. There is a certain house within my familiar recollection—one of those peaked-gable (there are seven of them), projecting-storied edifices, such as you occasionally see in our elder towns—a rusty, crazy, creaky, dry-rotted, damp-rotted, dingy, dark, and miserable old dungeon, with an arched window over the porch, and a little shop door on one side, and a great, melancholy elm before it! Now, sir, whenever my thoughts recur to this seven-gabled mansion—(the fact is so very curious that I must needs mention it)—immediately I have a vision or image of an elderly man, of remarkably stern countenance, sitting in an oaken elbow chair, dead, stone dead, with an ugly flow of blood upon his shirt bosom! Dead, but with open eyes! He taints the whole house, as I remember it. I could never flourish there, nor be happy, nor do nor enjoy what God meant me to do and enjoy!"

His face darkened, and seemed to contract, and shrivel itself up, and wither into age.

"Never, sir!" he repeated. "I could never draw cheerful breath there!"

"I should think not," said the old gentleman, eying Clifford earnestly, and rather apprehensively. "I should conceive not, sir, with that notion in your head!"

"Surely not," continued Clifford; "and it were a relief to me if that house could be torn down, or burned up, and so the earth be rid of it, and grass be sown abundantly over its foundation. Not that I should ever visit its site again! for, sir, the farther I get away from it, the more does the joy, the lightsome freshness, the heart-leap, the intellectual dance, the youth, in short—yes, my youth, my youth!—the more does it come back to me. No longer ago than this morning, I was old. But now do I look old? If so, my aspect belies me strangely; for—a great weight being off my mind—I feel in the very heyday of my youth, with the world and my best days before me!"

"I trust you may find it so," said the old gentleman, who seemed rather embarrassed, and desirous of avoiding the observation which Clifford's wild talk drew on them both. "You have my best wishes for it."

"For Heaven's sake, dear Clifford, be quiet!" whispered his sister. "They think you mad."

"Be quiet yourself, Hepzibah!" returned her brother. "No matter what they think! I am not mad. For the first time in thirty years, my thoughts gush up and find words ready for them. I must talk, and I will!"

He turned again toward the old gentleman, and renewed the conversation.

"Yes, my dear sir," said he, "it is my firm belief and hope, that these terms of roof and hearthstone, which have so long been held to embody something sacred, are soon to pass out of men's daily use, and be forgotten. Just imagine, for a moment, how much of human evil will crumble away, with this one change! What we call real estate—the solid ground to build a house on—is the broad foundation on which nearly all the guilt of this world rests. A man will commit almost any wrong—he will heap up an immense pile of wickedness, as hard as granite, and which will weigh as heavily upon his soul, to eternal ages—only to build a great, gloomy, dark-chambered mansion, for himself to die in, and for his posterity to be miserable in. He lays his own dead corpse beneath the underpinning, as one may say,

and hangs his frowning picture on the wall, and, after thus converting himself into an evil destiny, expects his remotest great-grandchildren to be happy there! I do not speak wildly. I have just such a house in my mind's eye!"

"Then, sir," said the old gentleman, getting anxious to drop the subject, "you are not to blame for leaving it."

"Within the lifetime of the child already born," Clifford went on, "all this will be done away. The world is growing too ethereal and spiritual to bear these enormities a great while longer. To me—though, for a considerable period of time, I have lived chiefly in retirement, and know less of such things than most men—even to me, the harbingers[4] of a better era are unmistakable. Mesmerism now! Will that effect nothing, think you, toward purging away the grossness out of human life?"

"All a humbug!" growled the old gentleman.

"Then there is electricity!—the demon, the angel, the mighty physical power, the all-pervading intelligence!" exclaimed Clifford. "Is that a humbug, too? Is it a fact—or have I dreamed it—that, by means of electricity, the world of matter has become a great nerve, vibrating thousands of miles in a breathless point of time? Rather, the round globe is a vast head, a brain, instinct with intelligence! Or, shall we say, it is itself a thought, nothing but thought, and no longer the substance which we deemed it!"

"If you mean the telegraph," said the old gentleman, glancing his eye toward its wire, alongside the rail track, "it is an excellent thing; that is, of course, if the speculators in cotton and politics don't get possession of it. A great thing, indeed, sir; particularly as regards the detection of bank robbers and murderers."

"I don't quite like it, in that point of view," replied Clifford. "A bank robber, and what you call a murderer, likewise, has his rights, which men of enlightened humanity and conscience

[4] HARBINGERS—Forerunners, messengers.

should regard in so much the more liberal spirit, because the bulk of society is prone to controvert their existence. An almost spiritual medium, like the electric telegraph, should be consecrated to high, deep, joyful, and holy missions. But for these poor rogues, the bank robbers—who, after all, are about as honest as nine people in ten, except that they disregard certain formalities, and prefer to transact business at midnight, rather than 'Change hours[5]—and for these murderers, as you phrase it, who are often excusable in the motives of their deed, and deserve to be ranked among public benefactors, if we consider only its result—for unfortunate individuals like these, I really cannot applaud the enlistment of an immaterial and miraculous power in the universal world hunt at their heels!"

"You can't, hey?" cried the old gentleman, with a hard look.

"Positively, no!" answered Clifford. "It puts them too miserably at disadvantage. For example, sir, in a dark, low, cross-beamed, paneled room of an old house, let us suppose a dead man, sitting in an armchair, with a bloodstain on his shirt bosom—and let us add to our hypothesis another man, issuing from the house, which he feels to be overfilled with the dead man's presence—and let us lastly imagine him fleeing, Heaven knows whither, at the speed of a hurricane, by railroad! Now, sir, if the fugitive alight in some distant town, and find all the people babbling about that self-same dead man, whom he has fled so far to avoid the sight and thought of, will you not allow that his natural rights have been infringed? He has been deprived of his city of refuge, and, in my humble opinion, has suffered infinite wrong!"

"You are a strange man, sir!" said the old gentleman, bringing his gimlet eye to a point on Clifford, as if determined to bore right into him. "I can't see through you!"

"No, I'll be bound you can't!" cried Clifford, laughing. "And yet, my dear sir, I am as transparent as the water of Maule's well! But come, Hepzibah! We have flown far enough for

[5] 'CHANGE HOURS—The hours when the stock exchanges are open for business.

once. Let us alight, as the birds do, and perch ourselves on the nearest twig, and consult whither we shall fly next!"

Just then, as it happened, the train reached a solitary way station. Taking advantage of the brief pause, Clifford left the car, and drew Hepzibah along with him. A moment afterwards, the train—with all the life of its interior, amid which Clifford had made himself so conspicuous an object—was gliding away in the distance, and rapidly lessening to a point, which, in another moment, vanished. The world had fled away from these two wanderers. They gazed drearily about them. At a little distance stood a wooden church, black with age, and in a dismal state of ruin and decay, with broken windows, a great rift through the main body of the edifice, and a rafter dangling from the top of the square tower. Farther off was a farmhouse, in the old style, as venerably black as the church, with a roof sloping downward from the three-story peak, to within a man's height of the ground. It seemed uninhabited. There were the relics of a woodpile, indeed, near the door, but with grass sprouting up among the chips and scattered logs. The small raindrops came down aslant; the wind was not turbulent, but sullen, and full of chilly moisture.

Clifford shivered from head to foot. The wild effervescence of his mood—which had so readily supplied thoughts, fantasies, and a strange aptitude of words, and impelled him to talk from the mere necessity of giving vent to this bubbling-up gush of ideas—had entirely subsided. A powerful excitement had given him energy and vivacity. Its operation over, he forthwith began to sink.

"You must take the lead now, Hepzibah!" murmured he, with a torpid and reluctant utterance. "Do with me as you will!"

She knelt down upon the platform where they were standing, and lifted her clasped hands to the sky. The dull, gray weight of clouds made it invisible; but it was no hour for disbelief—no juncture this, to question that there was a sky above, and an Almighty Father looking down from it!

"O God!"—ejaculated poor, gaunt Hepzibah, then paused a

moment, to consider what her prayer should be—"O God—our Father—are we not thy children? Have mercy on us!"

XVIII GOVERNOR PYNCHEON

Judge Pyncheon, while his two relatives have fled away with such ill-considered haste, still sits in the old parlor, keeping house, as the familiar phrase is, in the absence of its ordinary occupants. To him and to the venerable House of the Seven Gables, does our story now betake itself, like an owl, bewildered in the daylight, and hastening back to his hollow tree.

The judge has not shifted his position for a long while now. He has not stirred hand or foot, nor withdrawn his eyes so much as a hair's breadth from their fixed gaze toward the corner of the room, since the footsteps of Hepzibah and Clifford creaked along the passage, and the outer door was closed cautiously behind their exit. He holds his watch in his left hand, but clutched in such a manner that you cannot see the dial plate. How profound a fit of meditation! You hear the ticking of his watch; his breath you do not hear. A most refreshing slumber, doubtless! And yet, the judge cannot be asleep. His eyes are open! A cautious man is proverbially said to sleep with one eye open. That may be wisdom. But not with both; for this were heedlessness. No, no! Judge Pyncheon cannot be asleep.

It is odd, however, that a gentleman so burdened with engagements—and noted, too, for punctuality—should linger thus in an old lonely mansion, which he has never seemed very fond of visiting. The oaken chair, to be sure, may tempt him with its roominess. It is, indeed, a spacious, and, allowing for the rude age that fashioned it, moderately easy seat, with capacity enough, at all events, and offering no restraint to the judge's breadth of beam. Yes! in a score of drawing-rooms he would be more than welcome.

Still lingering in the old chair! If the judge has a little time to throw away, why does not he visit the insurance office, as is his frequent custom, and sit a while in one of their leathern-

cushioned armchairs, listening to the gossip of the day, and dropping some deeply designed chance word, which will be certain to become the gossip of to-morrow! And have not the bank directors a meeting, at which it was the judge's purpose to be present, and his office to preside? Indeed they have; and the hour is noted on a card, which is, or ought to be, in Judge Pyncheon's right vest pocket. Let him go thither, and loll at ease upon his moneybags! He has lounged long enough in the old chair!

This was to have been such a busy day! In the first place, the interview with Clifford. Half an hour, by the judge's reckoning, was to suffice for that; it would probably be less, but—taking into consideration that Hepzibah was first to be dealt with, and that these women are apt to make many words where a few would do much better—it might be safest to allow half an hour. Half an hour? Why, judge, it is already two hours, by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer! Glance your eye down at it, and see! Ah! he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head, or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful timekeeper within his range of vision! Time, all at once, appears to have become a matter of no moment with the judge!

And has he forgotten all the other items of his memoranda? Clifford's affair arranged, he was to meet a State Street broker, who has undertaken to procure a heavy percentage, and the best of paper, for a few loose thousands which the judge happens to have by him, uninvested. The wrinkled note shaver will have taken his railroad trip in vain. Half an hour later, in the street next to this, there was to be an auction of real estate, including a portion of the old Pyncheon property, originally belonging to Maule's garden ground. It has been alienated from the Pyncheons these fourscore years; but the judge had kept it in his eye, and had set his heart on reannexing it to the small demesne[1] still left around the Seven Gables; and now, during

[1] DEMESNE—Property, manor house and adjoining lands.

this odd fit of oblivion, the fatal hammer must have fallen, and transferred our ancient patrimony to some alien possessor! Possibly, indeed, the sale may have been postponed till fairer weather. If so, will the judge make it convenient to be present, and favor the auctioneer with his bid, on the proximate occasion?

The next affair was to buy a horse for his own driving. The one heretofore his favorite stumbled, this very morning, on the road to town, and must be at once discarded. Judge Pyncheon's neck is too precious to be risked on such a contingency as a stumbling steed. Should all the above business be seasonably gotten through with, he might attend the meeting of a charitable society; the very name of which, however, in the multiplicity of his benevolence, is quite forgotten; so that this engagement may pass unfulfilled, and no great harm done. And if he have time, amid the press of more urgent matters, he must take measures for the renewal of Mrs. Pyncheon's tombstone, which, the sexton tells him, has fallen on its marble face, and is cracked quite in twain. She was a praiseworthy woman enough, thinks the judge, and as she took her departure so seasonably, he will not grudge the second tombstone. It is better, at least, than if she had never needed any! The next item on his list was to give orders for some fruit trees, of a rare variety, to be deliverable at his countryseat, in the ensuing autumn. Yes, buy them, by all means; and may the peaches be luscious in your mouth, Judge Pyncheon! After this comes something more important. A committee of his political party has besought him for a hundred or two of dollars, in addition to his previous disbursements, toward carrying on the fall campaign. The judge is a patriot; the fate of the country is staked on the November election; and besides, as will be shadowed forth in another paragraph, he has no trifling stake of his own in the same great game. He will do what the committee asks; nay, he will be liberal beyond their expectations; they shall have a check for five hundred dollars, and more anon, if it be needed. What next? A decayed widow, whose husband was Judge Pyncheon's early friend, has laid her case of destitution before him,

in a very moving letter. She and her fair daughter have scarcely bread to eat. He partly intends to call on her to-day—perhaps so—perhaps not, accordingly as he may happen to have leisure, and a small bank note.

Another business, which, however, he puts no great weight on —(it is well, you know, to be heedful, but not overanxious, as respects one's personal health)—another business, then, was to consult his family physician. About what, for Heaven's sake? Why, it is rather difficult to describe the symptoms. A mere dimness of sight and dizziness of brain, was it?—or a disagreeable choking, or stifling, or gurgling, or bubbling, in the region of the thorax, as the anatomists say?—or was it a pretty severe throbbing and kicking of the heart, rather creditable to him than otherwise, as showing that the organ had not been left out of the judge's physical contrivance? No matter what it was. The doctor, probably, would smile at the statement of such trifles to his professional ear; the judge would smile, in his turn; and, meeting one another's eyes, they would enjoy a hearty laugh together! But a fig for medical advice! The judge will never need it.

Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look at your watch, now! What —not a glance! It is within ten minutes of the dinner hour! It surely cannot have slipped your memory that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate. Yes, precisely the most important; although, in the course of your somewhat eminent career, you have been placed high toward the head of the table, at the splendid banquets, and have poured out your festive eloquence to ears yet echoing with Webster's mighty organ tones.[2] No public dinner this, however. It is merely a gathering of some dozen or so of friends from several districts of the state; men of distinguished character and influence, assembling, almost casually, at the house of a common friend, likewise distinguished, who will make them welcome to a little better than his ordinary

[2] WEBSTER'S MIGHTY ORGAN TONES—The resonant voice of Daniel Webster, one of America's greatest orators.

fare. The delicacies of the season, in short, and flavored by a brand of old Madeira [3] which has been the pride of many seasons. It is the Juno brand; a glorious wine, fragrant, and full of gentle might; a bottled-up happiness, put by for use; a golden liquid, worth more than liquid gold; so rare and admirable, that veteran wine bibbers count it among their epochs to have tasted it! It drives away the heartache, and substitutes no headache! Could the judge but quaff a glass, it might enable him to shake off the unaccountable lethargy which—(for the ten intervening minutes, and five to boot, are already past)—has made him such a laggard at this momentous dinner. It would all but revive a dead man! Would you like to sip it now, Judge Pyncheon?

Alas, this dinner! Have you really forgotten its true object? Then let us whisper it, that you may start at once out of the oaken chair, which really seems to be enchanted, like the one in Comus,[4] or that in which Moll Pitcher [5] imprisoned your own grandfather. But ambition is a talisman more powerful than witchcraft. Start up, then, and, hurrying through the streets, burst in upon the company, that they may begin before the fish is spoiled! They wait for you; and it is little for your interest that they should wait. These gentlemen—need you be told it?—have assembled, not without purpose, from every quarter of the state. They are practiced politicians, every man of them, and skilled to adjust those preliminary measures which steal from the people, without its knowledge, the power of choosing its own rulers. The popular voice, at the next gubernatorial election, though loud as thunder, will be really but an echo of what these gentlemen shall speak, under their breath, at your friend's festive board. They meet to decide upon their candidate. This little knot of subtle schemers will control the convention, and, through it, dictate to the party. And what worthier

[3] Madeira—Wine made in the Madeira Islands off the coast of Africa.

[4] Comus—In the masque of *Comus* by John Milton the heroine is imprisoned in a chair by magic.

[5] Moll Pitcher—A famous woman of the Revolutionary War days, about whom there are many legends.

candidate—more wise and learned, more noted for philanthropic liberality, truer to safe principles, tried oftener by public trusts, more spotless in private character, with a larger stake in the common welfare, and deeper grounded, by hereditary descent, in the faith and practice of the Puritans—what man can be presented for the suffrage of the people, so eminently combining all these claims to the chief rulership as Judge Pyncheon here before us?

Make haste, then! Do your part! The meed for which you have toiled, and fought, and climbed, and crept, is ready for your grasp! Be present at this dinner!—drink a glass or two of that noble wine!—make your pledges in as low a whisper as you will!—and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old state! Governor Pyncheon, of Massachusetts!

Well! it is absolutely too late for dinner! Too late, we fear, even to join the party at their wine! The guests are warm and merry; they have given up the judge; and, concluding that the free-soilers[6] have him, they will fix upon another candidate. Were our friend now to stalk in among them, with that wide-open stare, at once wild and stolid, his ungenial presence would be apt to change their cheer. Neither would it be seemly in Judge Pyncheon, generally so scrupulous in his attire, to show himself at a dinner table with that crimson stain upon his shirt bosom. Bye the bye, how came it there? It is an ugly sight, at any rate; and the wisest way for the judge is to button his coat closely over his breast, and, taking his horse and chaise from the livery stable, to make all speed to his own house. There, after a glass of brandy and water, and a mutton chop, a beefsteak, a broiled fowl, or some such hasty little dinner and supper all in one, he had better spend the evening by the fireside. He must toast his slippers a long while, in order to get rid of the chilliness which the air of this vile old house has sent curdling through his veins.

Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up! You have lost a day.

[6] FREE-SOILERS—A political party opposed to the extension of slavery.

But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise, betimes, and make the most of it? To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! We, that are alive, may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him that has died to-day, his morrow will be the resurrection morn.

XIX ALICE'S POSIES

Uncle Venner, trundling a wheelbarrow, was the earliest person stirring in the neighborhood, the day after the storm.

Pyncheon Street, in front of the House of the Seven Gables, was a far pleasanter scene than a by-lane, confined by shabby fences, and bordered with wooden dwellings of the meaner class, could reasonably be expected to present. Nature made sweet amends, that morning, for the five unkindly days which had preceded it. The Pyncheon elm, throughout its great circumference, was all alive, and full of the morning sun and a sweetly-tempered little breeze, which lingered within this verdant sphere, and set a thousand leafy tongues a-whispering all at once. This aged tree appeared to have suffered nothing from the gale. It had kept its boughs unshattered, and its full complement of leaves; and the whole in perfect verdure, except a single branch, that, by the earlier change with which the elm tree sometimes prophesies the autumn, had been transmuted to bright gold.

A person of imaginative temperament, while passing by the house, would turn, once and again, and peruse it well—its many peaks, consenting together in the clustered chimney; the deep projection over its basement story; the arched window, imparting a look, if not of grandeur, yet of antique gentility, to the broken portal over which it opened; the luxuriance of gigantic burdocks, near the threshold—he would note all these characteristics, and be conscious of something deeper than he saw. He would conceive the mansion to have been the residence of the stubborn old Puritan, Integrity, who, dying in some forgotten generation, had left a blessing to all its rooms and chambers, the efficacy of which was to be seen in the religion, honesty,

moderate competence, or upright poverty and solid happiness, of his descendants, to this day.

One object, above all others, would take root in the imaginative observer's memory. It was the great tuft of flowers—weeds, you would have called them, only a week ago—the tuft of crimson-spotted flowers, in the angle between the two front gables. The old people used to give them the name of Alice's Posies, in remembrance of fair Alice Pyncheon, who was believed to have brought their seeds from Italy. They were flaunting in rich beauty and full bloom to-day, and seemed, as it were a mystic expression that something within the house was consummated.

It was but little after sunrise, when Uncle Venner made his appearance, as aforesaid, impelling a wheelbarrow along the street. He was going his matutinal rounds to collect cabbage leaves, turnip tops, potato skins, and the miscellaneous refuse of the dinner pot, which the thrifty housewives of the neighborhood were accustomed to put aside, as fit only to feed a pig. Uncle Venner's pig was fed entirely, and kept in prime order, on these eleemosynary[1] contributions; insomuch that the patched philosopher used to promise that, before retiring to his farm, he would make a feast of the portly grunter, and invite all his neighbors to partake of the joints and spareribs which they had helped to fatten. Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's housekeeping had so greatly improved, since Clifford became a member of the family, that her share of the banquet would have been no lean one; and Uncle Venner, accordingly, was a good deal disappointed not to find the large earthen pan, full of fragmentary eatables, that ordinarily awaited his coming at the back doorstep of the Seven Gables.

"I never knew Miss Hepzibah so forgetful before," said the patriarch to himself. "She must have had a dinner yesterday—no question of that! She always has one, nowadays. So where's the pot liquor and potato skins, I ask? Shall I knock, and see

[1] ELEEMONSYNARY—Charitable.

if she's stirring yet? No, no—'twon't do! If little Phœbe was about the house, I should not mind knocking; but Miss Hepzibah, likely as not, would scowl down at me out of the window, and look cross, even if she felt pleasantly. So I'll come back at noon."

With these reflections, the old man was shutting the gate of the little back yard. Creaking on its hinges, however, like every other gate and door about the premises, the sound reached the ears of the occupant of the northern gable, one of the windows of which had a side view toward the gate.

"Good morning, Uncle Venner!" said the daguerreotypist, leaning out the window. "Do you hear nobody stirring?"

"Not a soul," said the man of patches. "But that's no wonder. 'Tis barely half an hour past sunrise, yet. But I'm really glad to see you, Mr. Holgrave! There's a strange, lonesome look about this side of the house; so that my heart misgave me, somehow or other, and I felt as if there was nobody alive in it. The front of the house looks a good deal cheerier; and Alice's Posies are blooming there beautifully, and if I were a young man, Mr. Holgrave, my sweetheart should have one of those flowers in her bosom, though I risked my neck climbing for it! Well, and did the wind keep you awake last night?"

"It did, indeed!" answered the artist, smiling. "If I were a believer in ghosts—and I don't quite know whether I am or not—I should have concluded that all the old Pyncheons were running riot in the lower rooms, especially in Miss Hepzibah's part of the house. But it is very quiet now."

"Yes, Miss Hepzibah will be apt to oversleep herself, after being disturbed, all night, with the racket," said Uncle Venner. "But it would be odd, now, wouldn't it, if the judge had taken both his cousins into the country along with him? I saw him go into the shop yesterday."

"At what hour?" inquired Holgrave.

"Oh, along in the forenoon," said the old man. "Well, well! I must go my rounds, and so must my wheelbarrow. But I'll be back here at dinner time; for my pig likes a dinner as

well as a breakfast. No meal time, and no sort of victuals, ever seems to come amiss to my pig. Good morning to you! And, Mr. Holgrave, if I were a young man, like you, I'd get one of Alice's Posies, and keep it in water till Phœbe comes back."

"I have heard," said the daguerreotypist, as he drew in his head, "that the water of Maule's well suits those flowers best."

Here the conversation ceased, and Uncle Venner went on his way. For half an hour longer, nothing disturbed the repose of the Seven Gables; nor was there any visitor, except a carrier boy, who, as he passed the front doorstep, threw down one of his newspapers; for Hepzibah, of late, had regularly taken it in. After a while, there came a fat woman, making prodigious speed, and stumbling as she ran up the steps of the shop door. Her face glowed with fire heat, and, it being a pretty warm morning, she bubbled and hissed, as it were, as if all a-fry with chimney warmth, and summer warmth, and the warmth of her own corpulent velocity. She tried the shop door; it was fast. She tried it again, with so angry a jar that the bell tinkled angrily back at her.

"The deuce take Old Maid Pyncheon!" muttered the irascible housewife. "Think of her pretending to set up a cent shop, and then lying abed till noon! These are what she calls gentlefolk's airs, I suppose! But I'll either start her ladyship, or break the door down!"

She shook it accordingly, and the bell, having a spiteful little temper of its own, rang obstreperously, making its remonstrances heard—not, indeed, by the ears for which they were intended—but by a good lady on the opposite side of the street. She opened her window, and addressed the impatient applicant.

"You'll find nobody there, Mrs. Gubbins."

"But I must and will find somebody here!" cried Mrs. Gubbins, inflicting another outrage on the bell. "I want a half pound of pork, to fry some first-rate flounders, for Mr. Gubbins's breakfast; and, lady or not, Old Maid Pyncheon shall get up and serve me with it!"

"But do hear reason, Mrs. Gubbins!" responded the lady opposite. "She, and her brother, too, have both gone to their cousin, Judge Pyncheon's, at his countryseat. There's not a soul in the house, but that young daguerreotype man, that sleeps in the north gable. I saw old Hepzibah and Clifford go away yesterday; and a queer couple of ducks they were, paddling through the mud puddles! They're gone, I'll assure you."

"And how do you know they're gone to the judge's?" asked Mrs. Gubbins. "He's a rich man; and there's been a quarrel between him and Hepzibah, this many a day, because he won't give her a living. That's the main reason of her setting up a cent shop."

"I know that well enough," said the neighbor. "But they're gone—that's one thing certain. And who but a blood relation, that couldn't help himself, I ask you, would take in that awful-tempered old maid and that dreadful Clifford? That's it, you may be sure."

Mrs. Gubbins took her departure, still brimming over with hot wrath against the absent Hepzibah. For another half hour, or, perhaps, considerably more, there was almost as much quiet on the outside of the house as within. The elm, however, made a pleasant, cheerful, sunny sigh, responsive to the breeze that was elsewhere imperceptible; a swarm of insects buzzed merrily under its drooping shadow and became specks of light whenever they darted into the sunshine; a locust sang, once or twice, in some inscrutable seclusion of the tree; and a solitary little bird, with plumage of pale gold, came and hovered about Alice's Posies.

At last our small acquaintance, Ned Higgins, trudged up the street, on his way to school; and happening, for the first time in a fortnight, to be the possessor of a cent, he could by no means get past the shop door of the Seven Gables. But it would not open. Again and again, however, and half a dozen other agains, with the inexorable pertinacity of a child intent upon some object important to itself, did he renew his efforts for admittance. He had, doubtless, set his heart upon an elephant; or,

possibly, with Hamlet, he meant to eat a crocodile.[2] In response to his more violent attacks, the bell gave, now and then, a moderate tinkle, but could not be stirred into clamor by any exertion of the little fellow's childish and tiptoe strength. Holding by the door handle, he peeped through a crevice of the curtain, and saw that the inner door, communicating with the passage toward the parlor, was closed.

"Miss Pyncheon!" screamed the child, rapping on the window-pane, "I want an elephant!"

There being no answer to several repetitions of the summons, Ned began to grow impatient; and his little pot of passion quickly boiling over, he picked up a stone with a naughty purpose to fling it through the window; at the same time blubbering and sputtering with wrath. A man—one of two who happened to be passing by—caught the urchin's arm.

"What's the trouble, old gentleman?" he asked.

"I want old Hepzibah, or Phœbe, or any of them!" answered Ned, sobbing. "They won't open the door; and I can't get my elephant!"

"Go to school, you little scamp!" said the man. "There's another cent shop round the corner. 'Tis very strange, Dixey," added he to his companion, "what's become of all these Pyncheons! Smith, the livery-stable keeper, tells me Judge Pyncheon put his horse up yesterday, to stand till after dinner, and has not taken him away yet. And one of the judge's hired men has been in, this morning, to make inquiry about him. He's a kind of person, they say, that seldom breaks his habits, or stays out o' nights."

"Oh, he'll turn up safe enough!" said Dixey. "And as for Old Maid Pyncheon, take my word for it, she has run in debt, and gone off from her creditors. I foretold, you remember, the first morning she set up shop, that her devilish scowl would frighten away customers. They couldn't stand it!"

"I never thought she'd make it go," remarked his friend.

[2] EAT A CROCODILE—Hamlet proposes this to Laertes as a test of their love for the dead Ophelia.

"This business of cent shops is overdone among the womenfolks. My wife tried it, and lost five dollars on her outlay!"

"Poor business!" said Dixey, shaking his head. "Poor business!"

In the course of the morning, there were various other attempts to open a communication with the supposed inhabitants of this silent and impenetrable mansion. The man of root beer came, in his neatly painted wagon, with a couple of dozen full bottles, to be exchanged for empty ones; the baker, with a lot of crackers which Hepzibah had ordered for her retail custom; the butcher, with a nice tidbit which he fancied she would be eager to secure for Clifford. Had any observer of these proceedings been aware of the fearful secret hidden within the house, it would have affected him with a singular shape and modification of horror, to see the current of human life making this small eddy hereabouts; whirling sticks, straws, and all such trifles, round and round, right over the black depth where a dead corpse lay unseen!

The butcher was so much in earnest with his sweetbread of lamb, or whatever the dainty might be, that he tried every accessible door of the Seven Gables, and at length came round again to the shop, where he ordinarily found admittance.

"It's a nice article, and I know the old lady would jump at it," said he to himself. "She can't be gone away! In fifteen years that I have driven my cart through Pyncheon Street, I've never known her to be away from home; though often enough, to be sure, a man might knock all day without bringing her to the door. But that was when she'd only herself to provide for."

Peeping through the same crevice of the curtain where, only a little while before, the urchin of elephantine appetite had peeped, the butcher beheld the inner door, not closed, as the child had seen it, but ajar, and almost wide open. However it might have happened, it was the fact. Through the passageway there was a dark vista into the lighter but still obscure interior of the parlor. It appeared to the butcher that he could pretty clearly discern what seemed to be the stalwart legs, clad

in black pantaloons, of a man sitting in a large oaken chair, the back of which concealed all the remainder of his figure. This contemptuous tranquillity on the part of an occupant of the house, in response to the butcher's indefatigable efforts to attract notice, so piqued the man of flesh that he determined to withdraw.

"So," thought he, "there sits Old Maid Pyncheon's bloody brother, while I've been giving myself all this trouble! Why, if a hog hadn't more manners, I'd stick him! I call it demeaning a man's business to trade with such people; and from this time forth, if they want a sausage or an ounce of liver, they shall run after the cart for it!"

He tossed the tidbit angrily into his cart, and drove off in a pet.[1]

Not a great while afterwards, there was a sound of music turning the corner, and approaching down the street, with several intervals of silence, and then a renewed and nearer outbreak of brisk melody. A mob of children was seen moving onward, or stopping, in unison with the sound, which appeared to proceed from the center of the throng; so that they were loosely bound together by slender strains of harmony, and drawn along captive; with ever and anon an accession of some little fellow in an apron and straw hat, capering forth from door or gateway. Arriving under the shadow of the Pyncheon elm, it proved to be the Italian boy, who, with his monkey and show of puppets, had once before played his hurdy-gurdy beneath the arched window. The pleasant face of Phœbe—and doubtless, too, the liberal recompense which she had flung him—still dwelt in his remembrance. His expressive features kindled up, as he recognized the spot where this trifling incident of his erratic life had chanced. He entered the neglected yard (now wilder than ever, with its growth of hogweed and burdock), stationed himself on the doorstep of the main entrance, and, opening his show box, began to play. The throng of children stood near; some on the

[1] Pet—A fit of peevishness, ill-humor.

sidewalk; some within the yard; two or three establishing themselves on the very doorstep; and one squatting on the threshold. Meanwhile, the locust kept singing in the great old Pyncheon elm.

"I don't hear anybody in the house," said one of the children to another. "The monkey won't pick up anything here."

"There is somebody at home," affirmed the urchin on the threshold. "I heard a step!"

Still the young Italian's eye turned sidelong upward; and it really seemed as if the touch of genuine, though slight and almost playful emotion, communicated a juicier sweetness to the dry, mechanical process of his minstrelsy. He repeated all his music, over and over again, until his auditors were getting weary. So were the little wooden people in his show box, and the monkey most of all. There was no response, save the singing of the locust.

"No children live in this house," said a schoolboy, at last. "Nobody lives here but an old maid and an old man. You'll get nothing here! Why don't you go along?"

"You fool, you, why do you tell him?" whispered a shrewd little Yankee, caring nothing for the music, but a good deal for the cheap rate at which it was had. "Let him play as long as he likes! If there's nobody to pay him, that's his own lookout!"

Before the conclusion of the Italian's performance, a couple of men happened to be passing, on their way to dinner.

"I say, you young French fellow!" called out one of them, "come away from that doorstep, and go somewhere else with your nonsense! The Pyncheon family live there; and they are in great trouble, just about this time. They don't feel musical to-day. It is reported, all over town, that Judge Pyncheon, who owns the house, has been murdered; and the city marshal is going to look into the matter. So be off with you, at once!"

As the Italian shouldered his hurdy-gurdy, he saw on the doorstep a card, which had been covered, all the morning by the newspaper that the carrier had flung upon it, but was now shuffled into sight. He picked it up, and, perceiving something

written in pencil, gave it to the man to read. In fact, it was an engraved card of Judge Pyncheon's, with certain penciled memoranda on the back, referring to various businesses which it had been his purpose to transact during the preceding day. It formed a prospective epitome of the day's history; only that affairs had not turned out altogether in accordance with the program. The card must have been lost from the judge's vest pocket, in his preliminary attempt to gain access by the main entrance of the house. Though well soaked with rain, it was still partially legible.

"Look here, Dixey!" cried the man. "This has something to do with Judge Pyncheon. See!—here's his name printed on it; and here, I suppose, is some of his handwriting."

"Let's go to the city marshal with it!" said Dixey. "It may give him just the clew he wants. After all," whispered he in his companion's ear, "it would be no wonder if the judge has gone into that door, and never come out again! A certain cousin of his may have been at his old tricks. And Old Maid Pyncheon having got herself in debt by the cent shop—and the judge's pocketbook being well filled—and bad blood among them already! Put all these things together, and see what they make!"

"Hush, hush!" whispered the other. "It seems like a sin to be the first to speak of such a thing. But I think, with you, that we had better go to the city marshal."

"Yes, yes!" said Dixey. "Well!—I always said there was something devilish in that woman's scowl!" The men wheeled about, accordingly, and retraced their steps up the street. The Italian, also, made the best of his way off, with a parting glance up at the arched window.

It could not have been more than half an hour after the disappearance of the Italian boy, with his unseasonable melodies, when a cab drove down the street. It stopped beneath the Pyncheon elm; the cabman took a trunk, a canvas bag, and a bandbox from the top of his vehicle, and deposited them on the doorstep of the old house; a straw bonnet, and then the pretty figure of a young girl, came into view from the interior of the

cab. It was Phœbe! Though not altogether so blooming as when she first tripped into our story—for, in the few intervening weeks, her experiences had made her graver, more womanly, and deeper-eyed, in token of a heart that had begun to suspect its depths—still there was the quiet glow of natural sunshine over her.

Phœbe first tried the shop door. It did not yield to her hand; and the white curtain, drawn across the window which formed the upper section of the door, struck her quick perceptive faculty as something unusual. Without making another effort to enter here, she betook herself to the great portal, under the arched window. Finding it fastened, she knocked.

A reverberation came from the emptiness within. She knocked again, and a third time; and, listening intently, fancied that the floor creaked, as if Hepzibah were coming, with her ordinary tiptoe movement, to admit her. But so dead a silence ensued upon this imaginary sound, that she began to question whether she might not have mistaken the house, familiar as she thought herself with its exterior.

Her notice was now attracted by a child's voice, at some distance. It appeared to call her name. Looking in the direction whence it proceeded, Phœbe saw little Ned Higgins, a good way down the street, stamping, shaking his head violently, making deprecatory gestures with both hands, and shouting to her at mouth-wide screech.

"No, no, Phœbe!" he screamed. "Don't you go in! There's something wicked there! Don't—don't—don't go in!"

But, as the little personage could not be induced to approach near enough to explain himself, Phœbe concluded that he had been frightened, on some of his visits to the shop, by her cousin Hepzibah; for the good lady's manifestations, in truth, ran about an equal chance of scaring children out of their wits, or compelling them to unseemly laughter. Still, she felt the more, for this incident, how unaccountably silent and impenetrable the house had become. As her next resort, Phœbe made her way into the garden, where, on so warm and bright a day as the pres-

ent, she had little doubt of finding Clifford, and perhaps Hepzibah also, idling away the noontide in the shadow of the arbor. Immediately on her entering the garden gate, the family of hens half ran, half flew, to meet her; while a strange grimalkin, which was prowling under the parlor window, took to his heels, clambered hastily over the fence, and vanished. The arbor was vacant, and its floor, table, and circular bench were still damp, and bestrewn with twigs, and the disarray of the past storm. The growth of the garden seemed to have got quite out of bounds; the weeds had taken advantage of Phœbe's absence, and the long-continued rain, to run rampant over the flowers and kitchen vegetables. Maule's well had overflowed its stone border, and made a pool of formidable breadth in that corner of the garden.

The impression of the whole scene was that of a spot where no human foot had left its print for many preceding days—probably not since Phœbe's departure—for she saw a side comb of her own under the table of the arbor, where it must have fallen on the last afternoon when she and Clifford sat there.

The girl knew that her two relatives were capable of far greater oddities than that of shutting themselves up in their old house, as they appeared now to have done. Nevertheless, with indistinct misgivings of something amiss, and apprehensions to which she could not give shape, she approached the door that formed the customary communication between the house and garden. It was secured within, like the two which she had already tried. She knocked, however; and immediately, as if the application had been expected, the door was drawn open, by a considerable exertion of some unseen person's strength, not widely, but far enough to afford her a sidelong entrance. As Hepzibah, in order not to expose herself to inspection from without, invariably opened a door in this manner, Phœbe necessarily concluded that it was her cousin who now admitted her.

Without hesitation, therefore, she stepped across the threshold, and had no sooner entered than the door closed behind her.

XX THE FLOWER OF EDEN

PHŒBE, coming so suddenly from the sunny daylight, was altogether bedimmed in such density of shadow as lurked in most of the passages of the old house. She was not at first aware by whom she had been admitted. Before her eyes had adapted themselves to the obscurity, a hand grasped her own, with a firm but gentle and warm pressure, thus imparting a welcome which caused her heart to leap and thrill with an indefinable shiver of enjoyment. She felt herself drawn along, not toward the parlor, but into a large and unoccupied apartment, which had formerly been the grand reception room of the Seven Gables. The sunshine came freely into all the uncurtained windows of this room, and fell upon the dusty floor; so that Phœbe now clearly saw —what, indeed, had been no secret, after the encounter of a warm hand with hers—that it was not Hepzibah nor Clifford, but Holgrave, to whom she owed her reception. The subtle, intuitive communication, or, rather, the vague and formless impression of something to be told, had made her yield unresistingly to his impulse. Without taking away her hand, she looked eagerly in his face, not quick to forebode evil, but unavoidably conscious that the state of the family had changed since her departure, and therefore anxious for an explanation.

The artist looked paler than ordinary; there was a thoughtful and severe contraction of his forehead, tracing a deep vertical line between the eyebrows. His smile, however, was full of genuine warmth, and had in it a joy, by far the most vivid expression that Phœbe had ever witnessed, shining out of the New England reserve with which Holgrave habitually masked whatever lay near his heart.

"I ought not to rejoice that you have come, Phœbe," said he. "We meet at a strange moment!"

"What has happened?" she exclaimed. "Why is the house so deserted? Where are Hepzibah and Clifford?"

"Gone. I cannot imagine where they are!" answered Holgrave. "We are alone in the house!"

"Hepzibah and Clifford gone?" cried Phœbe. "It is not possible! And why have you brought me into this room, instead of the parlor? Ah, something terrible has happened! I must run and see!"

"No, no, Phœbe!" said Holgrave, holding her back. "It is as I have told you. They are gone, and I know not whither. A terrible event has, indeed, happened, but not to them, nor, as I undoubtingly believe, through any agency of theirs. If I read your character rightly, Phœbe," he continued, fixing his eyes on hers, with stern anxiety, intermixed with tenderness, "gentle as you are, and seeming to have your sphere among common things, you yet possess remarkable strength. You have wonderful poise, and a faculty which, when tested, will prove itself capable of dealing with matters that fall far out of the ordinary rule."

"Oh, no, I am very weak!" replied Phœbe, trembling. "But tell me what has happened!"

"You are strong!" persisted Holgrave. "You must be both strong and wise; for I am all astray, and need your counsel. It may be you can suggest the one right thing to do!"

"Tell me!—tell me!" said Phœbe, all in a tremble. "It oppresses—it terrifies me—this mystery! Anything else I can bear!"

The artist hesitated. Notwithstanding what he had just said, and most sincerely, in regard to the self-balancing power with which Phœbe impressed him, it still seemed almost wicked to bring the awful secret of yesterday to her knowledge.

"Phœbe," said he, "do you remember this?"

He put into her hand a daguerreotype; the same that he had shown her at their first interview in the garden, and which so strikingly brought out the hard and relentless traits of the original.

"What has this to do with Hepzibah and Clifford?" asked Phœbe, with impatient surprise that Holgrave should so trifle with her, at such a moment. "It is Judge Pyncheon! You have shown it to me before!"

"But here is the same face, taken within this half hour," said

the artist, presenting her with another miniature. "I had just finished it, when I heard you at the door."

"This is death!" shuddered Phœbe, turning very pale. "Judge Pyncheon dead!"

"Such as there represented," said Holgrave, "he sits in the next room. The judge is dead, and Clifford and Hepzibah have vanished! I know no more. All beyond is conjecture. On returning to my solitary chamber, last evening, I noticed no light, either in the parlor, or Hepzibah's room, or Clifford's; no stir nor footsteps about the house. This morning there was the same death-like quiet. From my window, I overheard the testimony of a neighbor, that your relatives were seen leaving the house, in the midst of yesterday's storm. A rumor reached me, too, of Judge Pyncheon being missed. A feeling which I cannot describe—an indefinite sense of some catastrophe, or consummation—impelled me to make my way into this part of the house, where I discovered what you see. As a point of evidence that may be useful to Clifford, and also as a memorial valuable to myself—for, Phœbe, there are hereditary reasons that connect me strangely with that man's fate—I used the means at my disposal to preserve this pictorial record of Judge Pyncheon's death."

Even in her agitation, Phœbe could not help remarking the calmness of Holgrave's demeanor. He appeared, it is true, to feel the whole awfulness of the judge's death, yet had received the fact into his mind without any mixture of surprise, but as an event preordained, happening inevitably, and so fitting itself into past occurrences that it could almost have been prophesied.

"Why have you not thrown open the doors, and called in witnesses?" inquired she, with a painful shudder. "It is terrible to be here alone!"

"But Clifford!" suggested the artist. "Clifford and Hepzibah! We must consider what is best to be done in their behalf. It is a wretched fatality, that they should have disappeared! Their flight will throw the worst coloring over this event of which it is susceptible. Yet how easy is the explanation, to those who know

them! Bewildered and terror-stricken by the similarity of this death to a former one, which was attended with such disastrous consequences to Clifford, they have had no idea but of removing themselves from the scene. How miserably unfortunate! Had Hepzibah but shrieked aloud—had Clifford flung wide the door, and proclaimed Judge Pyncheon's death—it would have been, however awful in itself, an event fruitful of good consequences to them. As I view it, it would have gone far toward obliterating the black stain on Clifford's character."

"And how," asked Phœbe, "could any good come from what is so very dreadful?"

"Because," said the artist, "if the matter can be fairly considered, and candidly interpreted, it must be evident that Judge Pyncheon could not have come unfairly to his end. This mode of death has been an idiosyncrasy [1] with his family, for generations past; not often occurring, indeed, but, when it does occur, usually attacking individuals about the judge's time of life, and generally in the tension of some mental crisis, or, perhaps, in an access of wrath. Old Maule's prophecy was probably founded on a knowledge of this physical predisposition in the Pyncheon race. Now, there is a minute and almost exact similarity in the appearances connected with the death that occurred yesterday and those recorded of the death of Clifford's uncle, thirty years ago. It is true, there was a certain arrangement of circumstances, unnecessary to be recounted, which made it possible—nay, as men look at these things, probable, or even certain—that old Jaffrey Pyncheon came to a violent death, and by Clifford's hands."

"Whence came those circumstances?" exclaimed Phœbe; "he being innocent, as we know him to be!"

"They were arranged," said Holgrave, "at least, such has long been my conviction, they were arranged after the uncle's death, and before it was made public, by the man who sits in yonder parlor. His own death, so like that former one, yet attended

[1] Idiosyncrasy—Peculiarity, distinguishing characteristic.

with none of those suspicious circumstances, seems the stroke of God upon him, at once a punishment for his wickedness, and making plain the innocence of Clifford. But this flight—it distorts everything! He may be in concealment, near at hand. Could we but bring him back before the discovery of the judge's death, the evil might be rectified."

"We must not hide this thing a moment longer!" said Phœbe. "It is dreadful to keep it so closely in our hearts. Clifford is innocent. God will make it manifest! Let us throw open the doors, and call all the neighborhood to see the truth!"

"You are right, Phœbe," rejoined Holgrave. "Doubtless you are right."

Yet the artist did not feel the horror, which was proper to Phœbe's sweet and order-loving character, at thus finding herself at issue with society, and brought in contact with an event that transcended ordinary rules. Neither was he in haste, like her, to betake himself within the precincts of common life. On the contrary, he gathered a wild enjoyment—as it were, a flower of strange beauty, growing in a desolate spot, and blossoming in the wind—such a flower of momentary happiness he gathered from his present position. It separated Phœbe and himself from the world, and bound them to each other, by their exclusive knowledge of Judge Pyncheon's mysterious death, and the counsel which they were forced to hold respecting it. The secret, so long as it should continue such, kept them within the circle of a spell, a solitude in the midst of men, a remoteness as entire as that of an island in mid-ocean; once divulged, the ocean would flow betwixt them, standing on its widely sundered shores. Meanwhile, all the circumstances of their situation seemed to draw them together; they were like two children who go hand in hand, pressing closely to one another's side, through a shadow-haunted passage. The image of awful Death, which filled the house, held them united by his stiffened grasp.

These influences hastened the development of emotions that might not otherwise have flowered so soon. Possibly, indeed, it

had been Holgrave's purpose to let them die in their undeveloped germs.

"Why do we delay so?" asked Phœbe. "This secret takes away my breath! Let us throw open the doors!"

"In all our lives, there can never come another moment like this!" said Holgrave. "Phœbe, is it all terror?—nothing but terror? Are you conscious of no joy, as I am, that has made this the only point of life worth living for?"

"It seems a sin," replied Phœbe, trembling, "to think of joy at such a time!"

"Could you but know, Phœbe, how it was with me the hour before you came!" exclaimed the artist. "A dark, cold, miserable hour! The presence of yonder dead man threw a great black shadow over everything; he made the universe, so far as my perception could reach, a scene of guilt, and of retribution more dreadful than the guilt. The sense of it took away my youth. I never hoped to feel young again! The world looked strange, wild, evil, hostile; my past life, so lonesome and dreary; my future, a shapeless gloom, which I must mold into gloomy shapes! But, Phœbe, you crossed the threshold; and hope, warmth, and joy came in with you! The black moment became at once a blissful one. It must not pass without the spoken word. I love you!"

"How can you love a simple girl like me?" asked Phœbe, compelled by his earnestness to speak. "You have many, many thoughts, with which I should try in vain to sympathize. And I,—I, too, have tendencies with which you would sympathize as little. That is less matter. But I have not scope enough to make you happy."

"You are my only possibility of happiness!" answered Holgrave. "I have no faith in it, except as you bestow it on me!"

"And then—I am afraid!" continued Phœbe, shrinking toward Holgrave, even while she told him so frankly the doubts with which he affected her. "You will lead me out of my own quiet path. You will make me strive to follow you, where it is

pathless. I cannot do so. It is not my nature. I shall sink down and perish!"

"Ah, Phœbe!" exclaimed Holgrave, with almost a sigh, and a smile that was burdened with thought. "It will be far otherwise than as you forebode. The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits. I have a presentiment that, hereafter it will be my lot to set out trees, to make fences—perhaps, even, in due time, to build a house for another generation—in a word, to conform myself to laws, and the peaceful practice of society. Your poise will be more powerful than any oscillating tendency of mine."

"I would not have it so!" said Phœbe, earnestly.

"Do you love me?" asked Holgrave. "If we love one another, the moment has room for nothing more. Let us pause upon it, and be satisfied. Do you love me, Phœbe?"

"You look into my heart," said she, letting her eyes drop. "You know I love you!"

And it was in this hour, so full of doubt and awe, that the one miracle was wrought, without which every human existence is a blank. The bliss which makes all things true, beautiful, and holy, shone around this youth and maiden. They were conscious of nothing sad nor old. They transfigured the earth, and made it Eden again, and themselves the two first dwellers in it. The dead man, so close beside them, was forgotten. At such a crisis, there is no death; for immortality is revealed anew, and embraces everything in its hallowed atmosphere.

But how soon the heavy earth dream settled down again!

"Hark!" whispered Phœbe. "Somebody is at the street door!"

"Now let us meet the world!" said Holgrave. "No doubt, the rumor of Judge Pyncheon's visit to this house, and the flight of Hepzibah and Clifford, is about to lead to the investigation of the premises. We have no way but to meet it. Let us open the door at once."

But, to their surprise, before they could reach the street door —even before they quitted the room in which the foregoing in-

terview had passed—they heard footsteps in the farther passage. The door, therefore, which they supposed to be securely locked —which Holgrave, indeed, had seen to be so, and at which Phœbe had vainly tried to enter—must have been opened from without. The sound of footsteps was not harsh, bold, decided, and intrusive, as the gait of strangers would naturally be, making authoritative entrance into a dwelling where they knew themselves unwelcome. It was feeble, as of persons either weak or weary; there was the mingled murmur of two voices, familiar to both the listeners.

"Can it be?" whispered Holgrave.

"It is they!" answered Phœbe. "Thank God!—thank God!"

And then, as if in sympathy with Phœbe's whispered ejaculation, they heard Hepzibah's voice, more distinctly.

"Thank God, my brother, we are at home!"

"Well!—Yes!—thank God!" responded Clifford. "A dreary home, Hepzibah! But you have done well to bring me hither! Stay! That parlor door is open. I cannot pass by it! Let me go and rest me in the arbor, where I used—oh, very long ago, it seems to me, after what has befallen us—where I used to be so happy with little Phœbe!"

But the house was not altogether so dreary as Clifford imagined it. They had not made many steps—in truth, they were lingering in the entry, with the listlessness of an accomplished purpose, uncertain what to do next—when Phœbe ran to meet them. On beholding her, Hepzibah burst into tears. With all her might, she had staggered onward beneath the burden of grief and responsibility, until now that it was safe to fling it down. Indeed, she had not energy to fling it down, but had ceased to uphold it, and suffered it to press her to the earth. Clifford appeared the stronger of the two.

"It is our own little Phœbe! Ah! and Holgrave with her," exclaimed he, with a glance of keen and delicate insight, and a smile, beautiful, kind, but melancholy. "I thought of you both, as we came down the street, and beheld Alice's Posies in ful!

bloom. And so the flower of Eden has bloomed, likewise, in this old, darksome house to-day."

XXI THE DEPARTURE

THE sudden death of so prominent a member of the social world as the Honorable Judge Jaffrey Pyncheon created a sensation (at least, in the circles more immediately connected with the deceased) which had hardly quite subsided in a fortnight.

It may be remarked, however, that, of all the events which constitute a person's biography, there is scarcely one—none, certainly, of anything like a similar importance—to which the world so easily reconciles itself as to his death. As regarded Judge Pyncheon, it seemed probable, at first blush, that the mode of his final departure might give him a larger and longer posthumous[1] vogue than ordinarily attends the memory of a distinguished man. But when it came to be understood, on the highest professional authority, that the event was a natural, and—except for some unimportant particulars, denoting a slight idiosyncrasy—by no means an unusual form of death, the public, with its customary alacrity, proceeded to forget that he had ever lived. In short, the honorable judge was beginning to be a stale subject before half the country newspapers had found time to put their columns in mourning, and publish his exceedingly eulogistic obituary.

Nevertheless, creeping darkly through the places which this excellent person had haunted in his lifetime, there was a hidden stream of private talk, such as it would have shocked all decency to speak loudly at the street corners. The talk, or scandal, to which we now allude, had reference to matters of no less old a date than the supposed murder, thirty or forty years ago, of the late Judge Pyncheon's uncle. The medical opinion, with regard to his own recent and regretted decease, had almost entirely obviated the idea that a murder was committed in the former case. Yet, as the record showed, there were circumstances ir-

[1] POSTHUMOUS—Arising or continuing after death.

refragably indicating that some person had gained access to old Jaffrey Pyncheon's private apartments, at or near the moment of his death. His desk and private drawers, in a room contiguous to his bedchamber, had been ransacked; money and valuable articles were missing; there was a bloody hand print on the old man's linen; and, by a powerfully welded chain of deductive evidence, the guilt of the robbery and apparent murder had been fixed on Clifford, then residing with his uncle in the House of the Seven Gables.

Whencesoever originating, there now arose a theory that undertook so to account for these circumstances as to exclude the idea of Clifford's agency. Many persons affirmed that the history and elucidation of the facts, long so mysterious, had been obtained by the daguerreotypist from one of those mesmerical seers, who, nowadays, so strangely perplex the aspect of human affairs, and put everybody's natural vision to the blush, by the marvels which they see with their eyes shut.

According to this version of the story, Judge Pyncheon, exemplary as we have portrayed him in our narrative, was, in his youth, an apparently irreclaimable scapegrace. The brutish, the animal instincts, as is often the case, had been developed earlier than the intellectual qualities, and the force of character, for which he was afterwards remarkable. He had shown himself wild, dissipated, addicted to low pleasures, little short of ruffianly in his propensities, and recklessly expensive, with no other resources than the bounty of his uncle. This course of conduct had alienated the old bachelor's affection, once strongly fixed upon him. Now, it is averred—but whether on authority available in a court of justice, we do not pretend to have investigated—that the young man was tempted by the devil, one night, to search his uncle's private drawers, to which he had unsuspected means of access. While thus criminally occupied, he was startled by the opening of the chamber door. There stood old Jaffrey Pyncheon, in his night clothes! The surprise of such a discovery, his agitation, alarm, and horror, brought on the crisis of a disorder to which the old bachelor had an

hereditary liability; he seemed to choke with blood, and fell upon the floor, striking his temple a heavy blow against the corner of a table. What was to be done? The old man was surely dead! Assistance would come too late! What a misfortune indeed, should it come too soon, since his reviving consciousness would bring the recollection of the ignominious offense which he had beheld his nephew in the very act of committing!

But he never did revive. With the cool hardihood that always pertained to him, the young man continued his search of the drawers, and found a will, of recent date, in favor of Clifford—which he destroyed—and an older one, in his own favor, which he suffered to remain. But, before retiring, Jaffery bethought himself of the evidence, in these ransacked drawers, that someone had visited the chamber with sinister purposes. Suspicion, unless averted, might fix upon the real offender. In the very presence of the dead man, therefore, he laid a scheme that should free himself at the expense of Clifford, his rival, for whose character he had at once a contempt and a repugnance. It is not probable, be it said, that he acted with any set purpose of involving Clifford in a charge of murder. Knowing that his uncle did not die by violence, it may not have occurred to him, in the hurry of the crisis, that such an inference might be drawn. But, when the affair took this darker aspect, Jaffrey's previous steps had already pledged him to those which remained. So craftily had he arranged the circumstances, that, at Clifford's trial, his cousin hardly found it necessary to swear to anything false, but only to withhold the one decisive explanation, by refraining to state what he had himself done and witnessed.

Thus Jaffrey Pyncheon's inward criminality, as regarded Clifford, was, indeed, black and damnable; while its mere outward show and positive commission was the smallest that could possibly consist with so great a sin. This is just the sort of guilt that a man of eminent respectability finds it easiest to dispose of. It was suffered to fade out of sight, or be reckoned

a venial [2] matter, in the Honorable Judge Pyncheon's long subsequent survey of his own life. He shuffled it aside, among the forgotten and forgiven frailties of his youth, and seldom thought of it again.

We leave the judge to his repose. He could not be styled fortunate, at the hour of death. Unknowingly, he was a childless man, while striving to add more wealth to his only child's inheritance. Hardly a week after his decease, one of the Cunard steamers brought intelligence of the death, by cholera, of Judge Pyncheon's son, just at the point of embarkation for his native land. By this misfortune, Clifford became rich; so did Hepzibah; so did our little village maiden, and, through her, that sworn foe of wealth and all manner of conservatism—the wild reformer—Holgrave!

It was now far too late in Clifford's life for the good opinion of society to be worth the trouble and anguish of a formal vindication. What he needed was the love of a very few; not the admiration, or even the respect, of the unknown many. The latter might probably have been won for him, had those on whom the guardianship of his welfare had fallen deemed it advisable to expose Clifford to a miserable resuscitation [3] of past ideas, when the condition of whatever comfort he might expect lay in the calm of forgetfulness. After such wrong as he had suffered, there is no reparation. The pitiable mockery of it, which the world might have been ready enough to offer, coming so long after the agony had done its utmost work, would have been fit only to provoke bitterer laughter than poor Clifford was ever capable of.

The shock of Judge Pyncheon's death had a permanently invigorating and ultimately beneficial effect on Clifford. That strong and ponderous man had been Clifford's nightmare. There was no free breath to be drawn, within the sphere of so malevolent an influence. The first effect of freedom, as we have witnessed in Clifford's aimless flight, was a tremulous exhilaration.

[2] VENIAL—Trifling, excusable.
[3] RESUSCITATION—Restoration.

Subsiding from it, he did not sink into his former intellectual apathy. He never, it is true, attained to nearly the full measure of what might have been his faculties. But he recovered enough of them partially to light up his character, to display some outline of the marvelous grace that was abortive in it, and to make him the object of no less deep, although less melancholy interest than heretofore. He was evidently happy. Could we pause to give another picture of his daily life, with all the appliances now at command to gratify his instinct for the Beautiful, the garden scenes, that seemed so sweet to him, would look mean and trivial in comparison.

Very soon after their change of fortune, Clifford, Hepzibah, and little Phœbe, with the approval of the artist, concluded to remove from the dismal old House of the Seven Gables, and take up their abode, for the present, at the elegant countryseat of the late Judge Pyncheon. Chanticleer and his family had already been transported thither, where the two hens had forthwith begun an indefatigable process of egg laying, with an evident design, as a matter of duty and conscience, to continue their illustrious breed under better auspices than for a century past. On the day set for their departure, the principal personages of our story, including good old Uncle Venner, were assembled in the parlor.

"The country house is certainly a very fine one, so far as the plan goes," observed Holgrave, as the party were discussing their future arrangements. "But I wonder that the late judge —being so opulent, and with a reasonable prospect of transmitting his wealth to descendants of his own—should not have felt the propriety of embodying so excellent a piece of domestic architecture in stone, rather than in wood. Then, every generation of the family might have altered the interior, to suit its own taste and convenience; while the exterior, through the lapse of years, might have been adding venerableness to its original beauty, and thus giving that impression of permanence which I consider essential to the happiness of any one moment."

"Why," cried Phœbe, gazing into the artist's face with infinite

amazement, "how wonderfully your ideas are changed! A house of stone, indeed! It is but two or three weeks ago, that you seemed to wish people to live in something as fragile and temporary as a bird's nest!"

"Ah, Phœbe, I told you how it would be!" said the artist, with a half-melancholy laugh. "You find me a conservative already! Little did I think ever to become one. It is especially unpardonable in this dwelling of so much hereditary misfortune, and under the eye of yonder portrait of a model conservative, who, in that very character, rendered himself so long the evil destiny of his race."

"That picture!" said Clifford, seeming to shrink from its stern glance. "Whenever I look at it, there is an old, dreamy recollection haunting me, but keeping just beyond the grasp of my mind. Wealth, it seems to say!—boundless wealth!—unimaginable wealth! I could fancy that, when I was a child, or a youth, that portrait had spoken, and told me a rich secret, or had held forth its hand, with the written record of hidden opulence. But those old matters are so dim with me, nowadays! What could this dream have been?"

"Perhaps I can recall it," answered Holgrave. "See! There are a hundred chances to one, that no person, unacquainted with the secret, would ever touch this spring."

"A secret spring!" cried Clifford. "Ah, I remember now! I did discover it, one summer afternoon, when I was idling and dreaming about the house, long, long ago. But the mystery escapes me."

The artist put his finger on the contrivance to which he had referred. In former days, the effect would probably have been to cause the picture to start forward. But, in so long a period of concealment, the machinery had been eaten through with rust; so that, at Holgrave's pressure, the portrait, frame and all, tumbled suddenly from its position, and lay face downward on the floor. A recess in the wall was thus brought to light, in which lay an object so covered with a century's dust, that it could not immediately be recognized as a folded sheet of parch-

ment. Holgrave opened it, and displayed an ancient deed, signed with the hieroglyphics[4] of several Indian sagamores,[5] and conveying to Colonel Pyncheon and his heirs, forever, a vast extent of territory at the eastward.

"This is the very parchment the attempt to recover which cost the beautiful Alice Pyncheon her happiness and life," said the artist, alluding to his legend. "It was what the Pyncheons sought in vain, while it was valuable; and now that they find the treasure, it has long been worthless."

"Poor Cousin Jaffrey! This is what deceived him," exclaimed Hepzibah. "When they were young together, Clifford probably made a kind of fairy tale of this discovery. He was always dreaming hither and thither about the house, and lighting up its dark corners with beautiful stories. And poor Jaffrey, who took hold of everything as if it were real, thought my brother had found out his uncle's wealth. He died with this delusion in his mind!"

"But," said Phœbe, apart to Holgrave, "how came you to know the secret?"

"My dearest Phœbe," said Holgrave, "how will it please you to assume the name of Maule? As for the secret, it is the only inheritance that has come down to me from my ancestors. You should have known sooner (only that I was afraid of frightening you away) that, in this long drama of wrong and retribution, I represent the old wizard, and am probably as much of a wizard as ever he was. The son of the executed Matthew Maule, while building this house, took the opportunity to construct that recess, and hide away the Indian deed, on which depended the immense land claim of the Pyncheons. Thus they bartered their eastern territory for Maule's garden ground."

"And now," said Uncle Venner, "I suppose their whole claim is not worth one man's share in my farm yonder!"

"Uncle Venner," cried Phœbe, taking the patched philosopher's hand, "you must never talk any more about your farm! You

[4] Hieroglyphics—Picture writing, marks.
[5] Sagamores—Indian chiefs.

shall never go there, as long as you live! There is a cottage in our new garden—the prettiest little yellowish-brown cottage you ever saw; and the sweetest-looking place, for it looks just as if it were made of gingerbread—and we are going to fit it up and furnish it, on purpose for you. And you shall do nothing but what you choose, and shall be as happy as the day is long, and shall keep Cousin Clifford in spirits with the wisdom and pleasantness which is always dropping from your lips!"

"Ah! my dear child," quoth good Uncle Venner, quite overcome, "if you were to speak to a young man as you do to an old one, his chance of keeping his heart another minute would not be worth one of the buttons on my waistcoat! And—soul alive!—that great sigh, which you made me heave, has burst off the very last of them! But never mind! It was the happiest sigh I ever did heave; and it seems as if I must have drawn in a gulp of heavenly breath, to make it with. Well, well, Miss Phœbe! They'll miss me in the gardens, hereabouts, and around by the back doors; and Pyncheon Street, I'm afraid, will hardly look the same without old Uncle Venner, who remembers it with a mowing field on one side, and the garden of the Seven Gables on the other. But either I must go to your country seat, or you must come to my farm—that's one of two things certain; and I leave you to choose which!"

"Oh, come with us, by all means, Uncle Venner!" said Clifford, who had a remarkable enjoyment of the old man's mellow, quiet, and simple spirit. "I want you always to be within five minutes' saunter of my chair. You are the only philosopher I ever knew of whose wisdom has not a drop of bitter essence at the bottom!"

"Dear me!" cried Uncle Venner, beginning partly to realize what manner of man he was. "And yet folks used to set me down among the simple ones, in my younger days! But I suppose I am like a Roxbury russet[6]—a great deal the better, the longer I can be kept. Yes; and my words of wisdom, that

[6] ROXBURY RUSSET—An apple of excellent keeping qualities, formerly grown at or near Roxbury, now a part of Boston.

you and Phœbe tell me of, are like the golden dandelions, which never grow in the hot months, but may be seen glistening among the withered grass, and under the dry leaves, sometimes as late as December. And you are welcome, friends, to my mess of dandelions, if there were twice as many!"

A plain, but handsome, dark-green barouche had now drawn up in front of the ruinous portal of the old mansion house. The party came forth, and (with the exception of good Uncle Venner, who was to follow in a few days) proceeded to take their places. They were chatting and laughing very pleasantly together; and—as proves to be often the case, at moments when we ought to palpitate with sensibility—Clifford and Hepzibah bade a farewell to the abode of their forefathers, with hardly more emotion than if they had made it their arrangement to return thither at tea time. Several children were drawn to the spot by so unusual a spectacle as the barouche and pair of gray horses. Recognizing little Ned Higgins among them, Hepzibah put her hand into her pocket, and presented the urchin, her earliest and stanchest customer, with silver enough to people the Domdaniel cavern[7] of his interior with as various a procession of quadrupeds as passed into the ark.

Two men were passing, just as the barouche drove off.

"Well, Dixey," said one of them, "what do you think of this? My wife kept a cent shop three months, and lost five dollars on her outlay. Old Maid Pyncheon has been in trade just as long, and rides off in her carriage with a couple of hundred thousand —reckoning her share, and Clifford's, and Phœbe's—and some say twice as much! If you choose to call it luck, it is all very well; but if we are to take it as the will of Providence, why, I can't exactly fathom it!"

"Pretty good business!" quoth the sagacious Dixey. "Pretty good business!"

Maule's well, all this time, though left in solitude, was throwing up a succession of kaleidoscopic pictures in which a gifted

[7] DOMDANIEL CAVERN—A cave under the Mediterranean Sea, supposed to be haunted.

eye might have seen foreshadowed the coming fortunes of Hepzibah and Clifford, and the descendant of the legendary wizard, and the village maiden, over whom he had thrown Love's web of sorcery. The Pyncheon elm, moreover, with what foliage the September gale had spared to it, whispered unintelligible prophecies. And wise Uncle Venner, passing slowly from the ruinous porch, seemed to hear a strain of music, and fancied that sweet Alice Pyncheon—after witnessing these deeds, this bygone woe, and this present happiness, of her kindred mortals—had given one farewell touch of a spirit's joy upon her harpsichord, as she floated heavenward from the HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804–1864)

DOWN a narrow street of Salem, Massachusetts, in a small gambrel-roofed house, almost within the scuds of spray from Salem Harbor, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. When he was only four years old his father, who was a sea captain, died from tropical fever in far-away Surinam, during one of the protracted voyages habitually undertaken by Salem captains. The death of his father greatly affected Nathaniel's boyhood. His mother grieved much for the loss of her husband and gloom settled down over the home. Nathaniel showed great tenderness for his mother and gave her every consideration. The slender fair-haired boy was much like his father in personal appearance and as he grew older he developed the same disposition as his father who was a silent, quiet sort of man, very fond of reading.

Throughout his boyhood, Nathaniel heard much about the Hathorne family. (Nathaniel was the first to spell the name with the "w".) The Hathornes had been prominent in Salem from 1637, from that remote ancestor who had gone forth against the Indians with blunderbuss and Bible. Later they had striven with the soil and the sea. And now in the enforced leisure necessitated by an accidental lameness, Nathaniel brooded upon the lives led by his ancestors, read Froissart's *Chronicles* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* and lost himself in the past of adventure and pageantry. In his dreams he saw himself journeying to remote regions, trading with brown and yellow men, but always, as he told these stories to his mother and to sisters, he ended with the prophecy, "I'm going away to sea some time, and I'll never come back again!"

He did go away, but not to sea. An uncle, Robert Manning, owned two houses and a tract of land at Raymond, Maine. One of the houses he placed at the disposal of his sister, Mrs. Hathorne, and her three children. If Nathaniel had been much alone at Salem, he had even less companionship on the shores of Lake Sebago, where the little settlement of two or three houses and a mill fronted the virgin forest.

Here, in the woods about which he wrote a quarter century later, Nathaniel "ran quite wild . . . fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling piece; but reading a good deal, too, on rainy days, especially in Shakespeare or *The Pilgrim's Progress* and any poetry or light books within my reach. . . . These were delightful days." Later he told his publisher, James T. Fields, "I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude."

Even after his return to Salem, where he went in the summer of 1819 to prepare for college, he writes of "very hard fits of homesickness." And after an interval of two years he confesses, "I have preferred and still prefer Raymond to Salem, through every change of fortune." It is interesting to note in this connection that the love of nature which he displays in his books is rather for the woods than the sea, although he was never content to live long away from the salt water.

In the summer of 1821 he set out by stagecoach for Brunswick, Maine, where he was to enter Bowdoin College. On the journey he met Franklin Pierce, then a sophomore at Bowdoin, afterwards President of the United States, who was every afterward his friend. The poet Longfellow was a classmate, although he and Hawthorne were not intimate at college.

His closest companion and confidant, however, was Horatio Bridge, whose career was to be made in the United States Navy, and who from first to last applauded Hawthorne's hesitant decision to choose authorship as his vocation. In the preface to the volume which he dedicated to Bridge, Hawthorne paid the tribute of grateful remembrance to this sturdy friend, and at the same time recalled the college days when they were forming the friendship which was to continue throughout their lives.

"If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author," he declares, "it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall, academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or batfowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose,

is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again; two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us—still, it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

In the years to come Hawthorne was often to need the assurance of his friend's faith in his powers. After leaving college, he returned to his mother's home at Salem, and there for twelve years he lived virtually a recluse in a little room under the eaves, writing, reading, rarely going out except at night, and frequently not even meeting the members of his family. Ever since the death of her husband, Mrs. Hathorne had withdrawn more and more from even the family circle, and the habit of solitude spread through the household.

His first novel, *Fanshawe,* published anonymously and at his own expense, was a distinct failure. Hawthorne later bought and destroyed all available copies. But it did bring him to the notice of S. G. Goodrich, then editor of *The Token,* one of the yearbooks popular at the time. To this and to other more obscure publications he contributed a number of sketches, fables, and tales, the best of which were later collected under the title, *Twice Told Tales,* published for the first time under Hawthorne's name, and favorably reviewed, among others, by Longfellow.

In replying to a kindly letter from the poet, Hawthorne describes his situation as follows: "By some witchcraft or other—for I really cannot assign any reasonable why and wherefore—I have been carried apart from the main current of life, and find it impossible to get back again. . . . I have secluded myself from society; and yet I never meant any such thing, nor dreamed what sort of life I was going to lead. . . . For the last ten years, I have not lived, but only dreamed of living. . . . I intend in a week or two to come out of my owl's nest, and not return until late in the summer—employing the interval in making a tour somewhere in New England. (An annual custom of Hawthorne's.) You . . . cannot imagine how much enjoyment I shall have in this little excursion."

This period of intense seclusion and solitary depression came to an end with his engagement to Sophia Peabody, youngest daughter of a neighboring family in Salem. They were not married until nearly four years later, a period which saw Hawthorne as weigher and gauger at the Boston Customhouse and as a tentative member of the Brook Farm community, an enterprise which, according to its promoters, was to revolutionize ordinary ways of living, but which for Hawthorne was to prove a disastrous investment of his savings only partially compensated by the fact that it later provided him with material for *The Blithedale*

Romance. The marriage finally took place on July 9, 1842, and Hawthorne and his wife went to live at the Old Manse in Concord.

Here for over three years they lived in rural simplicity and seclusion. Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Alcott were neighbors and friends. The birth of their first daughter, Una, increased their happiness, but complicated their financial situation. They were on the edge of poverty. Hawthorne permitted himself a good deal of leisure, and frequently wrote slowly, but the chief difficulty lay in the failure of the magazines to pay for his contributions. His friends realized that he must have some reliable source of income, and accordingly secured for him the appointment as surveyor of the customhouse in his native Salem.

His experience here was not unlike those connected with his former employment in the Boston Customhouse and at Brook Farm. He discharged his duties faithfully, at first with considerable enjoyment in the thought that he was making a place for himself in the world of affairs. After a time, however, his sense of repulsion grew, and it was with mingled feelings of relief and bitterness that he learned of his dismissal as a consequence of a change of administration. The most unfortunate result of this episode, however, was its effect on Hawthorne's attachment to his native place; he considered that Salem had treated him ill, and his cold love turned to a bitter feeling that he never overcame.

It was, however, fortunate for American literature, for he now set about the writing of *The Scarlet Letter,* first projected as merely one of a collection of tales. James T. Fields, the Boston editor and publisher, saw its possibilities and urged a full-length treatment. When issued in the spring of 1850, it proved immediately popular, and at once securely established Hawthorne's place in American literature.

In the late spring of this same year Hawthorne left Salem forever, and took up his residence in the little red cottage in the Berkshire Hills, near Lenox, which was to be the birthplace of *The House of the Seven Gables.* Here began again that secluded, happy family life which had belonged to the Old Manse. Here, too, in the visits from friends, and in the new acquaintances which he made, he breathed at last the air of successful authorship. Five months were given to *The House of the Seven Gables,* preferred by the author himself to his earlier volumes. Here, too, were written *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales,* versions of the classic myths which have pleased thousands of children, even as they pleased that first audience of Hawthorne's own children, now three in number.

After a brief stay in West Newton, where *The Blithedale Romance* was written, the Hawthornes settled again in Concord, in a house which Hawthorne had purchased from Alcott and which he named "The Way-

side." Here, except for his sojourn abroad, the rest of his days were spent.

His friendship with Franklin Pierce, newly elected President, had led to his writing the campaign biography, and now was responsible for his appointment as American consul at Liverpool, England, a post which he held until 1857. Following his resignation he spent nearly three years in traveling through France and Italy, finally coming back to England to finish *The Marble Faun.*

In June, 1860, the Hawthornes returned to Concord, and took up again the agreeable village life. But the rude clamor of the Civil War was unfavorable to literary occupation. A series of English sketches and a picture of the conflict as seen from Washington, together with some half-planned novels—these were all that Hawthorne, with his failing health, was able to accomplish. In the hope of cheering him, Franklin Pierce took him on a trip to the New Hampshire lakes. During the night they spent at Plymouth, Hawthorne quietly passed away in his sleep.

With his unfinished romance lying on his coffin, he was buried in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord on May 24, 1864. Emerson and Thoreau, who with others of that distinguished New England group sorrowfully stood beside the bier, now rest in that same hallowed ground.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE NOVEL

In 1692, Salem, Massachusetts, was no longer what it once had been—a small cluster of roughly built houses huddling on the rocky shore of a bay; the restless sea in front, the trackless wilderness at its back. Salem had now become a comfortable village, the center of a group of tiny hamlets and productive farms. Into the bay jutted wharves where at not infrequent intervals there tied up ships from England. A frugal prosperity was everywhere in evidence.

The meetinghouse, severe in its unadorned simplicity, still stood in the center of the town, symbol alike of Puritan piety and austerity. And there were also the stocks, the pillory, the whipping post and the gallows.

In such a community John Hathorne, ancestor of the man who was to write the story of Puritan New England, was a considerable figure. He occupied a seat in the Colonial Assembly; he held the rank of colonel in the military forces; he was a reputable and prosperous merchant. And he had lately been appointed a judge. His fitness for the position was soon to be tried.

A group of young girls and married women who had been amusing themselves with fortune telling were suddenly racked by violent con-

tortions. The town physician expressed the opinion that they had been bewitched, an opinion finally concurred in by the ministers. The whole community now set about the task of ferreting out the witches.

Everyone was suspected. Among others Rebecca Nurse, a grandmother of hitherto saintly life, was brought before Justice Hathorne for examination. One of her accusers was a twelve-year-old child. In court she was compelled to stand with arms outstretched, was denied the support of her husband, but stoutly protested her innocence. A paper signed by forty of her neighbors affirming that Rebecca had had no commerce with evil spirits was of less avail than the fact that the two girls who had accused her were unable to endure her defiant gaze. Though twice acquitted by a jury, she was tried a third time, found guilty, and sentenced to death by hanging.

After hearing the sentence of doom, she turned toward Justice Hathorne and, with eyes which were now tearless, she solemnly cursed him and his posterity to the last generation.

The witchcraft terror gradually subsided. But though Justice Hathorne was to receive further judicial honors, his fortune dwindled away in a series of unsuccessful ventures, two of his children died, and before his own death he had tasted the humiliation of being unable to repay the money he had borrowed. His disappointed heirs were further baffled by discovering that the deed to a vast tract of land in the northern forests, in what was later to become the state of Maine, had unaccountably disappeared. The witch's curse—what had not come of it! What would not come!

The legend of the witch's curse and its effect upon the family fortune—for now every reverse was ascribed to it—was but one of many which came to the ears of Nathaniel Hawthorne when, in the summer of 1825, he returned to his native Salem, a graduate of Bowdoin College, but without any definite plans for his future except the half-formed one of becoming an author. A distant cousin, Miss Susan Ingersoll, inhabited an old, many-gabled house not far from Hawthorne's home. In this dim, ancient mansion, surrounded by the relics of the past, and with little to sustain her but her family pride, his spinster cousin entertained the future romancer with her store of family legends and traditions. Although it was not written until considerably later, it is not difficult to trace the origin of *The House of the Seven Gables.*

TOPICS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

The following topics for oral and written composition, based upon your study of the novel, will add to your pleasure in the reading by

suggesting ways in which you can express your ideas of the characters and situations you have come to know.

Some of the topics may profitably be used for class discussions; others will form the basis of reports to the class in order to add to the common understanding of the background of the book. Still others will answer the questions which we all ask ourselves, sometimes unconsciously, when we put down a book: Why did it have to end that way? What do you suppose became of them afterwards? I'm sure that could never happen to-day!

Of course, these topics are merely suggestive. The teacher and the class together will think of many more.

I For Reports in Class

Salem in Witchcraft Days.
A New England Sabbath in the Early Nineteenth Century.
Hawthorne at the Salem Custom House.
The House of the Seven Gables To-day.

II To Fill in the Background of the Story

Colonel Pyncheon at the Trial of Matthew Maule.
Phœbe's Life at Home.
The Prosecuting Attorney Addresses the Jury at Clifford's Trial.
The Attorney for the Defense Addresses the Jury at Clifford's Trial.
An Incident in Holgrave's Past Life.
The Maule Family and the House of the Seven Gables.

III Some Original Dialogs

The Neighbors Discuss the Flight of Clifford and Hepzibah.
Hepzibah and Phœbe Discuss the Latter's Visit to the House of the Seven Gables.
Hepzibah and One of Her Customers in the Shop.
The Pyncheon Elm Talks Matters Over with Maule's Well.
The Attorneys (Prosecuting and Defense) Address the Jury at Clifford's Trial.

IV A Letter

Phœbe Announces to Hepzibah Her Intention of Visiting the House of the Seven Gables.

V A Newspaper Account

Extra! Extra! Judge Pyncheon Dies Mysteriously.

VI More or Less Imaginary

Hepzibah's "Periwigged Predecessor" Revisits His Shop.
Judge Pyncheon's Dinner Party.
Hepzibah Enters Business To-day.
An Incident in Holgrave's Past Life.
The Future of Holgrave and Phœbe.
Uncle Venner Visits His "Farm".
Clifford Takes a Journey To-day.
Hepzibah's Daydreams of Future Release from Poverty.

VII An Original Story

The Haunted House in Our Community.
The Witch's Curse.

SOME INTERESTING NEW TYPE TESTS

The tests given below are designed, not to trip you on details of the story, but to heighten the pleasure which all of us have in recalling persons, incidents, and scenes which we have known. Some of their interest lies, also, in the fact that they may be answered in only one way, although, of course, there may be some discussion before all are agreed on the correct answer.

Those given below are merely suggestive of many more which may be made by the teacher, or by individuals or committees of the class. Making the questions is almost as much fun as answering them.

A TRUE–FALSE TEST

Directions—Some of the following statements are true; some are not. In order to check your recollection of the story, note the numbers of the questions on a sheet of paper, and write "True" following the numbers of those which you think are true statements, and "False" after the numbers of those you think untrue, either wholly or in part.

1. Clifford's love of beauty was greater than his love for his sister.
2. The scene of the story is laid in Colonial New England.
3. Judge Pyncheon's interest in Clifford was due to his desire for wealth.
4. Hepzibah disliked Phœbe because she was not a true Pyncheon.

5. The plot hinges on the effort to recover the hidden parchment.
6. The story has its beginning in the days of witchcraft.
7. Uncle Venner is an important character in the story.
8. Hepzibah's sole concern is for her brother's welfare.
9. Holgrave's interest in his hereditary enemies and their fate is that of a disinterested observer.
10. After Judge Pyncheon's death Hepzibah suggests to Clifford that they leave the House of the Seven Gables.
11. Clifford's uncle intended to restore the House of the Seven Gables to the Maule family.
12. Clifford held the secret of the hidden wealth of the Pyncheons.
13. The House of the Seven Gables was the first house to be erected on its site.
14. Clifford was a typical Pyncheon.
15. The story illustrates, "The evil men do lives after them."
16. Hawthorne ridicules Hepzibah's appearance and ideas.
17. The daguerreotypist possessed strange power over Phœbe.
18. Hepzibah rejoiced at the opportunity to become independent by opening a shop in the House of the Seven Gables.
19. Phœbe succeeded better than Hepzibah in the shop.
20. Colonel Pyncheon stood in the entrance hall and personally greeted all his guests at the housewarming.
21. Clifford derived great satisfaction from blowing soap bubbles, especially when they burst on the noses of passers-by.
22. Hepzibah was very glad to see Phœbe when the latter first arrived at the House of the Seven Gables.
23. Hepzibah permitted Uncle Venner to advise her because she did not consider him her equal.
24. The story of the House of the Seven Gables is based on mesmerism.
25. Judge Pyncheon was anxious to make reparation for the wrong he had done Clifford.

A MULTIPLE-CHOICE TEST

Directions—From the following statements select the *one* part which you believe best completes the statement. Note your answer on a sheet of paper following the number of each statement.

1. The House of the Seven Gables deals with: a search for hidden treasure; the effect of an hereditary curse; the vanity of wealth and power; the rehabilitation of Clifford.

2. Judge Pyncheon wanted: the House of the Seven Gables; to care for Clifford; to secure the evidence of his uncle's undiscovered wealth; to make it unnecessary for Hepzibah to continue with her shop.

3. Philosophical attitude was the chief characteristic of: Hepzibah; Phœbe; Judge Pyncheon; Uncle Venner; Ned Higgins.

4. Clifford desired: vindication; beauty; honor; wealth; power.

5. The secret compartment was discovered by: Clifford; Phœbe; Hepzibah; Holgrave.

6. Judge Pyncheon's chief characteristic was: benevolence; ruthlessness; generosity; geniality.

7. Clifford's closest companion was: Phœbe; Uncle Venner, Hepzibah; Holgrave.

8. Hepzibah was: neighborly; proud; self-reliant; amiable.

9. Holgrave's interest in the House of the Seven Gables was due to: his love for Phœbe; a desire for revenge; his ambition to write stories; his curiosity.

10. Phœbe came to the House of the Seven Gables in order to: be a companion to Clifford; help Hepzibah in the shop; seek her fortune; have cultural advantages.

AN IDENTIFICATION TEST

Directions—By whom and to whom were the following said? It will assist your recollection of the story, and at the same time furnish material for interesting discussion, if you will note your answers on a sheet of paper following the numbers of the quotations given below, and then refer to your book for verification.

1. "God will give him blood to drink!"

2. "Give no credit! Never take paper money! Look well to your change! Ring the silver on the four-pound weight! Shove back all English half-pence and base copper tokens, such as are very plenty about town! At your leisure hours, knit children's woolen socks and mittens! Brew your own yeast, and make your own ginger beer!"

3. "I was born a lady, and have always lived one; no matter in what narrowness of means, always a lady."

4. "I want my happiness! Many, many years have I waited for it! It is late! It is late! I want my happiness!"

5. "I have seen a great deal of the world, not only in people's kitchens and back yards, but at the street corners, and on the wharves, and in other places where my business calls me."

6. "What a nice little body she is! If she could only be a lady, too!—but that's impossible."

7. "I find nothing so singular in life as that everything appears to lose its substance the instant one actually grapple with it."

8. "Infinity is big enough to us all—and eternity long enough!"

9. "Shall we never, never get rid of this Past? It lies upon the Present like a giant's dead body!"

10. "Does the girl look at me as if I were a brute beast? You shall know whether I have a human spirit; and the worse for her if it prove stronger than her own!"

11. "This secret takes away my breath! Let us throw open the doors!"

12. "Pretty good business!"

13. "Put me in possession of the documents essential to establish my rights, and the House of the Seven Gables is yours."

14. "And, once sure of the course pointed out by conscience, you know me too well to entertain a doubt that I shall pursue it."

15. "The best chance of pleasure, in an easterly rain, I take it, is in a man's own house, with a nice little fire in the chimney."

ANOTHER IDENTIFICATION TEST

Directions—To whom or to what do the following passages refer? Note your answers on a sheet of paper following the numbers of the quotations given below. Then refer to your book for verification of your answers.

1. "But anything that appealed to the sense of beauty, in however humble a way, did not require to be recommended by these old associations."

2. "The stern features of a Puritanic-looking personage, in a skull-cap, with a lace band and a grisly beard; holding a Bible with one hand, and in the other uplifting an iron sword hilt."

3. "It was itself like a great human heart, with a life of its own, and full of rich and somber reminiscences."

4. "Who seemed always to have had a white head and wrinkles, and never to have possessed but a single tooth, and that a half-decayed one in the front of the upper jaw."

5. "But, even now, she was supposed to haunt the House of the Seven Gables and, a great many times—especially when one of the Pyncheons was to die—she had been heard playing sadly and beautifully on the harpsichord."

6. "It is the likeness of a young man, in a silken dressing gown of an old fashion, countenance of reverie, with its full, tender lips, and the soft richness of which is well adapted to the beautiful eyes, that seemed to indicate not so much capacity of thought, as gentle and voluptuous emotion."

7. "— he would probably suspect that the smile on the gentleman's face was a good deal akin to the shine on his boots, and that each must have cost him and his bootblack, respectively, a good deal of hard labor to bring out and preserve them."

8. "It was a slender young man, not more than one or two and twenty years old, with rather a grave and thoughtful expression for his years, but likewise a springy alacrity and vigor. These qualities were not only perceptible, physically, in his make and motions, but made themselves felt almost immediately in his character."

9. "Its ugly and spiteful little din at once set every nerve of her body in responsive and tumultuous vibration."

10. "But last in the procession he came, gnashing his teeth, as if he would have bitten his own heart in twain."

HOW TO GET THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM THIS STORY

I For Appreciation, Read Slowly

While it is difficult to give any general advice to readers of varying tastes and habits, *The House of the Seven Gables* is very evidently the sort of book which does not demand to be read overnight, and which probably should not be read all at one sitting. Your teacher will be able to give you more specific suggestions, but it should be noted that the details with which the book is so completely furnished all contribute to the understanding of the novel, and should not be neglected. Many of them will appear in their true relation only after a second reading.

II Try to Understand the Author's Purpose

Every piece of literature should be estimated first in terms of what the author has tried to do. While there is an element of mystery and suspense in *The House of the Seven Gables,* it is in no sense a "mystery story." Those who insist upon chills and thrills may be somewhat disappointed until they readjust their viewpoint so that the real issues of the novel are seen as those which depend on the nature and reactions of the various characters. Hawthorne is mainly interested in what is happening in the minds and hearts of his people. The large number of recent novels of this type demonstrates the fact that both authors and readers are coming to share this viewpoint.

III Find the Theme of the Novel

Just as any work of art become more meaningful when we understand the design or pattern by which it was produced, so a book of this nature becomes more interesting if we can discover the abstract idea, not necessarily the "moral," which the story illustrates. Hawthorne had such an idea for *The House of the Seven Gables* and shares it with his

readers. There are many hints of what this theme is. Quotations from the book will furnish material for profitable class discussion.

IV Come to Know the Characters

Although Hawthorne tells us a great deal about the feelings, the attitudes, the joys, sorrows, and ideas of the characters in the novel, he tells us relatively little of how they looked, what they wore, etc. After reading the story, however, we understand them so well that we should have little difficulty in re-creating their outward appearance. Possibly some artistic members of the class can express this with brush or pencil. The rest of us, certainly, can do it either orally or in writing.

V Observe the Technique of the Author

Some slight acquaintance with the means by which any artistic effect is produced always helps us to appreciate it better. Thus, one who has studied the piano or violin is better able to appreciate the concerts given by the masters of those instruments. Similarly, thoughtful reading of literature will include some attention to matters of technique.

We should, therefore, observe the following points, not all of them all the time, but one to-day, another to-morrow, a different one the next day, perhaps returning now and then to the first one, and so on:

(a) The author's use of words. The variety of words used and their fitness for the occasion. Are there any words which frequently recur, and of which Hawthorne seems particularly fond?

(b) The contrasts and comparisons which are employed throughout the book.

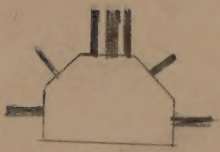
(c) The multiplicity of details. Quote passages showing this. Why has the author elaborated these scenes and situations in this manner?

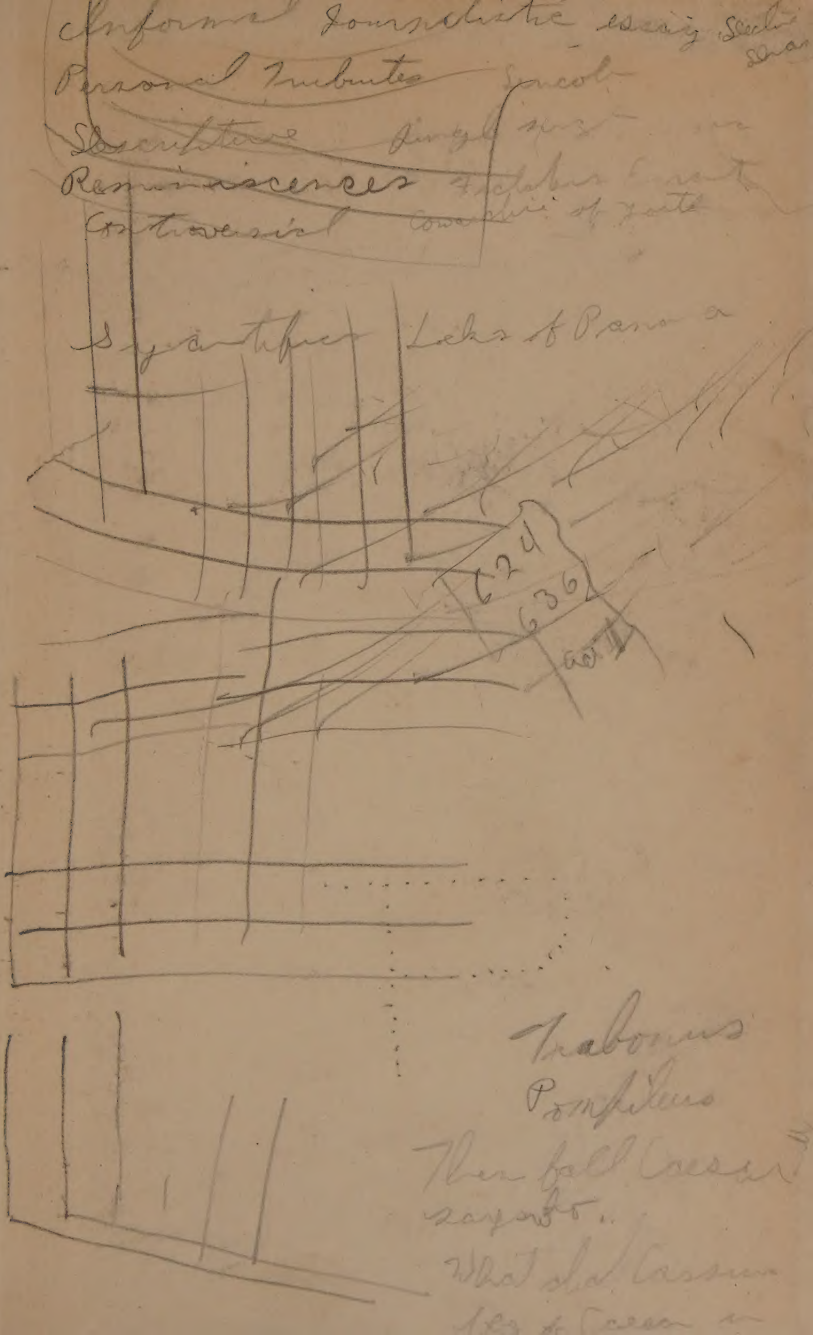
(d) His humor and fancy. Are they appropriate? Would you imagine Hawthorne as a jovial person?

(e) His symbolism. Certain objects, such as the portrait, Maule's well, the Pyncheon elm, etc., are used in such a way as to acquire more than their own intrinsic meaning. What is the purpose of this, and what does it add to the story? Perhaps you can find other examples of it.

(f) His philosophy. At various times throughout the story there are stated certain universal truths. Sometimes the characters utter these; sometimes they are given as comment by the author. Do these accord with Hawthorne's personal beliefs, or are they merely the utterances which are in keeping with the characters?

All these and many other matters will provide interesting material for class discussions, papers, projects, etc.

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